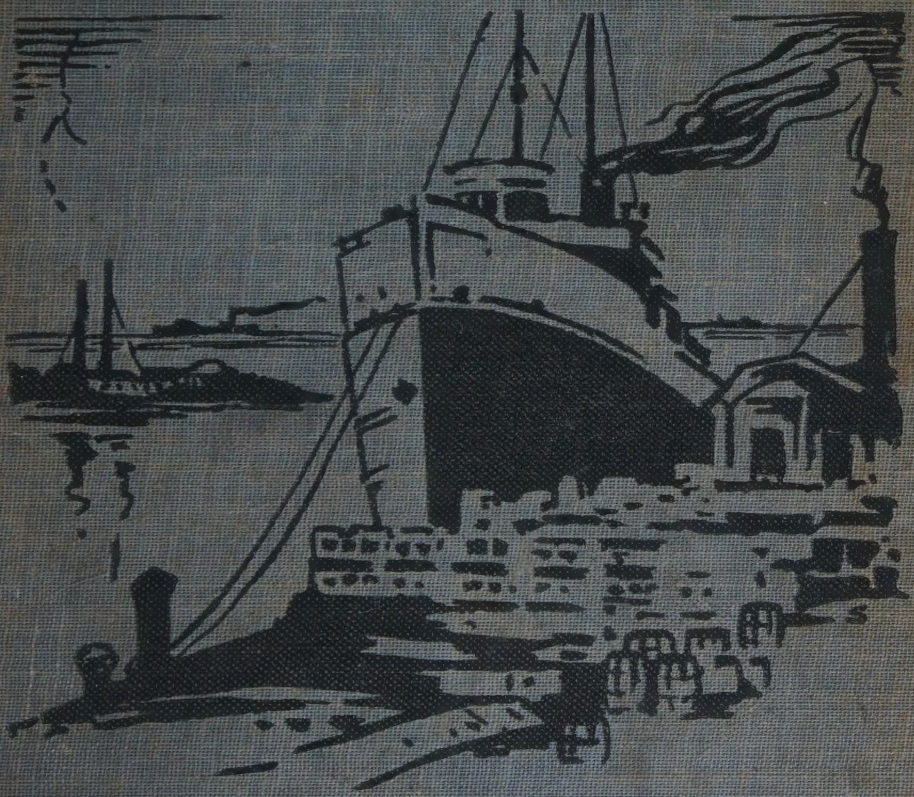
WE EXPLORE THE GREAT LAKES



WEBB WALDRON

WE EXPLORE
THE GREAT LAKES

A figure seizes the bottom rung and climbs

WE EXPLORE THE GREAT LAKES

RECORDED BY
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To PAT

PARTNER IN THIS AND
A GREATER ADVENTURE

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WE EXPLORE
THE GREAT LAKES

ROUTE of
EXPLORATION
on and around
THE GREAT LAKES
of
N. AMERICA
passed by
Webb Waldron
and
Marion Patton Waldron
LOCO MOTIVE TRAIL
NAUTICAL MILES
W. P. Waldron

WE EXPLORE THE GREAT LAKES

CHAPTER I

WE EMBARK

WE followed little Mr. Wherry down into the blazing July sun of the main street of Buffalo.

"We must hurry," he said. "She sails at four."

We tumbled our bags and ourselves into his car and were off toward the lake front, where loomed two giant grain-elevators. We shot past "The Real Old Cuban Workingmen's Home," "The Cuban Barrel House," the shops of the gipsy fortune-teller and Sailor Ted, the American Tattoo Artist, and lounging longshoremen. Near the foot of the street we swerved to the left, lost sight of the lake and the grain-elevators, and bumped on, through desolate streets of warehouses, to the edge of the city.

We were actually launched on our adventure—and in the craft of which we had dreamed but for which we had scarcely hoped. Every one had said that it was impossible for a mere outsider to get passage on a lake freighter any more, that the clamps had been put down hard, that unless you were a director or a director's

wife. . . . Yet, by some magic, here we were on our way to the freighter *Clement.*

Now, far ahead on the left, appeared a vast, intricate steel framework. Underneath it rose reddish heaps and whitish heaps that grew, as we approached, to the stature of mountains beyond whose sierra towered stacks and roofs and a row of tall cylinders like enormous blackened milk-cans. Alongside these mountains lay, in single file, three lake freighters, apparently rooted in solid earth a quarter of a mile inland. But as the car bounced onward we saw that they floated in a narrow slip thrusting in at right angles from the lake. We shot across a bridge that spanned the slip, drew up sharp at a gate, and leaped out. Mr. Wherry grasped one bag, I the other, Pat clutched her sketching-kit, we hurried forward. So this was the spot. One of these freighters was our ship.

This stuff—Mr. Wherry pointed to the red mountain through whose foot-hills we crunched—was iron ore, as of course we knew, he added. And the white mountain beyond? Limestone. The two ingredients for the manufacture of steel. The sun blazed down on white and red and leaped back into our faces like the veritable breath of a furnace where steel is being made. I was glad to note that the first freighter was only two hundred yards distant. But the first freighter was not our *Clement.* Nor the second, and now we discovered with amazement the length of a lake freighter. Each of the two was at least two city blocks long, and their hot flanks flung back heat that met and matched the heat from limestone and iron ore.

Deck-hands leaned over and watched our sweating progress, curiously. At last a rounded stern rose above us bearing the name *Stephen M. Clement.* There was a ladder. We mounted through an engine-room somewhat hotter than the outer air, climbed another greasy perpendicular iron ladder, and emerged in the narrow passage between the aft deck-house and the rail. We took a dozen steps forward in pursuit of Mr. Wherry, then halted, staring, on the brink of a clanging gulf. The *Clement* had no deck, save a little area here around the aft deck-house and another area at an infinite distance forward. The vessel was all one gaping hold, spanned by slender parallel I-beams, and the only route forward (where we evidently were bound) was the narrow path formed on each side by the hatches sheathed back against the rail. The towering steel framework overhead thrust above the hold long level arms on which grab-buckets traveled outward before dropping on lithe steel cables to the bottom of the ship. There, a gang of two-thirds-naked men scraped the remnants of the cargo into heaps which the buckets, with a quick wide yawn of the jaws, a rasping bite, seized and bore upward.

We made our way forward, with momentary pauses to peer over into the gulf or to cringe as a bucket of ore swayed overhead. We mounted a short ladder to the half-deck that ran to the bow. A man in straw hat and shirt sleeves came out of a door, a stocky figure with a broad, strong jaw, high cheek-bones, wide mouth, and straight blue-gray eyes.

"This is the captain," introduced Mr. Wherry.

The captain bowed and shook hands. "You have the freedom of the boat."

"We 're just in time, are n't we?" I asked.

"Well," he deliberated, "we 'll get away in an hour or two. As soon as we get the bottom cleaned up. We 've got only half the gang of shovelers we expected. And we 've got to find another fireman." He turned. "Tom, take these bags down to the state-room."

My only other experience on a cargo-boat had been on a Dutch ship carrying released French prisoners from the Baltic to Cherbourg, a few weeks after the armistice, and the accommodations there had been sketchy. We had, indeed, heard vague tales of the luxurious provision for passengers on Great Lakes carriers; but we were prepared for anything. We followed Tom back to the main deck, through a screen door, and down to a salon or living-room or foyer or whatever it might be called, from which opened two cabins, each with two built-in berths as wide as double beds, and a spacious bath. All this, we learned, was ours. We were the only passengers. Later the cook's wife apologized to us for the *Clement*. It was too bad, she said, that we had n't been put on one of the newer boats, where we should have had a private dining-room and private chef, and up-to-date white enamel and mahogany instead of that old-fashioned golden oak.

But it was considerably hotter down there than even in the engine-room. We fled back to the deck.

The towering steel framework thrust long level arms above the hold. . . .

A patch of canvas stretched from the bridge to within a few feet of the deck, giving us a pool of shadow. Tom brought us chairs and a box for Pat's sketching kit. We endured that shadow almost two minutes. The scorching sun of the open deck was preferable. We could have sought the triangle of deck forward of the pilot-house, where the heat and noise were perhaps slightly less, but the brink of that clanging hold was not a position to exchange for mere comfort.

Each unit of the complicated steel framework overhead moved independently, we discovered, on rails laid alongside the slip. High up in each was a cab, where a reddled man stood at his levers. With careless, automatic skill he moved a lever, shifted the tremendous hoist on its tracks till its arm exactly overhung the heap at the bottom of the vessel, shot the bucket out on the arm to exactly the right position, dropped it accurately between two of the I-beams that spanned the hold. Then we saw an exhibition of greater skill. The man in the nearest cab was thirsty, and his water-bottle was empty. He whistled through the din to the water-boy lounging by the rail. Then he brought his emptied bucket to a position underneath the cab, climbed down with his water-bottle, balanced it on the rounded bell-head of the bucket, mounted to the cab, and lowered the bucket to the level of the deck. The water-boy crawled out on an I-beam, caught the bottle, crawled back. The hoist-man shot his bucket to the bottom, grabbed a load, shot it up the level of the I-beam. The boy crawled out with the filled bottle and

balanced it on the bucket-head; the hoist-man brought it swiftly up beneath his cab, climbed down, and secured the prize.

The bucket swung inward and catapulted its mouthful into the red cerro, and left no trace. Indeed, it seemed scarcely probable that this whole ship-load had changed the contour of those barren peaks and cañons, and we wondered how many ship-loads had gone to build the mountain.

Beyond the mountain was the mill where the red ore was transformed into iron and steel to build Manhattan sky-scrapers, locomotives to climb Andean passes, bridges to span Tasmanian rivers, looms for Danville and Fall River. And we were on our way to the source of that red mountain—Minnesota.

But we were not yet on our way, and we began to wish that we were. An hour passed, two hours. From the corners of the hold the shovelers scraped more ore, and more, and more. The heat of the sun in the copper sky, the heat beating up from the red mountain and the roaring hold seemed to increase. The noise, the banging shock of the steel buckets on the steel hold, apparently threatening the ship's bottom at every blow, the grind of tracks and wheels, the shriek of cables and pulleys and the screech of warning whistles, seemed to intensify. Our heads began to reel a little. Everything swayed in a phantasmagoria of red—red deck, red hold, red land, red dock timbers, sweating reddled workmen, red dust in our eyes and throats.

Suddenly there was a shout along the deck. The arm of the hoist farthest aft slowly rose to perpendicular. The hoist-man climbed down from his cab. That hoist's job was done. A gang of deck-hands who had gathered round a steam-winch aft began to close the aft hatches. The process consisted in running a steel cable through the rings fixed in the top leaf of each pair of hatches, then starting the winch and pulling the hatches together, with a vast rasp and clatter. One by one the hoist-arms swung upward. The shovelers, by some mysterious route, climbed from the hold. The captain hurried past us toward the pilot-house. Unnoticed by us, two tugs had puffed alongside. Lines were cast off. The legs of the hoists, the mesas and cañons, the mill, began to move. No, it was we who were moving. Stern foremost, we glided down the slip toward the bridge jack-knifing open.

"So long, Jim," a voice from one of the other freighters called to a little thin, nervous man in a seaman's cap who had been directing the casting off of the lines.

Accurately we glided between the upturned blades of the bridge, whose opening had halted two trolley-cars full of clerks and shop-girls riding home to some suburb beyond the mills. The girls stared upward wonderingly, enviously at Pat beside the rail.

Beyond the bridge the slip widened. Slowly we swung round and pointed past the break-water to the open lake. The tugs dropped back. A faint breath of fresh air drove aside the heat-waves that rose from the hot deck.

To the right was the city, with that towering cluster of

. . . that towering cluster of grain elevators at the waterfront . . .

grain-elevators at the waterfront, that extraordinary architecture that does not know it is architecture—gray, gigantic donjon keeps, walls, parapets, battlements putting to shame the ambitious creations of high-priced architects. Nothing else of Buffalo was salient. The city lay flat, a floor of uneventful roofs with occasional patches of green, and beyond it a green fringe of shore toward the Niagara River. Ahead, the blazing sun sheathed itself in some hot yellow clouds underneath which Lake Erie lay waveless and steel-blue.

The white-jacketed figure of the cook appeared outside the aft deck-house and jingled a bell.

It was late at night before our cabin became tolerable. Even on deck one could feel, filtering upward, the hot air imprisoned in the hold. It was one of those close, still summer nights when the stars burn very small in a slightly murky sky that hangs down close over the world like a cap, with a palish fringe around the horizon. We watched the lights of the Cleveland night-boat that had followed us out of Buffalo Harbor fade into the south. The light on Buffalo Breakwater twinkled more and more faintly and vanished astern. Up in the dark pilot-house figures moved about. Might we venture there? The captain had said we were free of the ship, but pilot-houses, by the evidence of all sea-tales, are sacred to the officers and crew. We had seen no one at supper, save two young fellows, down at the end of the table, who ate with alarm-

ing speed, their faces in their plates, and vanished in a twinkling.

The captain came down the steps behind us and paused in the warm gloom. His voice had a strong Norwegian tang.

"You 'll be cool enough when we get to Lake Superior," he remarked. "We slept under three blankets up there last week."

He seemed uncertain how to take us—as idle curiosity-seekers, as pampered friends of the owner, or as grafters. At least I imagined queries going on in his mind. I wanted to set him right, to explain just how exciting this trip was, but such an outburst would seem foolish.

"You must have been on the lakes a good many years, Captain?"

"Twenty-five years." After a moment he added, "I left Norway t'irty years ago to-day."

"Norwegians love the sea, don't they?" ventured Pat.

He laughed. "Excuse me. That 's a joke. Love it? It 's not a question of love but must. There 's nothing else to do in Norway."

He walked aft.

Toward morning our cabin really cooled off, and the breakfast warning-bell at a quarter before six jingled us out of a drunken sleep. Bathing and dressing swiftly, we climbed into a glittering silver morning flooding an unbroken circle of level lake which the long, narrow

Clement clove so noiselessly that she seemed to be floating motionless. Yes, an unbroken circle of lake. The word "lake" makes one think of a sheet of water he can row across before breakfast. The Great Lakes are not that sort. They *are* great. They are young oceans. Erie is next to the smallest of the five; yet in the middle of Erie you are as completely out of sight of land as in mid-Pacific.

If the *Clement* had been two city blocks long as she lay at the dock, now, in the open lake, at least a quarter of a mile of red hatch stretched between us and the aft deck-house and breakfast.

Every seat at the long table was occupied save the captain's, and ours on his left. No one looked up. Every face was glued to a dish of oatmeal. Meat and bread and coffee followed, but still every face bent intensely to the job of eating. Now and then there were mumblings which, judging by results, were requests for sugar or salt or butter.

Pat is braver than I. She looked around brightly, trying to catch some eye, to start conversation, to get some inkling of the life of the boat, some savor of the unsalted seas. Finally, in desperation, she spoke boldly to the little man next her.

"How long does it take to get to Duluth?"

There was an instant of shocked silence.

"Seventy-six hours!" he exploded into his plate.

More intensely every face bent to its plate, more violently every hand fed in the food. Then suddenly everybody, in intense preoccupation, sprang up and vanished.

We looked at each other.

"Well!"

Evidently this table was for gastronomy alone—if that term may be used to mean eating without also meaning digestion.

Far ahead on the right—which we are trying to learn to call starboard—a speck breaks the horizon. Slowly it takes the form of a ship, at anchor in the open lake. It is the South East Shoal Light Ship.

"Twenty years ago," says the captain, "I was in the *John C. Hone.* Coming along here one morning, we saw distress signals. We slowed down and a boat rowed out to us with a man bound hand and foot. When they got him up on board they let the ropes off and he ran up to the top of the rigging like mad. Maddened by lonesomeness."

"What became of the poor fellow?"

"Oh, the cook tempted him down with a piece of pie."

We stare at the light-ship, on which a single figure by the rail moves slightly.

"But it isn't so bad any more," the captain adds. "They used to have only two or three men on each ship. Now they have five or six."

We have explained ourselves to the captain—that though Pat spent her childhood within a city block of Lake Michigan and played and camped along the lake shore, and I, living in Bay City, sailed a flat-bottomed boat on Saginaw River and Saginaw Bay, yet neither of us has ever seen the lakes as a whole, and that now, after

years in the East and far West, we are going back to explore and write some magazine articles about it all. The captain was slightly amused.

"I had a wheelsman, a few years ago, who wrote stories for magazines," he said. "Name was Hall. Well, they were stories mostly about buried treasure, gold and diamonds, on the west coast of Africa. Pretty good stories."

But now that he understands why we are here, that we are neither millionaires nor grafters, the constraint between us has fallen away. And we understand that we are taken for granted in the pilot-house.

The captain seems to know every passing freighter at a glance. An ore-boat plows by, a mile away, laden low, trailing a long ribbon of smoke. "That 's a Tomlinson boat," he says. And he tells the story of Tomlinson. Tomlinson was a book-agent. On one of his trips he visited Bay City and called on Jim Davidson, the wealthy shipbuilder, and—married Davidson's daughter. How Tomlinson accomplished that feat the captain does not explain. Anyhow, it seeems Jim Davidson took a liking to Tomlinson and set him up in business; and now, says the captain, Tomlinson has a line of twenty-one boats, and the largest of them is the *James E. Davidson.* Jim Davidson is an old man now, over eighty, and broken.

Davidson's shipyard . . . How vividly I remember the building of the wooden freighters, the setting up of the thick wooden ribs, the gang of men rushing from the steam-box with the long sheathing timbers on their shoulders, the

incessant clatter of mallets and mauls, the calking and pitching—and then the magnificent launchings! . . .

The lake is glassy calm. But it is not always so.

"This is one of the nastiest corners of the lakes," says the captain, "when it comes to a blow. The waves don't get so high, but they kick up faster because the lake is so shallow. Look."

He points to the chart. The whole western end of Lake Erie is dotted with tiny crosses marked "wreck."

"Keep a good watch, Harold. I'm going down."

"Yes, sir."

Harold, the second mate, is a young fellow, a Norwegian, with yellow hair, retreating chin, prominent glasses, and a self-important manner. He passes back and forth behind the wheelsman, directing him with short, sharp words. Then he pauses by the chart-case and begins explaining things to us, like a schoolmaster instructing children. Well, we are children in this. He indicates a line on the map, our course. Then he consults a slate on which is recorded the distance covered since we left Buffalo. The mate applies a divider to the scale of miles on the margin of the chart, measures, makes a tiny, precise puncture. "There we are, right there," he says conclusively. We are half-way between Pelee Island, that blue shadow off there to starboard and Point Pelee, that shadow to port—the sharp finger Canada points down into Lake Erie.

On the Great Lakes, explains the mate, there is no calculating of position by the sun. Everything is dead-reckoning and guidance by landmarks and lights and buoys.

"North-west-north three-quarters west," he says sharply. The wheelsman spins his wheel, muttering to himself.

We are heading for the Detroit River. Pelee Island slowly fades away astern.

CHAPTER II

SEACOASTS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

ON each side of us low, distant green shores. A light-ship. Lines of buoys. A wide river mouth, ships coming and going. We head for the up-bound channel, between an island and the Canadian shore. As we come nearer, features distinguish themselves in the island's masses of intense green—a pavilion, a casino, a pier with a black knot of people, and a tiny excursion steamer putting in. This is the island the French called Bois Blanc, which Americans have made into Bob-Lo.

The current moves swiftly between the island and the shore. The captain has mounted to the pilot-house and taken charge, as he always does in restricted waters. Navigation is no matter of rote here, he explains. Here, indeed, is the chart with the channels and depths, and here the channel marked by buoys, but there are cross currents that may sweep you out of your course. You must know where they are, what side of the channel to hug, how fast to put the wheel over at the turns so that the long stern as it swings will not strike the sides of the dredged and blasted channel—that safe invisible river of navigation hidden in the wide natural river that courses in and out among the islands. All this is a matter of

experience. Even the captain of the Conrad tale who, going blind, knew his course so well that he could direct a Malay boy to steer the ship safely might have difficulty in navigating the Detroit River. That, at least, is our captain's comment, when Pat tells him the story.

"There 's nothing like a good pair of eyes," he says.

And one can't always be sure of the depths on the chart. The captain points.

"Last year, one trip, we scraped our bottom right there where there should have been twenty-one feet, and we were going up light, just as we are now. Thirteen other boats scraped, too; some of them had to go to dry-dock."

"What was it?"

"The dry-docks have to have business." His voice snaps. "There 's hardly a year passes but somebody dumps a load of rock right in the channel in Buffalo harbor. One time last year they fished out a rock that weighed three tons."

And there is the need of constantly watching "that fellow," the vessel you are meeting. "What 's the matter with that fellow? Why does n't he signal what side he 's going to take?" (One whistle means "Take the starboard side," two "Take the port," and vessels coming downstream have the right of way.) "What 's that fellow trying to do—cross our bows?" Sometimes "that fellow" seems to refer to the other vessel's captain, sometimes to the vessel. "That fellow" is appropriate; most Great Lakes boats we have seen thus far are masculine, and rather ugly masculine: *Henry Steinbrenner, Otto Ziesner,*

August Ziesing, Ball Brothers, Pentecost Mitchell, Elbert H. Gary. The names of ocean freighters, even when they are masculine, usually have something romantic about them: *Kendal Castle, Clan Ranald, Agapenor, London Mariner, Barbadian, Robin Adair,* but it is hard to get any flavor of romance out of the name of an official of the United States Steel Corporation.

We have become one of an unbroken line of freighters moving up-stream, meeting an unbroken line coming down, and we are suddenly conscious of ourselves as a unit in the pageant of inland commerce, lumber and ore and wheat meeting coal and cement and machinery and the thousand other things the East sells to the West. Freighters of every kind and size. A little steamer low with a deck-load of lumber, flying the British flag, puffs along with a schooner in tow flying a big blue flag bearing white letters, *Teutonia.* Behind this curious pair comes a swift freighter, as trim as a passenger liner. "One of Fingy Conners's package boats," says the captain. And behind the great plowing red bulk of a six-hundred foot Steel Trust ore-carrier, a passenger in white ducks at the rail.

The river has become a single swiftly moving stream. The Canadian shore is still green country-side or muddy flats where ancient scows or rusty dredges lie half buried; but on the American side appear great industrial plants, docks, moored freighters, rows of workmen's houses. Ahead is a wide, sweeping bend, and a haze above the river. Slowly we round the bend and there, revealed

as is a stage by a slowly rising curtain, is the city, the Motor Metropolis.

Seeing this city and this river, a European might exclaim:

"What a wasted opportunity—all this magnificent waterfront given over to commerce and ugliness! With us, that waterfront would be a boulevard lined with trees. We would segregate the commercial docks and warehouses, banish them to the suburbs."

And yet on this particular afternoon, at this particular moment, as we steam up the river, Detroit has beauty. Perhaps it is due to the atmosphere which obscures details, gives the docks and warehouses the aspect of an irregular yet carefully conceived façade, makes the central group of sky-scrapers farther back seem to float on blue light. It is, no doubt, an accidental beauty, a beauty one might miss on another occasion. But there is one thing that always would be here—this river. Few cities have rivers as wide and deep and swift, and what city has a river of such color? The Hudson at New York is an arm of the sea, and yet neither sea nor river, and the tides shift back and forth on its gray waves the flotsam of river and harbor. The tiny, hurrying Seine at Paris is olive-drab. The Blue Danube at Budapest is yellow. The Detroit River is a marvelous transparent blue-green. It is, indeed, pure lake flowing on into lake, the cold springs of Superior rushing toward Ontario and the sea. And in the middle of this blue-green flood is a thing no other city in America or Europe can match, a toy island of

seven hundred acres. At least, toy island is what it seems to us, looking down from the high pilot-house as we sweep past (we had not realized before how high the pilot-house is above the water), toy winding drives full of spinning toy motors, toy canals and toy canoes, toy tennis-courts and ball fields and ten thousand toy merry-makers.

But before we reach Belle Isle, a swift half-decked motor-boat has darted from the shore, aiming diagonally toward us. We do not slacken speed. Quickly it draws alongside. A mysterious proceeding has been visible at the captain's door, a box has been brought out into which a bundle of letters is thrust. A mate carries the box amidships, where a deck-hand is uncoiling a rope. The box is lowered over the side; a man in the motor-boat catches it, snatches out the letters, thrusts in a bundle of papers. Meantime another deck-hand drops a ladder over the side; a figure rises in the cockpit, seizes the bottom rung, and climbs, clutching a battered suitcase. The motor-boat swings away, shoots toward shore. The visit of the Marine Post Office is as brief and efficient as that of Charlie Keene, our boisterous, bush-topped rural carrier in the Saugatuck hills. . . .

Beyond Belle Isle the river widens into placid Lake St. Clair.

Steaming, in the early twilight, out of Lake St. Clair into the St. Clair Channel is navigating a sea of grass. On each side of the narrow channel, gold-green marsh

streaked with silver reaches flatly to the horizon. Presently we begin to pass rows of fishermen's shacks and summer cottages, each on its miniature island. We overtake a small river steamer putting in here and there with passengers and provisions. But it all has a forlorn aspect. Half of the houses are boarded up, and on one slightly larger island are the ruins of a vast hotel that burned years ago and has never been rebuilt. "The automobile has ruined the Flats," says one of the mates. "People don't come here any more." The silent rows of houses, the background of mysterious, illimitable marsh, make a world remote and strange, a world that seems a thousand miles from the restless City of the Straits.

But even here, in this quiet channel, we are reminded constantly of the mischances of lake navigation. At the entrance, the captain points out the spot where last year a Steel Trust boat ran upon the point, smashed through the trees around the lighthouse, and almost upset the lighthouse itself. The wheelsman must have been afflicted with the irrational impulse every beginning motorist knows, to hit the object he should avoid. A mile or so beyond, the captain, one dusk, came upon a sister boat of the Buffalo Steamship Company, her nose in the bank. She had just been in collision and was sinking aft. And that part of the channel, curiously enough, was almost exactly where the captain himself had a narrow escape a few trips later. A steamer had anchored there and had swung out broadside. The captain mistook her stern lights for the headlights of still another boat and, think-

ing there were two, steered between. The watchman gave the alarm just in time, and the *Clement,* swinging around the anchored steamer, barely missed another boat coming down. Passing down the channel one night last October, the captain saw flames suddenly in the darkness. They were leaping through the forward hatch of the wooden steamer *William E. Wolf.* Foolishly—for there was a strong west wind—the *Wolf's* captain steered for the east bank. The wind drove the fire right over the pilot-house. The captain and wheelsman jumped. The captain broke his leg and the wheelsman was drowned.

"And the steamer?" Pat asks eagerly.

"There." The captain points to a few blackened timbers above the water on our right.

We swing round a bend and meet a steamer and a barge, whose names are just visible as they pass close. The barge is the *George Hartwell.*

"That 's the barge that almost went down with the *Kirby.* The *Kirby* was one of those composite boats, half wood and half steel, and her seams opened. Out in the middle of Lake Superior. Almost pulled the bows out of the *Hartwell.* Drifted around for days till some one picked her up."

We pass Algonac, off to the left, across the marshes. Most of the men of Algonac, says Mac, the tall wheelsman, go sailing in the summer and hunt muskrats in the winter. Algonac is famous as the home of Gar Wood who built *Miss America* and smashed the world's speed-boat records. And late at night we pass the lights of Port Huron

and steer out into the dim reaches of Lake Huron. We are standing at the bow sniffing the delicious cold, misty night, when the captain pauses beside us.

"Just about here is where the *Price* went down in the big storm of nineteen-thirteen," he says cheerfully.

We wake to a horizon wreathed in white, out of which fog-whistles sound at invisible distances. Slowly the fog rolls down on us, and our whistle, too, takes up the dull, toneless chorus.

Up here in the pilot-house, Jim, the first mate, paces nervously back and forth.

We are beginning to know the ship's people—or what is the term that means officers and crew? I am aware that "ship's people" sounds a bit old-fashioned (I lift it from my memories of sea-tales), and perhaps always out of place on the lakes. But would "crew" include the captain? Would "officers" comprise the cook?

There is this Jim—thin, wiry, with lined face, little gray mustache, gray hair straggling from under his battered seaman's cap, the only article of nautical clothing on board. He chews tobacco incessantly and his mouth is always stained. His voice is a heavy, worried, asthmatic whisper. Just now, at each nervous turn across the pilot-house, he slides into the wheelsman's ear a complaining whisper about the deck-hand working out in the slight rain that has begun to fall. "Does n't the damn fool know enough to come in out of the rain?" Then his eye falls on the life-raft on the forward deck. What a fraud a life-

raft is, he whispers. He would rather jump into the lake and be done with it than float around on a life-raft and die by inches. He recites the case of a boat that foundered near Whitefish Point whose captain hung to a life-raft three days. Several boats passed him without helping him. They gave various excuses, thought some one else would pick him up or he 'd surely drift ashore.

"And think of being compelled to fit a life-raft with a pair of ores! How could a man use oars on a life-raft? A man has enough to do to hang on. Life-raft! It 's an outrage!"

Jim has a master's license and has commanded boats himself, but berths are hard to get this year, it seems.

Then there are the wheelsmen. Tall, lank, dark Mac (he is the man who came on board from the mail-boat last night, after a visit at his home in Algonac), a great admirer of Henry Ford. Ford is the greatest man in the world. Ford is the man who has done more for the working-man than any one else in the world. When I told Mac that many of the men I talked with at the Ford plant last year complained about the system, said it made machines of men, he answered that some men always have a grouch, and that the best proof Ford is a benefactor of the working-man is that other employers hate him Pat has been trying to sketch Mac at the wheel, but he does n't want his form immortalized. He thwarts her constantly by changing his position.

And Will Finkel, a gentle old fellow, with a gray, patient face. His grandfather was an artist, he says,

and when Finkle was a boy he wanted above all things to be an artist. When he is off duty he sits down in the men's cabin, softly playing his old violin.

Jim, Mac, and Finkel all come from Algonac, and Mac gets a lot of delicious fun in telling and re-telling the story of Finkel's fall through the ice when hunting musk-rats, and Finkel retorts with the tale of Mac's ridiculous disaster in an ice-boat—both, evidently, famous fables in Algonac.

That Finkel was not only an interpretative artist, but a creative genius—this we discovered by accident.

I was standing by a pilot-house window, idly thumbing my note-book. Suddenly, slipping from my fingers, it disappeared through the slot in the window-sill—the windows were of the trolley-car type. I peered through the slot. Gone, three feet down in the narrow partition! All my record of the trip from Buffalo gone!

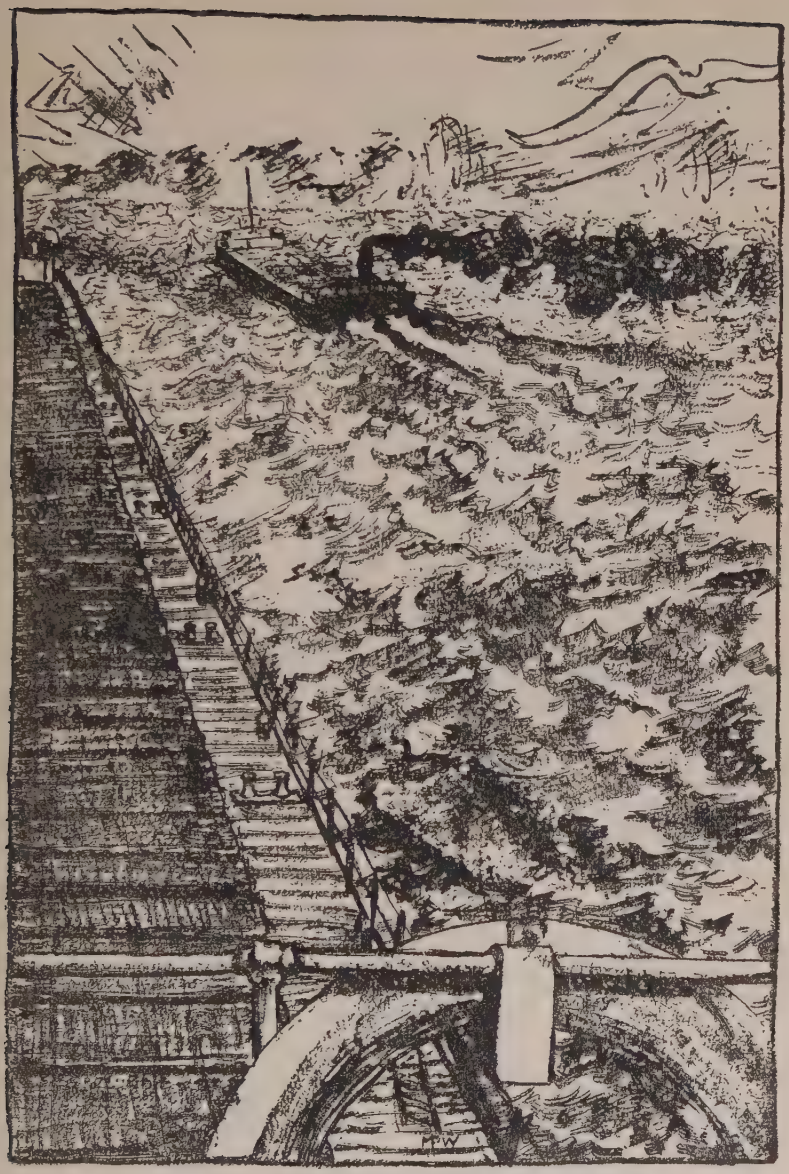
"That 's too bad," said the captain.

"Oh, never mind." I tried to seem unconcerned. "My own stupidity."

Finkel was at the wheel. Presently the watch ended and he stole away silently, as he always did—back to his cabin, to his violin. But in a few minutes he reappeared. He had n't been to the cabin. He had been down to the tool-room. In his hand he carried an odd little spear, a stick with a sharp nail-point.

"Maybe we can get it," he said timidly.

He inserted the spear in the window-slot, ran it down its full length, probed, thrust, probed, thrust again, slowly



Just then a passing freighter suggested an incident

drew his spear up. But the note-book was n't impaled. If it had been it had slipped off. Again Finkel probed, fumbled. I tried. No, the note-book would n't stick on the spear.

"Never mind," I said. "Let it go. It 's awfully kind of you."

He looked sadly at his little futile spear and stole out of the pilot-house.

"All right, Will," the captain called after him, like a tolerant father to a ten-year-old.

Just then a passing freighter suggested to the captain an exciting incident of the 1913 storm. For the moment I forgot my lost notes.

"Well, well! look what 's here!"

The captain's ejaculation made us turn sharply. Into the pilot-house had come Finkel again. We stared. We were tempted to laugh. But the ingenuity of the thing he had in his hand turned our mirth to admiration. It was a long, slender stick with a projecting foot, firmly attached by a counter-sunk screw. Along one side were neatly wired several little wooden bearings in which moved a slender steel plunger or shaft. The end of the shaft, filed to a screw-driver point, operated a screw fitted in a block just above the projecting foot. The principle of the contrivance was plain. The foot, sent exploring in the dark, narrow bottom of the partition, would slide under the lost note-book; the shaft would twist the screw down upon it and hold it fast so that the prize could be hauled safely upward. A complete notebook-retriever, its corners

rounded by sandpaper, a thing of grace and beauty. How had Finkel been able to design and execute this wonderful implement in his short absence?

"Now," he murmured timidly.

Cautiously he lowered his retriever into the cavity, explored, evidently inserted the projecting foot under the unseen note-book, then twisted the shaft down and drew the contrivance upward.

Doubt, hope, slow triumph spread over his gray face.

"He *has* got it!" cried Pat.

The lost note-book was indeed imprisoned ineluctably between screw and foot.

Finkel freed it and handed it to me. But we were lost in admiration of his device. We turned it over, examined every marvelous detail.

"How much do you want for the patent, Bill?" teased Mac.

Finkel fondled his invention, hesitated, tried to say something, and stole away.

And there is Mr. L., the engineer, who sits opposite us at table, an old fellow with a huge red face, big reddish mouth, and thick, moist lips, gray hair standing on end, and heavy horn-rimmed glasses. He is a socialist. When I visited him in his engine-room he turned a question of mine about coal into a discussion of the iniquities of money and the whole economic system, and said that even in our day we should see . . .

Mr. L. says that though he has sailed the lakes forty-

three years he has never been in an accident, but that a friend of his, another engineer, was in a collision; he ran up to his cabin for a life-preserver and put it on just in time to float neatly out of the cabin door. In this instance the boat went down stern first, yet the wheelsman reported that the lights in the pilot-house kept burning after the engine-room was flooded. "A piece of pure imagination," said Mr. L. "Wheelsmen are very imaginative."

"Why is that?" I demanded.

"Oh, it is bred in them. They are naturally so. There is no explanation."

Then there are the assistant engineers and the oilers, who sit down at the end of the table, those young men who gobble their meals and vanish just as we have begun. And the deck-hands and firemen who eat in another cabin on oilcloth instead of on a cotton table-cloth. Everybody has a bad word for the firemen. They are lazy and drunken and don't know their job and don't want to learn. Every trip you have to get a new gang. Even the captain joins in this denunciation, though he admits the job is a hard one. In the lower lakes the stoke-hole is hellish and the firemen's sleeping-quarters almost as hot. But the captain says that on his preceding trip, when he fixed up a sleeping-place for them on the "fan-tail," the deck aft of the dining-room, the stokers got to fighting and threw their blankets and pillows overboard and he had to put them down below again. Pat has been cultivating the firemen to-day. She has spent most of the

morning in the stoke-hole and has quite fallen in love with a brutal, half-naked Apollo with a bashed-in nose. He at least, she says, was really trying to follow the second engineer's instruction in stoking.

The second engineer, a little blond, baby-faced, sentimental fellow, says he began as a fireman and that firing is n't a hard job at all if you know how.

And there are the cook and his pretty Southern wife. He is an advertising man in Chicago during the winter, but he says it is terribly hard to keep ahead in the big town. "You go out to dinner and take in a show and go home in a yellow, and that finishes a ten-dollar bill." And so, to save money, he goes cooking every summer. "Here on the lake, you see, we can't spend any money," he explains. The cook's intellect is not held in high esteem on the *Clement*. The engineer has just come up to the pilot-house to discuss with Jim the cook's charge that some one tried to pry the pantry door open last night with a screw-driver. "It 's all nonsense," says Mr. L.

"Cooks are weak-minded," Jim agrees in a venomous whisper. "I don't know whether it 's the dish-water or what. This fellow is all right, and he 's got a nice little wife, but he 's weak-minded."

And then there is the captain. An altogether admirable captain. There is nothing domineering or self-important about him, but there is a snap in his voice that gets instant obedience. He is rather witty and likes to poke fun at people's frailties and foolishnesses, and then his mouth twitches humorously. "Some people have wish-

bones where their backbones ought to be," he says. But he is a kind-hearted man. He is very simple, very naïve in many ways. His ignorance of many things we think important is enormous. He has some fantastic ideas about politics and economics, and most of the conventional notions about bolsheviks and socialists and Wall Street. But he is shrewd, too. He makes pointed comments on the world. And he knows his job. When he came to America he could n't speak a word of English. He shipped from Cleveland as a deck-hand. Ten years later he was a captain. How that puts to shame some of us native Americans! Could we do as well if we went to Norway?

Last night in the twilight of St. Clair Channel a whistle sounded ahead and the captain said, "That sounds familiar"; then as the freighter came into sight around the bend, "Yes, I was right." It was the boat in which he sailed thirteen years, three as wheelsman and mate, ten as captain. In 1896 the *Central West,* then the *McMillan,* was the largest freighter on the lakes. For two years he quit sailing and became a government steamboat-inspector. But he did n't like it. "Uncle Sam is a bad boss," he says. "Heads of departments get in for political reasons and don't know their business." He tells some tales of the *Eastland* disaster that put government inspectors in a curious light.

Toward noon, a wind sprang up from the west. Suddenly the fog lifted. Off to the east of us a steamer, still

half shrouded in white, sent up periodic puffs of steam. But no sound reached us.

In mid-afternoon two bluish dots floated above the horizon and grew slowly to the forested hills of Drummond Island and Point Detour. The day had turned out magnificently clear and, as we steamed out of Lake Huron into Detour Passage, hills piled upon hills opened out across Potagannissing Bay, bay beyond bay, island beyond island.

As we passed Detour, a little town of a few houses and docks nestling on a wooded shore, the captain was reminded of the curious story of the *Bemis*. The *Bemis* loaded with ore at Escanaba. Before sailing, her captain and her engineer, both of whom had a large interest in her, tried to increase the insurance—unsuccessfully, for she was already well covered. Then, after inexplicably putting in at Mackinaw City and taking on five tons of coal, a ridiculously small amount, the *Bemis* headed off into the North Passage, far out of her course. The captain and the engineer were pacing up and down the deck, when suddenly the engineer turned and dashed down into the hold and came back shouting, "Fire!" Smoke rolled out of the hatchway.

"No use trying to fight it," yelled the captain. "Get out the life-boat!" The boat lowered, all hands piled in, and they rowed away. But when they pulled into Detour some hours later, they were astonished to see the *Bemis*

at anchor off the dock. She had been picked up by another boat whose crew had put out the fire and brought her in, scarcely damaged.

We steamed on up into Potagannissing Bay, rounded Pipe Island Twins, and headed northwest-by-west toward the Soo and Lake Superior. Far back on St. Joseph's Island, hills dark to the summit with spruce and pine rose to the dignity of mountains. This was the real North! These hills and islands and bays seemed absolutely virgin, and we had a sense of illimitable wildernesses beyond them. Then we swung into the narrow, sharply winding channel between St. Joseph's Island and Neebish Island. Every turn in the channel, almost every range-mark and buoy, suggested to the captain some drama of traffic, tragic or humorous. This chain of long, narrow, rock-bound lakes known as the St. Mary's River has been the scene of more mischances than any other passage on the lakes.

Very properly the Government requires reduced speed in these sharply winding channels, and inspectors are supposed to take the speed of every passing vessel, but, the captain said, on a recent occasion the coast-guard station reported that a certain steamer towing a barge was within the law but her tow was exceeding the limit! "What can you expect of fellows who are satisfied with sixty dollars a month?"

He told the picturesque story of the down-bound fleet that was frozen in the St. Mary's at the end of the season, whose crews lived there all winter, bringing food across the ice from distant camps and settlements. The

chance of being frozen in the St. Mary's is, it seems, often taken by boats making a last dash for the lower lakes as winter closes down. Even as I am writing this story, I note a news despatch in "The New York Times" recounting the adventures of nine wheat-carriers that have dared the mid-December storms of Lake Superior, reached the Soo, and joined a fleet waiting in the St. Mary's River for ice-breakers to attempt to win a way for them past Detour to Lake Huron.

Range-marks guided us at every turn. "We range them up and put them down under the stern," said Mac, as we emerged from Middle Neebish Channel and swung sharp up Hay Lake.

And so at dusk, in a passing rain-shower, we came to the Soo—a shadowy flight of rapids, a shore lined with brilliantly lit paper-mills and electric steel-foundries aflame at every window, and the ghostly silhouette of a six-hundred-footer locking down on the American side. We steamed for the Canadian lock, a figure ran out on the pier with a megaphone,—"All right, Cap!" and, slowly and still checking speed, we moved in. The captain sprang back and forth in the pilot-house, between the window and the engine-room bell, ringing "Half-speed," "Slow," "Stand by," and flinging at the wheelsman, "Hold her!" "Steady!" "Nothing to starboard!" "Keep her coming!" The lock appeared straight ahead, startlingly narrow. How could we enter it? It was narrower than the *Clement!* But steadily we crept onward, and as smoothly as a shaft fits its bearing we slid in.

A little group of people gazed up at us from the pier, where pools of rain glistened in the electric lights. We quivered to a dead stop. The captain ran down out of the pilot-house, I at his heels, and we jumped over the rail to the pier and strode to the marine post and telegraph office, fifty feet away. The man behind the counter, with a "Good evening, Captain," in strong Scots, handed over a telegram that had been telephoned across from the American side. The captain tore it open.

"We 're not going to Duluth. We 're ordered to Ashland," he said. We stepped out into the darkness again. The *Clement,* whose deck a moment ago had been level with the top of the lock, now towered twenty feet above us. In those few moments the lock had filled. Deckhands were lowering a ladder. We climbed, mounted to the pilot-house, the captain sounded the engine-room bell once, sharp, and we moved slowly between the opened head-gates into the upper St. Mary's River.

Locking up to Lake Superior seemed to have taken no time at all.

At mid-day Lake Superior was a gorgeous blue, and the gulls had two amusing games. They were different gulls from those that had followed us on Lake Huron, larger, more dazzlingly white, and with yellow beaks. One of their games was to circle the ship without flapping a wing. Rather, it was a game to see who could accomplish that feat. One gull only, an old fellow with a wise eye, succeeded completely. I stood on the bridge a long time,

watching him. He would soar forward, slowly gaining on the ship, slowly mounting till he reached a point just forward of the pilot-house. That point was crucial. All the other gulls had to flap their wings at least once before they made the turn, but he not once. Confidently he made the turn, giving me one arrogant glance, and coasted swiftly to the stern, turned again, and came back. Not a visible movement of the wings, not a flicker. He fascinated me, and irritated me. He contradicted all the laws of nature,—coasting down hill and coasting up, too!—and he was so cocky about it.

The other was the fly-and-float or the Narcissus game. The gulls would fly forward alongside the ship, their outstretched wings gradually becoming motionless, dropping nearer and nearer to the water. Just before they touched it there was a delicious moment of poise when with wings struck upward sharply and head bent they were reflected perfectly in the smooth, iridescent blue surface. They seemed to prolong the moment, admiring their own images. Then the wings quickly folded and they dropped lightly upon the water and floated there motionless as we rushed onward. The little floating, wingless bird seemed a very modest creature in comparison with itself in flight; a tame domestic fowl on a nest. There he sat till almost out of sight astern, then suddenly rose from the water, pursued us, overtook us, again a wild sea-rover. Later, in Isle Royale, I learned that all this had a meaning that I did not at the time understand.

With a glass we could make out the abandoned shaft-

houses in the decayed copper towns along the barren north shore of the Keweenaw peninsula—that copper-veined, hooked finger Michigan thrusts up into Lake Superior. Jim told of the days when sailing-schooners called at those harbors with cargoes of mine machinery, coal, and rope, and loaded with lump copper. Now, he said, the mines are worked out or have become unprofitable and the only inhabitants of those towns are some bums and French Canadians and dogs.

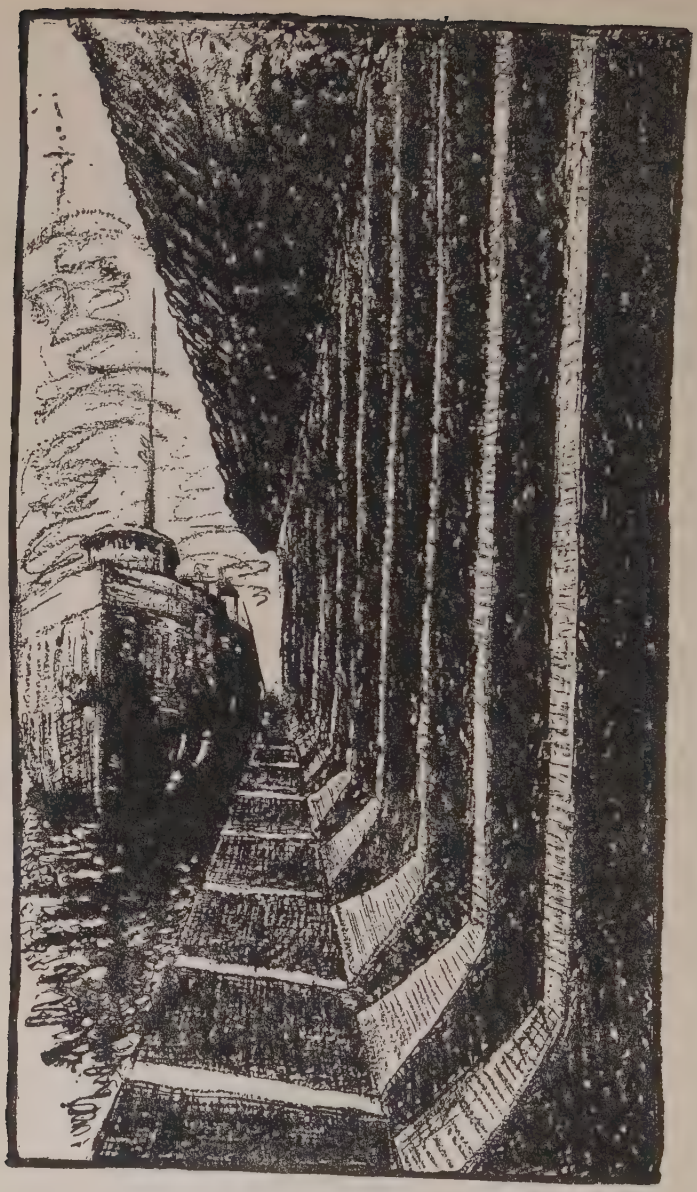
"What were the names of some of the schooners that sailed the lakes then?" I asked idly.

"Names?" He paced the pilot-house, his eyes suddenly dreamy. "Names? *Niagara, Moonlight, Annie Peterson, Lucerne, Thomas Quail, Our Son, Negaunee, Nellie Reddington.*" And on and on and on, name after name of the sailing-ships that are gone, and who built them, who sailed them, what misadventures befell them, what became of them at last, and so he made a picture of the life of the lakes forty years ago. What a memory!

And Mac countered with his story of the great storm of 1913, the greatest event in the lives of the present generation. Mac was wheeling in the *James E. Davidson.* With a cargo of ore they left Two Harbors on Sunday night. The storm swept on them from the north, but soon shifted to the northeast. Seas crashed over the deck. But the constant terror was not of waves but of rocks. Lake Superior is three hundred miles long and one hundred and fifty wide, but there are points, islands, rocks, in wait for a vessel driven out of her course. Driving

snow blinded them and crusted the pilot-house windows, and snow, Mac said, is far worse than wind in cutting off the sound of fog-horns and fog-whistles. For three days they battled eastward. The men in the forward deck-house were without food. Once Mac decided to risk a trip aft. At the moment he got out of the lee of the forward deck-house, a sea broke over the side. He grabbed for the rail, caught it, and when the wave passed found himself sitting astride the fence, one leg over the side, and coated with ice. He crept back. At last the *Davidson* won to Whitefish Bay and the Soo. She was coated with ice from stem to stern. "That was some storm," said Mac.

Other vessels were not so lucky. There was the *Waldo,* which also sailed from Two Harbors for the lower lakes, with ore. The storm tore off her forward deck-house and pilot-house, tossed her about helpless, and finally hurled her on Gull Rock, Manitou Island. The after deck-house was smashed, too, and the crew of twenty-five men and two women took refuge in the windlass-room, where they crouched without food for two days, till they were rescued by the life-saving crew from the Portage Lake Ship Canal. There was the *Turret Chief* hurled ashore on Keweenaw Point at four in the morning. The crew climbed out on the rocks and wandered through the woods half-dressed till they found refuge from the blizzard in a deserted shack. There they stayed without food for three days till the storm abated and then made their way along the shore to Copper Harbor. And there was the tragic mys-



We were alongside the ore-dock in Ashland

tery of the *Price,* capsized in Lake Huron with a loss of all hands. . . .

And so, while these tales were told, we steamed on, that July afternoon, down the barren western shore of Keweenaw, where the captain pointed out some stacks thrusting above a reddish hill which he said was the Calumet & Hecla, into a blue evening that grew to the deeper blue of night, on whose horizon burned a low steady star—Michigan Island Light.

In the morning we were wakened by a rattle and crash. It was six o'clock. We were alongside the ore-dock in Ashland and streams of rich reddish and purple ore were rushing down the chutes into the *Clement.*

We had come to the source of the red mountain.

CHAPTER III

ASPIRING ASHLAND

ON one side the towering concrete ore-dock shut off the view. On the other stretched a wide, hill-circled bay. Along the shore, close at hand, a sawmill emitted early morning steam, and beyond it lay the roofs of a town, and a bell was ringing. It was a not uninviting prospect, but the captain was apologetic. Too bad we had to land in a place like this! Now, if it had been Duluth . . .

"This place Ashland is dead," Mac emphasized. "There used to be some pretty girls here, but they 've all gone off and married somebody. I don't blame 'em. Deadest town on the lakes."

"What about that?" I pointed to the mill.

"Oh, well, that 's the last gasp."

The captain looked at us, rather hoping, I think, that we would change our minds and go back with him to Buffalo.

We had planned to leave the ship immediately after breakfast, but instead we found ourselves loitering around the deck, gossiping with Mac and Finkel, when we should have been on our way. Neither Pat nor I has ever developed an affection for an Atlantic liner. We have al-

ways been bored to death and eager to get off. But somehow in these three and a half days from Buffalo a real relation had grown up between us and the *Clement.* It was more than affection: it was responsibility. Now, when the time had come to leave, we felt like quitters. Tomlinson, in that gorgeous book "The Sea and the Jungle" says that on his voyage from England to the Amazon he became so much a part of the *Capella* that he could not remember any previous existence. We had n't reached quite that state of absorption in the *Clement,* but if we had taken a few more trips we should have reached it.

Finally we followed the captain down the side. We paused and looked upward. From the *Clement* we had not really seen the ore-dock. A gigantic concrete trestle marched from the higher land behind the town, out into the bay. The trains of ore-cars that traveled out upon the trestle and dropped their loads into the bins, the rush of ore from the bins into the freighter—these were details insignificant compared with the trestle itself. That double row of great concrete columns, without a useless angle or beam or an ornament anywhere, was, like the grain-elevators of Buffalo, unconscious architecture. When the men of the thirtieth century explore the relics of our civilization, they will gaze at these giant columns marching out into this lonely Lake Superior bay as we, to-day, gaze upon the temple of Karnak.

There was a lilac bush in full bloom near the door of the dock office. Two weeks before we had left Connecticut in the first blaze of summer, and now in Northern Wis-

consin we had caught the tail end of spring. When we said good-by to the captain, agreeing to come back to the *Clement* for lunch, we walked toward the town through a field of buttercups.

The buttercups gave way to some straggly, mean houses, most of them boarded up. Then came a large, silent red-brick Catholic institution. Then the main street. There was a block or two of boarded-up store fronts in almost the last stages of decay. Then a hotel. We entered its sepulchral lobby and inquired about passenger-boats to Duluth.

A tall yellow figure, illumining the drab street

"There have n't been any for years," said the girl.

"Why?"

"Oh," she hazarded, "I guess the autos put them out of business."

We walked on, feeling rather depressed and wondering when the next train left for Duluth. Suddenly a gleam of color halted us. Across the street, in front of Parson's Cigar Store, stood a tall yellow figure, illumining the drab street, dominating it. We crossed over to examine him more closely.

Mr. Parsons was just opening up his store.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I am proud of that Indian. A man named Kruschke, a German, carved him. Who does it represent? Why, that 's Sitting Bull. Actual size, six feet two."

Mr. Parsons pointed out the details—the fringe and buttons on the buckskin coat, the braided hair, the feather in it, the tomahawk, the realistic features, austere and proud. Most wonderful of all was the color, a glowing golden yellow. He was a glorified realization of all our childhood memories of cigar-store Indians, the last and most magnificent of his race.

"Look!" I exclaimed.

Along the sidewalk at that moment came a straggle of brown-blackish human beings, a man followed by a woman and three or four children—fattish, lumpish, brutish, all of them, as Indians are who have grown up in contact with our civilization, to whom we give none of our virtues and most of our vices, and our worst atrocities in cheap store clothes. The real Indians clumped by, casting half a glance at us, and at the great chieftain, Sitting Bull, none at all.

"Yes, there are a lot of 'em around here," said Mr. Parsons. "There 's a reservation a few miles out."

"How's business?" I asked, confidently expecting a discouraged report.

"Say!" exclaimed Mr. Parsons; "this is a great town! Of course things have been a little slow, but they 're going fine now. The charcoal-iron company has started up again,—biggest plant in the world for making charcoal

pig-iron. Stearns's sawmill 's shut down because they finished cutting the logs they bought from the Indians, but the other mill 's going. The paper-mill, too. We 've got a rich farming country around here, and the creamery business is building up in great shape. Say, do you know that we 've got more bank deposits now than ever before in our history? Three million dollars. That 's pretty good for a town of only eleven thousand, what?"

Other business men on the main street were almost as enthusiastic as Mr. Parsons. They emphasized the greater stability of the town now over the old sawmill days. And as we walked on we saw what our eyes had refused to see before, convinced that Ashland was dead—the handsome new court-house and the Northern National Bank Building, evidences of this stability.

Yet the place did have a lifeless look, which made the judgment of the *Clement's* crew not surprising. The charcoal-iron plant was not visible; probably they had never heard of it. No one had told them the total of Ashland's bank deposits. And they had seen those drab streets of boarded-up saloons, that refuse of a bustling if unstable past.

It was Mrs. B——, in the Women's Rest Room next to the bank, who placed this town in its relation to its past and, in a sense, in its relation to America. Mrs. B—— was scarcely conscious that she was doing this; she was simply telling us her story.

Her father came here less than fifty years ago, as

an Indian agent to the Apostle Islands just outside Ashland Harbor—one of the first white men in the region. Mrs. B——'s earliest memory is of the journey from New York State with her mother, and of a wild, stormy voyage to the islands in an open boat manned by Indians who knew not a word of English. When the other children were born, here in the wilderness, the mother had only an old squaw to tend her.

So the little girl who is now Mrs. B—— grew up, saw the lumber business come, saw Ashland spring from nothing to a brawling sawmill town.

"This *was* a wild place," she said. "The lumberjacks poured in here in the spring and spent all they 'd earned in a few days. Sixty-eight saloons for a population of fourteen thousand!"

Then come the discovery of iron in the hills back of Ashland, the building of small ore-docks, larger docks. Settlers cleared the stump-lands roundabout, farms grew and prospered. And now there was a pig-iron plant, and promise of other things. And here was Mrs. B——, in the Women's Rest Room on the main street next to the new white limestone bank, preparing to serve farmers' wives with luncheon and sisterhood in the name of the Women's Monday Club of Ashland.

Perhaps it is only in America that one can meet a Mrs. B——, who, still in her prime, has lived through a résumé of national history. Primitive America, pioneer America, America feverishly devouring its natural resources; now America on the steadier road of agriculture

and industry, America of the Social Conscience. Then, stretching the point a little, perhaps, one can connect her with still another phase of our life—that of the East which played so large a part in her mother's memories and which rose in the daughter's mind like homesickness at our mention of New York State, a name that to her in northern Wisconsin evidently conveyed the charm of an old, remote, established civilization.

If Mrs. B—— is a product of Ashland civilization, then the town has managed to develop sources of nourishment not visible to the eye. For the visible town with the rusting false-fronts of its deserted saloons is like an apple that has rotted while it was still green. That new courthouse and the bank—they should draw our praise. Yet, rising from such decay, they only startled us. And the avenue at right angles to the main street, laid out with parkways worthy of a Paris boulevard, is nothing now but a raw cut of black mud. A town old and raw at the same time. Yet what a symbol these muddy parkways are of something unquenchably, unbelievable young, something perfectly American! What faith in the future! No time to clear away the past. Rust will do that. Lay out the bigger Ashland even as far as Twenty-seventh Avenue, now inhabited by ragweed!

But it was not till some hours later that we met a champion worthy of Ashland's dreams of itself. The captain had the appointment all arranged when we got back to the *Clement*. His old friend Joe Marx, the marine-

supply man, would really show us Ashland. After dinner we proceeded to Marx's store on the lake front, a distance beyond the ore-dock.

Marx was—and I hope still is—a big, fat, jolly man with an incessant laugh that shot off every other moment into a startling chuckle. Evidently he had been advised of our importance, for in front of his establishment stood a glittering, brand-new automobile. Marx bounced out of his door, flourishing some blue-prints, shook hands, hustled us into the car, and shouted to his chauffeur.

"I just want to show you the lay-out," he chuckled.

We spun along the lake shore, bouncing over some hillocks of ancient sawdust where once sawmills had hummed.

"See," he pointed; "all along here is the place for the coal-docks, coal-docks, coal-docks, as far as you want to build 'em. See? All along! Now, come on!"

We turned back, rushed down a road paralleling the water, swerved sharply to the left into a farm-yard.

"Now come on!" cried Mr. Joe Marx, leaping out. "I want to show you the lay-out!"

We followed him through the farm-yard, down across a stumpy field cut by a deep ravine.

"Now!" he shouted triumphantly. "Did you ever see a lay-out to beat it? Look here! Your steel-mills here, your docks out there, your railroad down in this gully." Chuckle. "Finest lay-out in the world!" Chuckle. "Can you beat it?" he demanded, seizing my arm.

"No," I admitted.

"Can you?" he accused Pat.

"It 's wonderful!" she cried.

The captain lurked behind, and, turning, I caught him in a wink. But the captain is a hard-boiled old cynic.

Mr. Marx seized my arm again. "You see what I mean? Your coal-docks out there, your mills here, your railroad tracks *here*. Right *here* in this gully. *Can* you beat it?"

"Oh! what bird is that?" Pat exclaimed. "Look!"

"Bird?—where?"

"There, on that bush. Have you ever seen anything so blue?"

"Bird!" said Joe Marx. "I don't know anything about birds. Now, come on——"

"Do you know, Captain?" she asked.

"No, I 'm sorry," said the captain, evidently as amused by an enthusiasm for birds as by Marx's vision of ore-docks and mills.

"Come on, now," insisted Mr. Marx. "I want to show you the rest of the lay-out! Come on!"

We piled in again and the car shot off toward the town. Near the dock, the captain got out to hurry back to his ship, saying that he could n't trust Jim not to load her too deep.

The car traveled out the avenue with the muddy parkway down its center, on out past the last staked-out street and street-sign, into the open farm lands. Rich farm lands they evidently were, for though the houses were often of logs, the barns were all large and well kept. It was haying time, and every hay-wagon had a hay-loader in

attendance, and many of the wagons were pulled by Ford tractors.

"Who are these farmers?" we asked.

"Oh, mostly Scandinavians and Finns," said Joe Marx. But he was n't interested in farms or farmers.

"Now! now!" he exulted, swinging his arm; "did you ever see anything like it. Look! Did you? Look! Look at the room!"

"Room? Room for what?"

"Room for a city! Look at it! Look! Miles and miles! Did you ever see anything like it?"

But since every city we had ever seen except Manhattan is surrounded by land on two sides at least, we stared at him, slightly dazed.

"Room for a hundred thousand?" Chuckle. "Five hundred thousand! A million!" Chuckle. "Look at that sweep of land! All the way to those hills! Fifteen miles! Fifteen miles of solid city! Think of it! Did you ever see anything like it?"

We squinted our eyes, and thought hard, trying to see rows of ornamental lamp-posts instead of telegraph-poles, cement sidewalks instead of ditches, apartment hotels and *thés dansants* instead of log houses, limousines instead of tractors. And we almost did see them, so good a salesman was Joe Marx.

"And did you ever see anything like this for drainage?" he cried. "From this point, here, it will drain back into the lake, and beyond here into the White River, that river down there in the valley ahead. Drainage! There 's no

city in the world will have drainage like this one! Did you ever seen any lay-out like this for a city?"

"But," I tried to interrupt, glancing at my watch and thinking of our train for Duluth.

"Look at that soil! Wonderful soil to build a city on! Just the right sort to drain well and hold a city up well, and yet there 's no stones to bother. Just think of it! All this, city! Miles and miles—all the way to those hills—city, solid city!"

"But—"

"Duluth!" he snorted. "Have you ever been in Duluth? They were always telling me what a place Duluth was. Why, it 's nothing but a rock! No place to grow! And then look at this—room, miles and miles of room, room for a city! Look at it! Say, did you ever see . . . "

But finally, somehow, I did manage to interpolate the suggestion that we really must turn around or we would miss our train.

"You know," he chuckled on the way back, "people here in Ashland think I 'm crazy. They 're afraid to think big. They think in hundreds instead of thousands. Once—" chuckle—"I went down to the Merchants' Association dinner"—chuckle—"and told the bunch what I thought of them"—chuckle—"what a short-sighted, small-minded bunch they really are. I 've never"—chuckle "been invited again!" Triple chuckle. "But Ashland is going to be a big place in spite of them, if outside people find out what 's here, the harbor we 've got and the lay-out we 've got for a city!"

When, with a final chuckle, he had deposited us at the station, we discovered that our train was late, and so we sneaked down to the waterfront just in time to see the *Clement* swing out from the dock into the harbor. We watched her a moment with a pang, then turned and ran up through the town for our train, with a passing salute at noble Sitting Bull in front of Parsons's cigar-store.

Ashland is a puzzle. Though we find difficulty in sharing Joe Marx's dreams, we do not see just why a town with rich ore-lands and farm lands behind it, with a magnificent harbor, modern ore-docks, and four main line railroads, should have a population of only eleven thousand. Of many a small town one will exclaim, "For Heaven's sake, don't change it! Leave it as it is!" But Ashland has no charm or beauty to be destroyed by commercialism. It might as well grow to a hundred thousand or a million if it wants to. There is nothing to be lost. Ashland needs waking up. Joe Marx said so, and we agree with him.

CHAPTER IV

THE ZENITH CITY

DULUTH contradicts the laws of common sense. It has no right to be where it is. Yet there it is. And what a setting!

Into the far western tip of Lake Superior flows the little winding St. Louis River. It broadens, near its mouth, to a wide V. On the south shore of that V, level land stretches away to distant hills; on the north, rocky bluffs, veritable mountains, rise almost from the water's edge. Northwestern gales, sweeping three hundred miles of open lake, built a sand-bar across the wide river mouth from shore to shore; a bar a few hundred yards wide and almost ten miles long, broken toward the south shore by the river's outlet.

Here, at the apex of the lakes, at the zenith of the unsalted seas, on this natural harbor formed by the bar, was the inevitable site of a city. And one would have said that not less inevitably it would plant itself on the level south shore of the harbor, near its natural mouth. There, indeed, a settlement did begin, calling itself Superior. But on the north shore, clinging absurdly to the foot of the bluff, began another settlement, Duluth. Has ever another town started with such a physical handicap?

To grow, it must climb solid rock at an angle of almost forty-five degrees. Its only connection with the outer world was by water; yet docks built outside the bar would be at the mercy of lake storms, and those inside, a long roundabout seven miles from the harbor entrance.

Yet Duluth built docks outside the bar, and a breakwater to protect them. Storms smashed the breakwater. Duluth rebuilt it. And the town grew. It became a transfer point in the trade between the lower lakes and the back country. Sawmills sprang up on the waterfront, fed by logs from the forests crowning the bluffs. The railroad reached north to Superior, crossed the river to Duluth. But water, not rail, was the life of these towns, and Duluth, with her meager docks outside the bar, ill protected by a short breakwater, felt cramped, shut in. Why not cut a channel through the bar and gain a harbor of her own? Superior heard of the scheme, was up in arms. Cutting through the bar would ruin Superior! The whole harbor level would fall. The river would change its course and flow through the canal; Superior Harbor would clog with sand.

How much real fear of such consequences was behind Superior's protest, how much jealousy of Duluth, is now unknown. But Wisconsin senators rumbled in Washington. Government engineers hurried up to investigate. Reports. Counter reports. In the midst of all this the citizens of Duluth turned out one fine day in the spring of 1871, with pick and shovel, and suddenly the news was flashed to Washington that Minnesota Point was cut

through and a shallow-draft vessel had passed from the harbor to the open lake. The harbor level did not fall, the St. Louis River did not desert its natural mouth. "But," warned Superior, "it will do it some day soon." Government engineers, solicitous of Superior's future, built a great dike in the inner harbor to prevent the river from ever changing its mind. Duluth had to pay for that dike. There is no evidence that the dike ever performed any function. After some years it fell to pieces.

One hundred miles north of Duluth and Superior, in the Mesaba hills, men scraped the surface of the earth and found iron—billions of tons of iron that could be scooped up with a steam-shovel. In the prairies of Minnesota and the Dakotas men turned the surface and transformed the prairies to wheat fields, from horizon to horizon. Iron and wheat, for the East, for the world!—and the Twin Ports its natural water outlet. Ore-docks and grain-elevators spread around the harbor. The towns grew, but Duluth grew the faster. Why one town should grow faster up steep rocks than another over level land, is not quite clear. Perhaps it was destiny. Sometimes, I am told, cities are destined to climb rocks; and all the level land in the world will not attract city streets, despite the vociferations of ten thousand jolly Joe Marxes, unless destiny approves.

I know that this idea would appeal to Duluth. "The Zenith City!" When I saw such signs as "Zenith City Milling Company," "Zenith City Laundry," "Zenith City Shoe Shining Parlors," I was much impressed to see that Duluth had taken as the proud designation of herself a

phrase applied in derision. Every one has heard of the speech of Proctor Knott, in Congress. Duluth, unknown to fame, had boldly applied for an appropriation for harbor-improvement and Knott, according to legend, sought to crush the pretentious village with a phrase: "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas!" But Stillman Bingham, editor of the Duluth "Herald," tells me that nowhere in Knott's speech did the words occur, that they were first used quite seriously by a Fourth of July speaker on Minnesota Point. At any rate, Duluth has always taken them seriously, very seriously.

There was a period when Duluth thought that the words were enough. "Soon we 'll be another Chicago," she said complacently, and sat back to wait for greatness to ascend to her. Young Chicago, it is recorded, glanced northward, slightly startled, and asked whether something should n't be done to curb this infant a little. But Duluth had an awakening. She sat up, got to her feet, and started again to climb. Destiny, or, more probably, brains and initiative, have brought to Duluth several manufacturing industries to supplement the trans-shipment business, and to-day Duluth is two and a half times as large as Superior. Duluth looks down on Superior, physically and mentally. Superior belies its name. It is flat, featureless, and dull, and knows it. But that it is an appendage—that Superior angrily denies. "As a matter of fact," says Superior, "more ore goes out and more coal comes in through our docks than over in Duluth, but the Government lumps the shipments of the two ports together as

'Duluth-Superior' and Duluth gets credit in the eyes of the outside world for both!"

Duluth smiles serenely at these mutterings and marches on—up.

Duluth builds magnificent expectations on the Great Lakes-to-Ocean Deep Waterway, that Titan project for canalizing the St. Lawrence and making every lake port an ocean port. References to it in newspapers and conversations had an emotional tone that surprised us.

"You seem to be a good deal interested in this project up here," I remarked to a Duluth business man.

"Interested! Why, my dear sir, the movement *began* here! And this is why." He strode to a map on the wall which bore great red arrows converging across Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Ontario, Manitoba, toward Duluth. "Duluth is the outlet of that vast empire. Over here"—his finger swung out to the Atlantic—"are its markets. Do you think that a few rocks and shallows here"—he touched the St. Lawrence—"can bar us from our rightful outlet to the sea? Never!"

As we went on through other Great Lakes cities, we learned more of—or, rather, gathered more emotion concerning—this project which has captured the imagination of the Middle West, and a later chapter will be devoted to it.

Superior Street, the main street of Duluth, runs parallel to the water, and the cross-streets climb the face of the bluff. For a block or so above Superior Street they ascend

Directly at your feet is the city, tumbling down the face of the bluff

at an angle a car can take on second or low, then at an angle at which a pair of well-shod horses might pull a light wagon, then shoot skyward untouched and untouchable by any vehicle, without pavement and needing none. The houses cling to the hillside one above the other; the sidewalks are sharp flights of steps. How do people up here lay in their coal and wood for the long Minnesota winter? Is it carried up on men's backs or lowered from the top of the bluff?

A queer little funicular street-car runs up the hill. The conductor calls out "Second Street," "Fourth Street," "Ninth Street," the car halts with a terrifying backward lurch, and passengers get in and out from little narrow red stations mounted between the tracks, reached by steep steps from the street. From the end of the line it is still a stiff climb to the lower summits of the bluff. Here the view is magnificent. Directly at your feet is the city, tumbling down the face of the bluff. It seems as if you could take a running leap and land in the middle of busy Superior Street. The harbor, edged with grain-elevators and coal-docks and ore-docks, astir with shipping, is spread out like a map. To the west is the gap in the hills through which the iron from the Mesaba Range and the wheat from Minnesota and the Dakotas converge into it. The narrow yellow-and-green border, Minnesota Point, dividing harbor and lake, curves away to the dim haze of the Wisconsin shore, and near its base is the canal, with its curious aërial bridge, under which the laden freighters pass out into the

vast blue of Lake Superior toward the lower lakes and the East.

The view of Duluth from the harbor is almost as striking. With the afternoon sun pouring against its irregular masses of red roofs climbing toward the summit of the bluff, broken by patches of green, and the bulks of the grain-elevators at the water's edge, it reminds one of Trieste seen from Duino. There is nothing else in the Middle West like it, perhaps nothing else in America.

That narrow canal in Minnesota Point was the scene of a terrible disaster on November 28, 1905.

Several freighters—the *Ellwood,* the *R. W. England,* the *Mataafa* and the *Edenborn*—had set out that morning for the final run of the season for the lower lakes. But they encountered a violent northeastern gale. All turned back for shelter. As the gale increased, giant waves broke over the point and the piers that mark the channel. News spread through the town that the freighters were returning. A crowd gathered in the bitter wind. The *Edenborn* and the *England* made the run through the canal safely. Then came the *Ellwood.* Just as she breasted the entrance, a wave lifted her and hurled her against one of the piers. She staggered on through the canal and, just as she gained the inner harbor, sank—but without loss of life, for the harbor is only a few feet deeper than the draft of the average lake freighter. Next the *Mataafa* hove in sight. The storm was mounting in violence and the mishap to the *Ellwood* had increased the crowd and

the excitement. The *Mataafa* dropped her tow, the *Nasmyth,* which anchored outside, and steered for the entrance. Her luck was less than the *Ellwood's.* A wave thrust her sideways against the north pier. She broke in two. Part of the crew were seen clinging to the forward half, part aft. No life-boat could be launched from the shore. The life-saving crew set up their gun and tried to shoot a line. They failed. Every line fell short. And so forty thousand people gathered on the piers and heights of Duluth, stood impotent and watched the crew of the *Mataafa* freeze to death.

Duluth has commemorated this tragedy with a cigar bearing a picture of a freighter labeled "Mataafa" on its band.

To us, fresh from the East, the physiognomy of the people in the streets was as distinctive as the city's setting. High cheek-bones, blue eyes, and tow hair, Scandinavian and Finnish accent, names ending in "lund" and "strom" and "ainen" are as predominant in Duluth as the Semitic face and voice and "witz" and "sky" and "berg" in Manhattan.

There are two leading hotels in Duluth—one, old-fashioned, with a high, gloomy lobby of faded magnificence, adorned with grandiose pictures of Niagara Falls and the Canadian Rockies, and a newer hotel, with no pretensions to beauty or style, but clean, and proud of it. In the elevators we observed this warning:

This is a clean hotel for clean people. It neither desires nor knowingly permits its hospitality tendered to any other. Respect the sanctity of this hotel as you do the homes of your wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart.

Duluth is as proud of its climate as this hotel is of its cleanliness. Justly, too, for the summer is usually dry and cool. To celebrate this fact, the Duluth "Herald" runs a heading "Duluth is the Place for Your Vacation," reporting underneath the day's temperatures in the chief American cities. But one day during our visit we were amused by the following list:

Duluth	84°
Pittsburgh	82°
Kansas City	83°
Chicago	76°
New York	76°
Washington	74°

On Sunday morning I took the little steamer *Rotarian* up the St. Louis River to Fond du Lac. Alone, for Patsy had abandoned me temporarily, to go adventuring by herself. The *Rotarian* had no connection with the Rotary Club so far as I could ascertain. The name apparently referred to the fact that the boat made round trips. We wound up through the harbor among ore-docks and grain-elevators. On the left, on the Superior waterfront, rose some great mysterious dome-shaped structures that I had observed from the heights above Duluth. These, I now learned, were for the storage of hard coal and held seventy-five thousand tons apiece. Nearer at hand, they looked, with their circular roofs of corrugated iron, for all the

world like thatched African huts—surely the most remarkable coal-bins ever invented!

Then, on the right, a deserted shipyard.

"When we get the Great Lakes to Ocean Waterway, this place will hum again, you bet," remarked the man at my elbow.

"And the waterway will come," affirmed the man on the other side, "because, like the abolition of slavery and the abolition of liquor, it is fundamentally right."

"Yes," echoed the man behind me solemnly, "it will come."

All three nodded in profound seriousness.

The steamer wound past a town of handsome houses, all apparently new, similar yet diversified. This was the model town of the Minnesota Steel Company. Beyond was the gigantic steel plant itself—"The most modern in the United States," one of my companions remarked.

"Another evidence," I suggested, "of the tendency of manufacture to move back toward the source of supply."

"Um, yes. But I 've heard that putting this plant here had a political reason."

"Political? What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, there 's been a good deal of criticism of the iron companies up here on the Mesaba Range. Outside concerns come in here, buy up the ore land, scoop up the ore with a steam-shovel, and cart it off to be manufactured down in Cleveland or Pittsburgh, leaving us nothing but a hole in the ground. Minnesota has tried to get back at the companies by export taxes on ore. I 've heard

. . . for all the world like thatched African huts.

that the United States Steel Corporation built this plant here partly, anyhow, to get an easier deal in taxation."

The subject of taxation led to the Non-Partisan League. I suddenly realized that I was on the edge of the real West, if not in it. The Non-Partisan League had always been to me something very remote, almost as remote as the Non-Coöperation Movement of India, but my companions began to talk of Townley and Frazier as of people living next door whom one knows too well.

"What do you think of the nerve of that fellow Townley?" demanded the man on my right. "He made a most awful failure in flaxseed, yet he had the nerve to put himself at the head of a movement for the benefit of the people."

"He went bankrupt in flaxseed," put in a man who had just joined our group. "Bankrupt seventy thousand dollars."

"Well, then, what do you think of that? Bankrupt seventy thousand dollars and he had the nerve to head this movement for the benefit of the people!"

"Weren't there some rather good ideas in that movement?" I ventured.

"Oh, yes, but it fell into the hands of crooks drunk with power. These socialists if they get in control of things always go drunk with power."

As the *Rotarian* curved past the steel-mill, we came in sight of the village of Gary, where the steel-workers live, and the talk around me shifted with apparent inevitability

to the menace of the foreigner. Our civilization is threatened, all of my friends agreed, by the dregs of Europe.

"Do you know," some one exclaimed, "that the examination boards found that fifty per cent. of the men in the draft were below normal intelligence, and that most of these were Poles, Hungarians, Italians, and so forth, whereas all the extra brilliant men were Anglo-Saxons?"

I suggested that, after all, these were our tests. "I wonder how we should come out in a set of tests devised by the so-called lower races?" I said.

The three passengers stared at me, shocked. Just then, however, the boat came round another bend into sight of Fond du Lac. Attention was diverted from me.

Later, on shore, the North Dakotan stopped me as I strode through the pavilion, and renewed the discussion. My doubt of the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon in all particulars troubled him.

"Sweet are the uses of perversity," he said. "Remember those lines? Shakspere! Nothing in the world to equal him at his best. Remember the English Revolution of sixteen thirty-eight? Remember how moderate it all was? No bloodshed. Then remember the French Revolution of seventeen ninety-nine? Rivers of blood! You see, it all goes to show the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon."

"Yes, I suppose so," I murmured, and passed on.

I did not care for Fond du Lac. After the charm of the winding river, it seemed commonplace. The picturesque old fort I had been led to believe was there vanished, alas, long ago. I made for the dock.

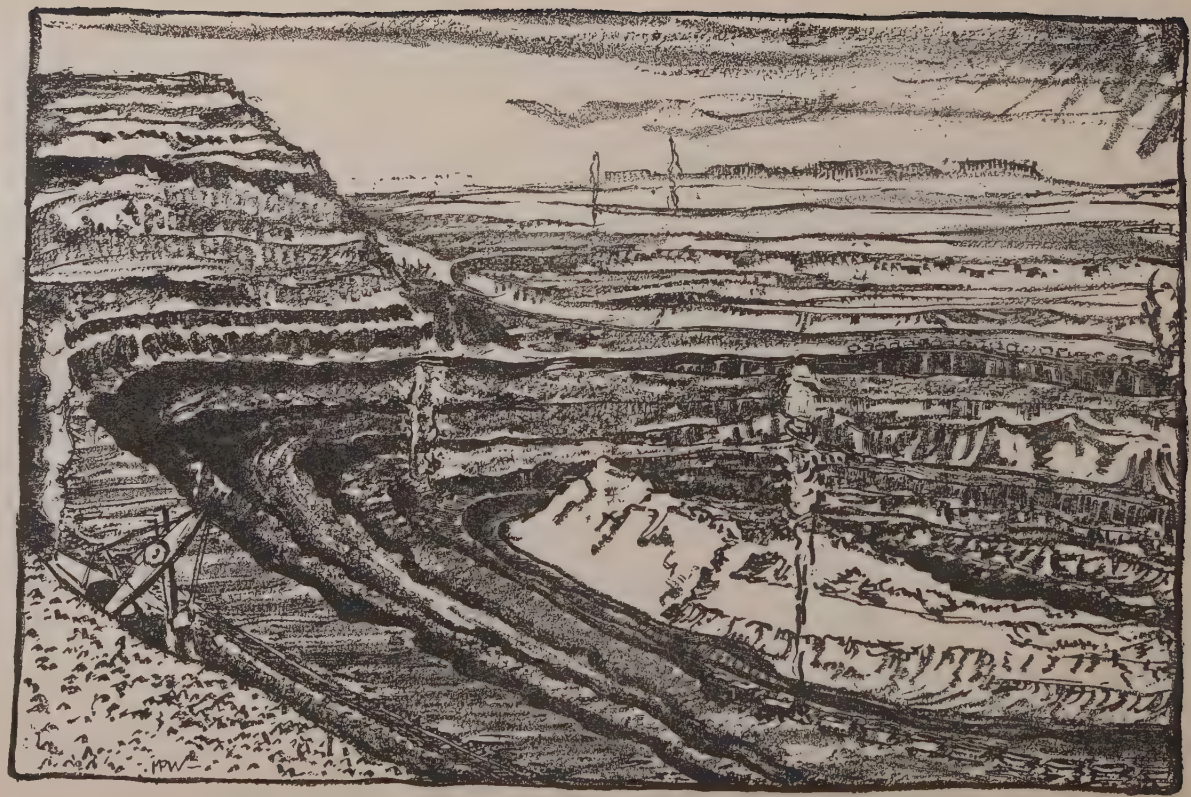
On the way down the river, as I stood on deck watching an ore-train wind down over the bluff to the ore-docks, it suddenly occurred to me that before I left Duluth I must seek out the source of that ore, the roots of the red mountain on the wharf at Buffalo. When I reached the hotel I inquired the whereabouts of the mines and learned that the biggest open pit was at Hibbing, three hours north.

CHAPTER V

THE RED PIT

EARLY in the morning I took a train that ran a short distance up the valley, then mounted the bluff. Over its verge, out of sight of the lake and the city, we were abruptly in another region, a burnt-over waste. The fires that had converted heavy forest into blackened ruin must have occurred some years ago, for here and there appeared clumps of second growth, but these pitiful patches of green emphasized the desolation. Now and then the gaunt ranks fell back around a vast bog. Then would come a farm, a log house, a barn, a field or two of oats and potatoes struggling among the stumps, then again desolation. I had a sudden conviction of being on the frontier of things, far more so than I ever felt years ago in New Mexico and Arizona. Had it not been for the long trains of loaded ore-cars we were constantly meeting, I should have had difficulty in remembering that Duluth—busy, prosperous streets, movies, theaters, freighters and passenger liners coming and going—had just been left behind.

For two or three hours the train traversed this desolation, and the country seemed steadily to rise. Then the burnt areas gave way to a raw, treeless expanse. On the horizon rose an enormous red, flat-topped pile of earth,



Down, down, in shelves of earth,—yellow, orange, purple,—down, down

like a prehistoric fortification. Branch tracks angled away from our line toward invisible objectives. Then, off to the left, some isolated houses. Then a steam-shovel gouging the earth for some inscrutable purpose. And then a most surprising thing—a double row of large, prosperous stucco houses, shiningly new, with barbered lawns; asphalt pavement; ornamental lamp-posts, and a sprinkling-wagon wetting down the dust—set grotesquely alone in the midst of the raw red waste, exactly as if a tiny piece of Bronxville, New York, or Winnetka, Illinois, had been picked up and dropped here haphazard. A quarter of mile farther on was another of these segments of suburbia, and then a large, elaborate building of Georgian architecture, red and white, with castellated towers. These fragments of advanced civilization became more continuous, and we slowed down into a station.

Was this Hibbing? No, South Hibbing, the brakeman informed me. . . . After a time the train moved backward, and by a complicated series of switchings progressed a mile or so to Hibbing itself.

Asking the way to the Mahoning pit, I was directed up an ordinary small-town main street. After five or six blocks, the town abruptly ceased. That is, the intact town. Beyond was a section that I saw must have been swept by disastrous fire; streets marked by gaping cellars and a few battered lamp-posts, here and there a fragment of wall. I was slightly puzzled, as I walked on, by an occasional house or store building, boarded up and deserted, but entirely spared by a freak of the holocaust.

And then, suddenly, at the end of this desolation, as suddenly as one emerges at El Tovar upon the immensity of the Grand Cañon, I came out on the brink of the Mahoning pit.

When one goes to the Grand Cañon one is astonished but prepared by a thousand descriptions and photographs to be astonished. I was not prepared for the Mahoning pit. It was like the Grand Cañon, yet utterly different. The Grand Cañon is ancient, immutable, complete. The Mahoning pit is raw and in the process of making. It was as if a shell shot from the sun had just hit the earth and exploded, blowing away the whole surface of things from horizon to horizon, and I stood on the edge of the shell-hole while the smoke of the explosion still lingered. The pit dropped away from my feet, down, down, in shelves of earth, first yellow, then orange, then purple, down, down; and railroad tracks and long trains of empty ore-cars spiraled down these shelves, around and around, down, down, down, growing smaller and smaller till the trains were toy trains, puffing toy smoke and steam, down to the lowest depths where toy steam-shovels gouged up the purple earth and dribbled it into the cars. And then the trains, laden, came spiraling up from the depths, around and around and around, larger and larger, till just beneath me they clattered and rattled past, full size again, on their way out of the pit toward Duluth. Occasionally, far down in an obscure shadow of the pit, a puff of black shot up and a long time afterward came the faint bang of a charge of powder breaking up some refractory mass of

earth. The smoke of these blasts and from the steam-shovels and circling trains drifted upward and gathered in a level cloud across the vast face of the pit, and the sun striking through it into the orange and purple depths gave them an aspect of infernal beauty.

I stood there a long time, fascinated. Then I walked along the edge to see the pit from new angles. Finally I mounted one of the flat-topped piles of earth which dominated the horizon to the east. These piles are the dump-heaps from the pits—the surface layer that covered the ore-bearing earth. From the summit of the pile I could see other pits beyond, and beyond them others, to more and more remote horizons. North, east, west, for miles and miles and miles, over the whole range of these Mesaba hills, men were scooping up the face of the world. Here, at last, was the source of the red mountain on the pier at Buffalo—now like an ant-hill in retrospect—and of all the other red mountains around the smelters of the lower lakes.

When finally, after two o'clock, I walked back to the town, famished, I called to a passer-by as I went through the fire-ruined section:

"When was the fire?"

He stared at me, made an unintelligible answer. He had no English. I hailed another passer-by. Another blank stare. Seemingly English was at a premium in Hibbing. But a pair of small boys were trailing along behind.

"Fire!" one of them repeated. He looked at me in pity-

ing astonishment. "That was n't any fire. They moved them houses away!"

And so they had!

It was a curious instance of psychology that, assuming at first glance a fire as the cause of the devastation, I had clearly seen blackened timbers and bricks, lamp-posts twisted by heat. Actually there were no signs of fire at all. The town had been moved away.

A business man on the main street told me the story of that moving.

"Ten or twelve years ago the mining companies and the people here in town were at swords' points. The mining companies had discovered that rich bodies of ore ran right under the town. When the town was built no one suspected it. Of course everybody knew there was iron everywhere up here, but it was thought that in this particular spot it was too low-grade to be mined. You see, they 're always finding ways to use lower and lower grades of ore, so that the standard of what makes a rich ore changes. Well, the mining companies owned the mineral rights of the whole district. We owned the surface rights here in town. The ore 's so near the surface here that the only profitable way to mine is to scrape off the surface and go at it with a steam-shovel. The mining companies wanted to buy us out for little or nothing. We held out for a decent price. Then they tried to throw us out. They could n't do it.

"Finally, some one in the mining concerns saw a new light. They began to look at it from our point of view.

They came to the town authorities and said, 'Look here, we 'll build another town for you over here where the ore really is too low-grade to be mined.' 'All right; fine!' the town answered. Right south of us here was the town of Alice. The mine engineers said that there was little or no ore under Alice. Our village council applied to the legislature and got permission to annex Alice, and the Oliver Iron Mining Company which owned most of the mineral rights under Hibbing bought another tract south of Alice. That was added to the village, too.

"Then the village council made a tax levy of one million four hundred thousand dollars to build a new system of streets over there, sewers, water, lights, and so on. Of course the company paid most of that tax, but they said they were glad to do it.

"Next, the Oliver Company came to the property-owners here in Hibbing and said, 'We 'll buy your property here at the price set by your own appraising committee, and sell you a lot in the new town. Or we 'll trade your lot here for a lot in the new town in a similar position and move your buildings to it. Or we 'll build for you in the new town in exchange for your property here.'

"Everybody thought that was a very fair proposition. About two hundred buildings were moved over to the new site. People loaded their houses on trucks and hired a tractor to haul them. Of course a lot of people built new. Most of the merchants did. You ought to go over to South Hibbing and see our new main street."

"What about the rest of this old town? Won't that be moved, too?"

"I suppose so, when the mining companies get around to want the ore underneath here."

So all this face of the earth where I stood would some day vanish, become another red pit.

The main street of South Hibbing was worth seeing. It was unique in my experience among Middle-Western village main streets. The attractive spick-and-span new brick blocks had a certain pleasing similarity in architecture, instead of the usual hodgepodge. The explanation was that most of them, whether erected by the mining company or by private owners, had been designed by the company architect, whose services the company gave to private builders free of charge. The star exhibit of the street was the new hotel, certainly the most inviting village hotel I have ever seen.

"And what do you think of our new high school?" asked a citizen, pointing up a side street to the great Georgian structure with castellated towers, which I had seen from the train. "Do you know of any other village in the United States that has a three-million dollar high school?"

I did not, and I do not. Hibbing is notoriously the richest village in the world, and a year or so ago, I was told, an attempt was made in the Minnesota legislature to curtail its taxing powers. Probably the provident Minnesota farmers of the southern part of the state thought that such expenditures set a bad example.

But suppose some one some day invents a process of handling still lower-grade ores so that the earth under the New Hibbing becomes desirable? Will this three-million-dollar Georgian high school and the attractive hotel and these streets of expensive stucco houses be engulfed by a new red pit?

CHAPTER VI

UP THE NORTH SHORE

"ISLE ROYALE?" said a shipping man of Duluth. "What do you want to go up there for? It's nothing but a lot of rocks."

He had suggested that if I wanted passage on one of his freighters I might hurry up to Port Arthur by rail and return on a boat which was leaving there the next evening with coal, for Duluth. The explanation of this unusual shipping of coal from Port Arthur to Duluth was that a scarcity in the upper lakes had necessitated a redistribution of the tonnages on hand at the various ports. But I did not want to go up to Port Arthur and rush back. Port Arthur was interesting only as a stepping-stone—or rather sailing-stone—for Isle Royale.

When I was twelve or thirteen years old and was devouring everything I could find about prehistoric America, I ran across the statement that ancient and mysterious copper-mines had been discovered on Isle Royale, Lake Superior. I looked Isle Royale up on the map. A long, jagged island lying alone over near the northern shore of Lake Superior, it seemed to me the acme of romance, as remote and thrilling as Spitzbergen or Zanzibar. Whenever, since then, I had glanced at a map of the Great

Lakes, my eyes always fixed finally on Isle Royale. "Some day I 'm going to that island," I promised myself. The sum total of all information I had gathered about Isle Royale amounted to very little. Little, apparently, had been written about the island. Perhaps there was little to write. But the fascination of that spot on the map remained. In a sense Isle Royale was the objective of this journey up the lakes, if anything so haphazard could be said to have an objective.

"Don't miss Isle Royale," said Bingham of the "Herald," into whose office I chanced half an hour after my interview with the shipping man. "It 's the most romantic spot on the lakes."

Bingham suggested that before going I should talk with Alfred Merritt, an old prospector and miner of Duluth.

Merritt told me of prospecting on Isle Royale in the early seventies, of finding copper-mines that had been worked by a vanished race. These people, he said, dug shallow shafts, then built fires and cracked away the ledges in which free copper occurred. Having loosened these fragments of rock, they smashed them fine with hard round boulders, to obtain the copper. The boulders were not found on Isle Royale, but had been transported from Boulder Bay, on the North Shore. Some of the earliest modern copper-mining in America had been on Isle Royale, said Mr. Merritt. Once on Siskiwit Bay there had been a mining town of five hundred inhabitants. But the richer, more accessible mines of the Keweenaw penin-

sula had made Isle Royale mining unprofitable. It was abandoned forty years ago.

"Why does Isle Royale belong to the United States instead of to Canada?" I asked.

Glance at the map and you will see the cause of my question. Like a gigantic blunt-headed, forty-mile-long fish that has taken a bite from the Canadian shore, Isle Royale lies across the mouth of Thunder Bay in the extreme northern angle of Lake Superior, one hundred and seventy miles northeast of Duluth. That it should belong to the United States and not Canada had always been as puzzling as that Guernsey and Jersey, over against the coast of France, belonged to England; as that St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland, belonged to France.

"It 's all due to Benjamin Franklin," said Mr. Merritt.

"Franklin? I did n't know he was ever up here."

"He was n't. It happened in Paris, during the peace negotiations after the American Revolution. The British had proposed the St. Louis River as the western terminal of the international boundary through Lake Superior. This was logical, because Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron had been divided by a line running approximately through the middle, from one extremity to the other. But Franklin had been prowling through old records of the French Fur Company in Paris, the predecessor of the Hudson Bay Company. He ran across some references to copper on Isle Royale. Copper caught his eye, probably, on account of his interest in electricity. In some way he

managed to shift the boundary northward, to include Isle Royale, and he wrote home, 'We have Isle Royale and plenty of copper.'

"But, you see," Mr. Merritt went on, "being shoved northward to include Isle Royale, the international boundary did n't continue westward on the mainland by the St. Louis River but followed the Pigeon River, a hundred miles or so north of here. So, though Franklin did not bring to the United States the wealth of copper he imagined, he did, without realizing it, bring us a far greater treasure, the iron-mines of the Mesaba Range, the richest in the world."

Such is Merritt's explanation.

When I returned East, I vainly searched through all the editions of Franklin's Letters in the New York Public Library for a reference to Isle Royale; nor could I find any mention of it in the records of the Paris peace conference. The Treaty of Paris nowhere suggests a reason why the international boundary swerves "to the north of Isle Royale and the Isles Philippeaux." But in Volume XXVI of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society Collections I ran across an article by a writer named Annah May Soule, setting forth quite another reason why Isle Royale belongs to the United States. Miss Soule has examined all the documents of the period and explains that Franklin and his fellow peace commissioners insisted on a line from the Soo to Pigeon River because this was the route followed by the fur-traders on their way to the Lake of the Woods and the great Northwest. Naturally,

she says, the Americans wanted a share in this highway. Isle Royale was mentioned simply to fix the line. Whether the course of the voyageurs was to the north or to the south of Isle Royale is uncertain, but it happened that on most old maps Isle Royale was shown considerably south of where it actually lies, so that the route to Pigeon River *appeared to be* north of it. Miss Soule also explains the mysterious Isles Philippeaux that appear on old maps between Isle Royale and the Keweenaw peninsula. The explanation is that there never were any Isles Philippeaux. They were the invention of some imaginative explorer.

Miss Soule's story seems to be better documented, but I prefer Mr. Merritt's. It amuses me to think of that canny figure in the fur cap, at the court of Louis XVI, as the unwitting advance-agent of the United States Steel Corporation.

The following morning but one saw me climbing aboard the steamer A*merica* at her dock near the Aerial Bridge. Almost the first person I encountered was Bingham of the "Herald," with his wife. He was off for his vacation, he announced, to one of the summer resorts on Isle Royale.

Summer resorts on Isle Royale!

No one had said anything about summer resorts on Isle Royale. The idea impinged rudely on my picture of untracked wilderness, prehistoric copper-mines, abandoned coppercamps lost in forest tangles. There were other

people aboard who, obviously, could be bound for nothing save summer resorts.

Summer resorts on my lone, untracked Isle of Dreams! Imagine Stefansson's emotions if on his way north he had met a petting party bound for a jazz dance on Ellef Ringnes Land. Such were my emotions, only more so. Of course I was happy to have Bingham and his charming wife as fellow passengers, but summer resorts! . . . I struggled with the idea, but while I debated whether to get off or stay on, the *America* quietly swung away from her pier, under the Aerial Bridge, out into the Lake Superior fog.

The *America* is one of those craft, two or three sizes larger than a rowboat, half passenger-boat, half freighter, that ply the nooks and corners of the Great Lakes, on which the passengers, the captain, the engineer, stokers, deck-hands, stewardess, purser, and waiters are all on a plane of exceeding and inevitable intimacy within half an hour or so after sailing. There was the oil man from Texas, a full-bellied roughneck with an apoplectic eye, a short, fussy wife, and a half-pretty daughter, somewhat cowish. There was the little school-teacher from Atchison, Kansas, with enticing bow lips and slightly Oriental eyes under an unbecoming red straw; the two blue-eyed Oleson sisters from Minneapolis; a very raucous old lady and a more raucous old native, neither with anything to say (we shoved them off together into the bow, to screech each other's heads off); a bunch of young fellows going up to

work in a construction camp; a trapper stepped out of a James Oliver Curwood tale; an insurance man on his way to inspect the ruins of a summer place that had burned to the ground on a remote islet; and three frisky flappers from St. Paul.

Presently I approached Bingham and asked fearfully for some details of these summer resorts. Yes, there were several, he said, but they were n't on Isle Royale itself; they were on little islets off its shore. The main island really was an untracked wilderness.

I was somewhat reassured, though the shock remained.

The mist lifted, revealing the sea-coast of Minnesota on our left, and we steered parallel to it, north-east by east. Steadily the bluffs grew higher and more interesting. Large farms dotting the hillsides gave way to lonely homesteads huddling in narrow valleys. At intervals the *America* tooted her whistle and slowed down, and a rowboat or a motor-boat put out from a tiny group of houses near the beach. The roustabouts on the freight-deck shoved over into it a dozen sacks of flour, a barrel of salt, a case of tomatoes, a drum of gas. Some one tossed in a bundle of mail, perhaps a passenger got on or off, and on we went. One small rowboat took on a mattress which almost swamped it, and on top of that a crate of chickens, and went bobbing away, a queer sight, the mattress ends hanging over and occasionally getting a splash from the top of a wave. Most of these people were fishermen, I learned, who on the *America's* return trip would bring out their fish for transport to Duluth. Near the shore

of a shallow bay was a construction camp—tents, a steam-shovel, a raw gash of earth. Here our bands of young road-builders embarked, along with some crates of cantaloups, a quantity of picks and shovels, and a box labeled, "Dynamite: Handle with Care."

So the day wore on. Those few passengers whom the shore and the little dramas of stopping and starting did not hold, retired to the cabin for bridge. The chief engineer, a ponderous lady's man, began to entertain restive females with a sheaf of snapshots showing himself in various poses with ladies of previous voyages.

The shore grew rockier. We passed a reddish palisade dropping sheer to the water, and Bingham related how once a steamer had gone ashore there in a gale, with her nose rammed square against the cliff, and a man had managed to climb to the top with a rope and had lowered it so that all the crew escaped. Occasionally there were caves at the water's edge, probably carved by water. A man at the rail said that a few years ago a boat-load of refugees from a sunken freighter took shelter in one of these caves, and that the lake, rising with the northeaster, trapped the party and drowned them all.

At dusk we came to Grand Marais, a point of shelving rocks on whose tip a lighthouse winked. We sidled inside the point, up to a wharf. Our lights shadowily revealed some picturesque, dingy sheds, a knot of people. Far off to the left the lights of the town. Lanterns bobbing toward us. A rumble and jangle of unloading. A shout, a tootle. We slid away from the dock, round the

point, out into the inky lake. The lighthouse dropped astern.

Midnight. . . .

I was the only passenger left on deck.

Up in the black northern sky poised a whitish cloud. Suddenly a streak darted from it to the horizon, like a searchlight, vanished. Then three at once, and vanished. One again, then a dozen, darting, playing. The Northern Lights. And, in answer, far out on the invisible horizon of the open lake, a single powerful intermittent flash. That was, a passing deck-hand told me, the Rock of Ages Light, off the southern tip of Isle Royale.

Isle Royale! I peered into the blackness. If it were daylight, perhaps one could see its coast.

But, I remembered, our course could not be direct for my Isle of Dreams. We must follow the islanded coast of the mainland on north into Thunder Bay, where we were due at dawn.

Even now we were among the little islands along the shore. Something loomed close by, half seen, half felt. Then, at the other side, the ghost of something. Our course veered slightly. Flash, dartle, in the black northern sky. Flash, out, flash, out, flash of the Rock of Ages Light. Down in the engine-room a faint tinkle. The little *America* quivered slightly, checked speed. Out of the blackness on the port side came a shadowy pier. We stole to a pause beside it, rubbed it as gently as a cat rubs the leg of a chair. A lantern hung motionless from a yellow-

ish shed. There was no sign of life. Somewhere below, a murmur of voices. Then, after a long wait, the slight thump of an article of freight dropped upon the ghostly pier. The engine-room bell tinkled faintly, twice. We glided on.

The Northern Lights leaped from zenith to horizon. Rock of Ages gleamed for an instant to the starboard between two black masses that had stolen close, hiding the horizon. . . .

In my state-room, I found the trapper stretched in the upper berth. He lay on top of the bed-clothes, fully dressed, his pack beside him. As I switched on the light he stirred, grunted, slept on.

I started awake. It was five o'clock. The *America* lay motionless. The trapper swung his legs over the edge of the berth, dropped to the floor, and threw his pack over his shoulder.

"What is this?—Port Arthur?"

"Fort William," he said, opened the door, and vanished.

Before I had got on my clothes and reached the deck, we were under way again. At the top of the stairs, I halted. I have seen few things more gorgeous.

We were steering down a channel that opened out through a sea of deep-green sedge. Behind us was a group of white concrete grain-elevators, with a repetition of round towers like donjon keeps, and above them loomed a steep, red, flat-topped mountain, its lower half plunged in gray mist. The elevators themselves were giants, but

at the base of the mountain they nestled, pygmies. The mountain seemed to float above them. And in the other direction, eastward, was something even more startling. On a bed of mist stretched a portentous figure, the Sleeping Giant—the promontory which guards Thunder Bay and really bears a remarkable resemblance to a recumbent Cyclops. Over his chest a blood-red sun rose and glinted on the red mountain and the white grain-elevators at its foot.

We swung out into the open of Thunder Bay and headed toward Port Arthur, a few miles farther on.

From the bay, Port Arthur made almost as effective a panorama as Duluth. But as we drew nearer, it became disappointing. The hills on which the town is built flattened out; the only distinguishing feature save the giant grain-elevators was a good-looking modern building, evidently a hotel, facing the water, with a lawn sloping to the docks.

It was six o'clock. The *America* would leave for Isle Royale at eight. I hurried ashore. I was the only passenger who did so. I was the only passenger awake. The rest, mere pleasure-seekers, slept on happily, free of the responsibility of "covering" two large grain ports in two hours.

Across the street swayed a great canvas sign welcoming the Masonic convention to Port Arthur. Along the walk in front of the hotel bounced a little figure in kilts and tartan and a big Masonic badge.

"Good morning, good morning, good morning," he sang out. "Wonderful morning! Wonderful country! Went to bed at twelve, up at four, feeling strong as a bull! Wonderful country! Wonderful!"

"And where are you from?"

"Toronto, sir, Toronto! Wonderful country up here, wonderful!"

"You like these towns, then?"

"Finest towns I ever saw! Wonderful! Good morning! *Good* morning!"

He bounced on.

At the next corner a group of tired-looking workmen stood waiting for the street-car.

"What kind of towns are these?" I asked.

"Port Arthur's all right," said one. "But Fort William! Nobody lives over there that can help it. It's low and wet, and you're always sick. I lived over there four years, and my family was always sick. Now I'm out."

"How's business here?"

"Oh, good enough."

"I suppose the principal thing is the grain-elevators."

"This is the quiet season for elevator work. There's a shipyard. We built the biggest freighter on the lakes here."

"Is that so?" I said, interested.

"And the biggest passenger-boat, too," put in another man. "The *Naronic*. There she is now."

He pointed down the street to the bay, where a big

passenger steamer had come into view. "That 's her, or maybe it 's—"

At this moment the street-car came along and my friends sprang on.

I hurried to the hotel. In the lobby two plump Masons, chased into a corner by the scrub-woman, were addressing stacks of picture post-cards. No one else was visible.

But down at the corner of the lawn in front of the hotel I spied a little building bearing the sign, "Port Arthur Chamber of Commerce." It was locked. I gazed wistfully through the window at a pile of pamphlets—probably the first time in history that any one has longed for Chamber of Commerce literature. But it was not quite seven o'clock, perhaps a little early even for vigilant Chambers of Commerce, though I am sure that if the secretary had known of my presence in town he would have been there.

A long train of shiny sleeping-cars bearing the words, "Canadian National Railways," had drawn in on the tracks between the hotel lawn and the water, and several smartly dressed early birds with glittering new suitcases and bags were walking briskly from the train toward the dock where the big passenger-boat was putting in. Beyond the train and the boat I could see the little *America* at her dock, puffing steam. But I had an hour yet. Somehow I must make use of that hour. I turned and strode up into the town. Beyond the business section I came to streets of residences. I tried to imagine that they looked English, but I am afraid they resembled nothing save commonplace United States. I pressed on, hoping

for something different. On my left appeared an institution of some sort, no doubt a college or an insane-asylum. But though the sun was now two hours and more high, everything was wrapped in slumber. I did not dare knock at the institution and ask it to identify itself. I walked on. Suddenly I remembered, looking at my watch. Seven-thirty! I turned and hurried back. Suppose I should be left behind—in Port Arthur! I quickened to a half-run. When I came in sight of the water, I heaved a great sigh of relief. The *America* was still there.

As I dashed past the Chamber of Commerce, I saw that the door was ajar. I ran up the steps. No one was in sight. I snatched a handful of pamphlets, rushed on. Our jolly steward stood by the gang-plank. "Hurry up!" he shouted. I galloped down the dock, up the plank; it shot inward, the lines were cast off, the *America* began to move.

Later on I digested those pamphlets. I think I may as well interrupt the narrative here to communicate some of the things I found therein, for those readers who love statistics.

Port Arthur and Fort William are the ports of exit for most of the grain of the great Canadian Northwest.

The total capacity of the grain-elevators of the two ports is 65,000,000 bushels.

The largest elevator, that of the Canadian National Railways, holds 9,500,000 bushels. It is the largest grain-elevator in the world.

Last season, over 300,000,000 bushels passed through the two ports, a figure that has been exceeded in former years.

Since much of this grain goes to Europe, Port Arthur and Fort William are intensely interested in the Great Lakes to Ocean Deep Waterway. They see themselves as the port of entry for the manufactured goods and foods which the Atlantic seaboard, Europe, and South America sell to western Canada.

There is an abundance of water-power in the vicinity of the two ports. Over 50,000 hydro-electric horse-power has already been harnessed. It is operating flour-mills, starch-mills, paper-mills, pulp-mills. There is 250,000 horse-power yet to be developed.

The pulp industry is stimulating agriculture. There are large areas of good land near by which farmers have been unable to clear profitably because the trees would not make salable lumber. But they do make pulp-wood.

The Port Arthur Shipbuilding Company has the largest and best-equipped Canadian shipyard on the Great Lakes. As my acquaintance on the corner said, it built the *Naronic,* the largest passenger-boat on the lakes. The largest freighter turned out by this yard, the 625-foot *W. Grant Morden,* is the longest (but not the largest) freighter on the lakes.

So there!

Though I gave them only two hours, Port Arthur and Fort William have no just grievance against me.

CHAPTER VII

MY ISLE OF DREAMS

THE male passengers on the *America* were going to Isle Royale to fish; the female to hunt greenstones. As we emerged from Thunder Bay, past the Sleeping Giant and Pie Island, and the long blue silhouette of Isle Royale dominated the horizon ahead, the women began excitedly to discuss these stones.

One lady produced a leaflet of Rock Harbor Lodge which stated that "centuries ago a few specimens of greenstones were found on the Orkney Islands and decorated the crowns of European rulers" and that "Rock Harbor Lodge, Isle Royale, is the only place in the world where they can be found to-day."

"Oh, that 's all wrong! We found the most beautiful stones at Belle Isle last year!"

"Are you sure they *were* greenstones? Somebody told me that there are all kinds of stones."

"Oh, yes; they were the most beautiful greenstones."

"Can we find greenstones at Tobin's Harbor?"

"Oh, yes; I 'm sure you can. And the board there is better, too."

"Is that so! Now, I 've heard the board is better at Belle Isle."

"Oh, I wonder if we 've made a mistake!" The speaker looked around, disturbed. "We 've already written and engaged rooms at Tobin's Harbor."

"Somebody told my husband that the best fishing on the island and the best of *everything* is at Washington Harbor."

"Oh, that 's an exaggeration!"

In another group near by a woman was explaining the hardships of the night. She and her friends had motored from Duluth to Port Arthur and had been unable to find rooms at the hotel on account of the Masonic convention.

"My dear—can you imagine!—it was wash-bowl and pitcher! Mind you, I don't say it was n't clean. It *was* clean. But wash-bowl and pitcher was all we had."

"It really was clean?"

"Oh, absolutely! Spotless."

The silhouette of Isle Royale mounted higher, ceased to be a silhouette. A swarm of little islands detached themselves from the main bulk. The islets and the main island were clothed with dense tangled woods, from their rocky summits to the water's edge. Nowhere was there a sign that any human being had ever landed on these shores.

The day was dazzling. The islands stood up, sharp, vivid, green, from a sea as vividly blue and so transparent that the bottom a hundred feet down seemed within reach of an oar.

"Those California people make me sick!" exclaimed a

The boxes were hoisted aboard

woman. "They are so conceited! I wish some of them could see this."

"*Is n't* it beautiful?" agreed the Texas oil man's wife. Then, "Shan't we go and give them another whirl at bridge? I 'm bound to take the rubber this time."

Suddenly a boat loaded with open boxes of great shining whitefish and lake-trout darted from between two islands where there was no trace of human habitation. There were two men in her, as brown as walnuts, looking up at us eagerly. Already the *America* was slowing down; the captain must have known the fishermen would be here. The boat came alongside; tackle swung out from the freight-deck; the boxes were hoisted aboard, dumped into a big box on the scales, the empty boxes tossed back. The purser passed down a receipt to the fishermen; we gathered speed. In a moment the fishermen and their boat were lost behind an island. Where those fishermen lived, where they spread their nets were mysteries concealed in these intricate channels.

The trapper, before he left the *America,* had told me to be sure to look for Bill Lively on Isle Royale, the only man who lived on the island the year round, who knew it better than any one else. He did not know where on the island Lively might be found. The captain told me Lively lived at Siskiwit Bay, but that he might be almost anywhere. Now Bingham came along the deck with the information that the *America's* housekeeper was Lively's wife. I sought out Mrs. Lively. Bill, she said, would be at Tobin's Harbor, waiting for the *America.* Oh, yes, he

would be glad to have me stop off with him at Siskiwit and stay a few days at his shack.

In and out we wound among the islands, and suddenly, turning a corner, came upon a pier, a crowd of laughing people dressed like Indians, and back in the trees a group of rustic cottages. This was Belle Isle. There was a bitter rivalry, it seemed, between Belle Isle and the next resort, Tobin's, and as soon as the *America* docked, feverish proselyting began among the passengers. A few of those who had planned to go on to other resorts ran for their bags and scuttled ashore just before the plank was hauled in.

One turn of the channel and it was hard to believe that a full-fledged summer resort had been there at all.

Constantly the gulls swarmed thicker. The gulls that had followed the *Clement* in Lake Huron had been respectful, almost shy. Those that had accompanied us from the Soo to Ashland were self-confident but not bold. Those that trailed the *America* up the North Shore grew more and more assertive. And now, in the lonely channels around Isle Royale, they were a white, screaming pack of vultures.

"Let me show you something," said the captain.

He ran below and came up with four or five fresh herring, each perhaps a foot long. Standing out on the end of the bridge, he held a fish at arm's length. The pack swooped, one snatched the fish, swallowed it at a gulp. The pack pursued him, shrieking; he fought them off. Again the captain held out a fish; another swoop; the same

bird had it again; he was the go-getter of his flock. A third time; the same fellow had it again. A gulp, the fish went half down, stuck. Another bird lunged, tore away the protruding half. The gull that had swallowed two and a half herring coasted heavily to the waves and rested there. Then he tried to rise, failed, waited a few moments for digestion to operate, rose and followed on.

"I 've seen one of these fellows swallow four fish, one after the other, each one as big as he was," laughed the captain.

Presently we rounded the eastern tip of Isle Royale and proceeded through another intricacy of islands to Tobin's Harbor. Across the channel from the summer resort was something that seemed not out of place here—a fishermen's village; fish-houses, shacks, reels, fishing-boats at a rickety dock. It was impossible in the confusion of islands and bays to tell which was mainland (Isle Royale, I mean) and which islet. I was told that the resort was on the mainland and the fishing village on an islet, or vice versa, or that both were on islets. It does n't matter. What does matter is that here a quiet brown-eyed fellow put his skiff aboard the *America*.

"Yes, brother, come along; be glad to have you," said Bill Lively when I broached the matter of stopping off at Siskiwit.

Bill, I now discovered, was an even more important figure on Isle Royale than I had thought. He was Fire Warden, Game Warden, Fish Warden, and Constable. He was the Law Incarnate. Yet he did n't look forbidding.

After his remark to me, he vanished with Nell, his wife, and was not seen till we reached Siskiwit Bay late that afternoon.

All afternoon we skirted the south shore of the island. Now and then the *America* blew a blast and a fishing-boat darted from some invisible channel with its load of fish; or perhaps the boat lay in our course, waiting, knowing our day and hour. Mostly the fishermen were Norwegians or Finns, broad-shouldered men with high cheek-bones and straight, rather small blue eyes.

Toward sunset we stood into Siskiwit Bay, that jagged ten-mile-deep incision in Isle Royale's south shore. Bill and I launched his skiff and we rowed off.

Bill's shack stood a hundred yards or so back from the shore, in thick woods. He put it there, he said, to be warm in winter. It held a bed, built into the wall, a cook-stove, a small table, one chair, and a soap-box that served for another. On the walls hung traps, guns, a side of bacon. In the corner stood a mice-nibbled sack of flour.

Shut in its tiny close-walled clearing, with the sun beating directly down on the tar-paper roof, the shack had grown stiflingly hot. The single-sash window was nailed into its frame. The storm-door built over the door effectively prevented any ventilation there. As soon as we had finished supper and washed the dishes, we fled outside.

For an hour or two we sat talking and smoking. Bill

is very slow and precise in speech, and pronounces unusual words very distinctly. "I enlisted in nineteen-sixteen in the in-fan-try, but I was transferred to the cav-al-ry." He has been a trapper and hunter all his life. Born in Michigan, he has wandered over Minnesota and Canada, following his trade. For two years in succession he went into the Canadian wilderness and lived all winter alone, trapping. Later he trapped here on Isle Royale with an Indian. Then, after an army experience on the border and in France, he was made Law Incarnate of Isle Royale. His chief job is protecting game, not from human hunters (who rarely reach the island) but from wolves. Protecting deer, that is. A moose is more than a match for even a large pack of wolves. The wolves got across on the ice from the Canadian shore during an exceptionally hard winter, some years ago, and have been decimating the deer. Bill trapped seventeen wolves last winter.

I began to yawn. It had grown cold enough outside for a sweater, and I hoped the cabin had cooled off.

"I guess we better smudge out," said Bill. "Mosquitos do get in there and pester the life out of you if you don't smudge 'em out."

He carried a handful of green leaves into the shack, laid off a stove lid, and dropped them in. Soon a blue film floated out through the door. After ten or fifteen minutes; "Well, that ought to be enough."

We went in; Bill shut the door quick and tight. Perhaps it was the smoke that made the cabin seem just

a little more stifling than it had been at supper-time. Bill arranged the chair close by the bed and on it placed his snuff-box. "You know, a fellow may wake up at night any time and want a chew of snuff," he explained. Then he undressed—that is, took off his shoes and crawled under the four blankets. I followed.

I endured it a moment, threw off three blankets, then the fourth.

"It is a little hot in here," said Bill, stretching luxuriously under his four blankets. "I thought once of getting a screen for that window, but I never got around to it."

After a moment a sharp sting on my bare leg announced that the smudging had not done its work. I pulled the blanket back. Even roasting was preferable to mosquitos.

Hour after hour I lay there, dripping with sweat, trying to smile at the thought of the thousands of square miles of cold, clear, balsamy Lake Superior night surrounding our little smoky, airless, mosquito-y cell. Now and then Bill roused up, reached out for a handful of snuff, chewed happily a while, and sank back to heavy slumber. Toward morning the cabin seemed to cool off slightly, the smoke vanished, the mosquitos got their fill and retired, and I almost fell asleep.

As we rowed down Hay Bay toward the Little Siskiwit River, after breakfast, Bill talked of his hunting adventures. Almost every landmark suggested a story. There was the point where the giant wolf had gotten into two traps, torn them both loose, and run out on the ice, one

trap clamped on a fore leg, one on a hind leg. When it saw Bill approaching, it plunged into the water and started to swim across the bay! After battling vainly against floating ice, it turned back, and Bill, running out on the solid ice, stunned it with a pole. That wolf almost deserved to live. There was the spot where the moose charged him when his gun was empty. "I jammed a cartridge in and brought him down just three feet from me," said Bill, cheerfully. There was the tree where he and Nell found the little wolf in the trap and suddenly, hearing a sound, whirled round to find a moose right behind them, his hair bristling, ready to charge. They escaped only by a quick leap around the tree, into a dense thicket.

"I'll show you a moose to-day," said Bill.

After we had pulled a string of speckled fellows out of the Little Siskiwit, we went cautiously along an old trail and lay in wait at a wallowing-hole where, Bill said, moose always came in the heat of the day. But no moose came.

On another day we rowed down the shore, landed, and crossed a ridge to Hay Lake, where, Bill said, moose were always wallowing in the mud at the shallow end. But no moose. On another day we lay three hours in another thicket where moose always came. But no moose. We climbed one of the high ridges toward the middle of the island from which, Bill said, we might see a moose or many moose somewhere below. A magnificent panorama of forest, rocky summit, and wide lake stretched below. But no moose. I was n't surprised. Arranged

adventures always fail to come off—for me. I still believe that there are moose on Isle Royale, perhaps many moose.

"What about those trips up into Canada?"

"Oh, that was when I was working on a log drive on the Pigeon River. I met a man named Davis. He was a trapper, too. You see, I had an idea. My idea was that if I went five hundred miles north of the C.P.R.—that was before the other railroad was built—I 'd reach a kentree that was n't touched by the trappers working north from the railroad, or by them working south from the Hudson Bay Company posts. Davis thought it was a good idea. There was two other men on the drive agreed to come along, too. Well, we set off."

Seventy-five miles north of the railroad Bill and his companions passed the height of land between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay. There they built canoes and went one hundred and twenty-five miles down-stream, northward. Then two of the men got frightened. They said that when the snow melted in the spring and the rivers rose, no one would be able to paddle against them. They would never be able to return. "All right," said Bill and Davis, "go on back; we 're going on." But, a hundred miles farther north, Davis's nerve failed, too. "We 'll never be able to get back in the spring." "All right," said Bill; "I 'm going on." Bill never saw any of the three again. He does n't know whether they ever reached civilization or not. He kept on, reached his virgin land, made camps, trapped and hunted all winter, saw no human beings save, once, some Indians who spoke

no English. In the spring he came out with three thousand dollars' worth of pelts—mink, fisher, martin, lynx, beaver. The next year he did it again, alone. What interested me was the matter-of-fact way he told all this.

"Suppose you had broken a leg or something?"

"Well, that might have finished me. I got the blackleg once, had to crawl round on my hands and knees for a week."

So, naturally, he thinks it nothing extraordinary for him and Nell to stay alone on Isle Royale all winter. From November, when the *America* makes her last trip and navigation closes, till spring, the island is absolutely cut off. Big boats are frozen in the harbor, and no small boat can pass the twenty-five miles of broken ice to the mainland, nor can a man walk over it. The island might be at the North Pole. Last winter, for the first time, a few fishermen and their families stayed over the winter at Washington Harbor. "And no one was sick a day," said Bill, emphatically.

Once, however, sickness did befall a man winter-bound on Isle Royale. It was Foster, the former game warden. There was a complicated story involving a man named Sam Barrett and the enmity raised against Foster because he had brought Barrett away with him to Isle Royale and left Barrett's wife virtually to starve in a town on the Keweenaw peninsula. But the point was that Foster, the next winter here, got appendicitis. He tried to get the two men with him to operate on him. They were afraid. One day when they had gone off hunting, Foster, driven

half-crazy by pain, made a lance out of a spike and cut out his appendix. (How a man could make a lance out of a spike was not clear.) "He got well?" I exclaimed. "Well, not exactly. He limped around a while. Then he died."

Bill has curiously violent views about socialists and the I. W. W., like other men of the open spaces I have known, who one would expect to have no opinion at all or to be tolerant. Bill says most strikes are caused by socialists, and that all I. W. W.'s are a low lot, traitors or worse. He tells with gusto how in 1916, in Duluth, just before he set off for the border with his regiment, he went with a lot of other soldiers and smashed the I. W. W. hall and threw the furniture and typewriters into the street, while the police looked on, laughing.

"Now, here 's this fisherman Kallick," said Bill, distastefully; "he 's a nice enough fellow, but he 's an I. W. W. Whenever he comes to anything in the paper about a rich man, you can hear him say, '—— —— —— !' under his breath."

"Kallick" is Ed Kvalvik, who lives with his partner Al Bjorvik on the other side of Hay Point. Their shack, sheathed with tar-paper, stands a hundred feet from the beach, walled behind by towering spruce, half sheltered from the sweep of the open lake by a great rock in whose crevices grow tiny blue flowers and on whose flat top crouches a storm-stunted cedar. At one side of the rock

The life of these two lonely Norwegians centers in a little gray and white kitten

are the fish-shed and the runway up which they wind their boat with a rude windlass. Bjorvik is tall and gaunt and taciturn, Kvalvik short and plump and jolly, and the life of these two lonely Norwegians centers in a little gray-and-white kitten, "Pusen."

One morning at dawn I went out with Bjorvik and Kvalvik to investigate the art of gill-net fishing. The two bade Pusen good-by and pushed off. Pusen ran out on the rock, down to the edge of the water, gazing after his masters wistfully, then leaped back as a wave smacked his paws. We headed down the bay. At this season Bjorvik and Kvalvik were fishing the shallow waters of Siskiwit, at depths of from ten to fifteen feet. The gill-nets (something you may know but which I did not) are four hundred feet long and from six to eight feet wide, weighted along one edge with sinkers, buoyed along the other by floats, and are set upon the bottom, like chicken-

wire fences, in the routes fish are supposed to take. A fish, speeding along on his day's affairs, rams his nose through a mesh of the net and is caught there by his gills.

Each end of a net is anchored with a heavy stone, marked with a floating buoy. We ran down to the first buoy. Bjorvik throttled down the engine; Kvalvik caught the buoy, pulled up the end of the net, detached it, letting the buoy ride by its anchor, then, as we chugged along, hauled the dripping net over the side. Suddenly there was the gleam of a great whitefish; up it came, flopping. Kvalvik worked it out of the mesh, tossed it into the box. On we went. Some nets yielded two fish, some twenty, some none. Mostly the fish were whitefish, lake-trout, herring, sometimes menominee, fish somewhat larger than herring, with pink fins. Occasionally, when a net had been in position only a day and contained only a few fish, it was dropped back in the same spot, but as a rule nets were lifted and reset.

As we passed one shoal, peering down we saw a cluster of golden stones dotting the white sand.

"I think," said Kvalvik, "if those stones were gold there would be some law so you could n't get them."

Bill was right. Little, jolly, innocent-looking Kvalvik was a depraved revolutionist!

So we scurried here and there over the bay. When Bjorvik headed in at noon, two boxes were two-thirds full.

"Is that a good catch?"

"No, not so good. Not very good fishing this summer."

Kvalvik's gaze fixed on the shore.

They wound up their boat with the rude windlass

"Pusen!" he yodled. "Pusen!"

Pusen came bouncing from the woods and out on the rock, welcoming us with squeaky mews.

After the two had wound in their boat and sorted their catch, we walked up to the shack, Pusen on Bjorvik's shoulder. The shack was bare and clean. There were two cots, an oil-stove, a neat wooden cupboard with a ship's wheel drawn in blue pencil on the door, a table and two chairs, and nets and rolls of cotton and linen cord everywhere. The walls were covered with pictures of girls, Holeproof Hosiery, Sunmaid Raisin, and Kaiser Glove advertisements, and a full-page cut from the Minneapolis "Tribune": "Fair Women of the Northwest."

Bjorvik apologized because they had only two plates, two forks, two knives, two everything. "If we had more, they 'd be in the way," he said wisely. But they had something more important than extra knives and forks—the best bread I have ever eaten, which Bjorvik had baked in the oven over the oil-stove.

Midsummer is their easy time—calm lake, shallow water fishing, warm weather. Though work from five in the morning to nine at night, hauling and setting nets, cleaning and packing fish, making and mending nets, repairing engines and boats, and incidentally cooking and gardening a little, strikes an outsider as scarcely easy. But in the spring and fall, when nets are set in the deep lake, there are real hardship and peril.

Often a storm will sweep away a whole equipment of nets, the fisherman's chief investment. Almost every year a "party" (two partners like Kvalvik and Bjorvik) lose five hundred or six hundred dollars' worth of nets. Few of the fishermen on the North Shore or on Isle Royale have much over at the end of the season, what with the cost of nets and gasolene. Many of them start each season deeply in debt to the Booth Fisheries Company for nets and other equipment. Since Isle Royale is adjacent to Minnesota, most of the fishermen are Minnesota citizens; yet by a freak of geography the island belongs to Michigan, the laws of which require a fifty-dollar annual license fee for non-residents, and Bill told me many of the parties must ask the Booths to advance them the fee in the spring. In

Walled behind by towering spruce

spite of all this, almost all the fishermen on Isle Royale have fished here many years.

"I came to America thirteen years ago," said Kvalvik. "Worked three years in North Dakota, on a farm, and had

enough saved up to go back to Norway and buy a small farm. Then somebody argued me into starting fishing. I put all my savings into fishing-outfit. Now I 've worked ten years and I have n't anything saved at all."

"Why do you stick at it?"

"I 'm my own boss," he laughed, stroking Pusen.

Freedom . . . They work hard, but no boss or walking-delegate can tell them when to start or stop, how much to work or how little.

It is n't only nets that are lost.

"There was that fellow from Knife River," said Kvalvik.

"Yes," agreed Bjorvik, "that was bad."

"It was in December. He went out late in the afternoon to take in some nets. He took his wife along to row the boat. There was a wind off shore. The other fishermen told him it was dangerous to go out in a boat without an engine. But he was stubborn. When he got out there, the wind was too strong for him. He got swept away. They drifted all night, and all the next day and the next night, without any food. They had to bale out all the time, to keep from sinking. The morning of the second day they saw themselves blown into the ice over on the other side, Wisconsin. The storm had blown them clear across the lake. The woman, she was lying down in the bottom of the boat, wrapped up in a coat. The boat was stuck in the ice. It was a mile to shore. The woman was too weak to walk, but the man thought he could reach shore over the ice. 'Go on,' his wife said; 'I 'm not

cold. I 'll be all right.' So he started out. He got to shore all right."

"And they went back and got his wife?"

"When they went back, the boat was gone."

"Sunk?"

"They did n't know. Gone." Bjorvik paused. "But this spring they found it."

"Where?"

"It drifted into Knife River, just where it started from. The woman, she lay in the bottom of the boat, frozen hard over with ice."

Several times I asked Bill about the route to the prehistoric copper-pits. They were on the opposite side of the island, he said; the trail was a hard one. The geological feature of Isle Royale is high rocky ridges running lengthwise which make crossing the island very troublesome. I wanted to set out alone, but Bill said I should certainly be lost. Better wait till the patrol-boat came; it was due in two days. Then we could go on her, right around the island, to the shore near the pits. McCargoes Cove, I think, was the place he named.

Meantime, I set off the following afternoon to explore the next best thing, the abandoned mining-camp at the head of Siskiwit Bay, where, according to Mr. Merritt, there had been a settlement of five hundred people forty years ago. We rowed to the head of the bay, Bill pointed out the general direction of the trail, then set off along the shore, fishing. Pushing through a tangle of under-

growth, I finally discovered a narrow aisle in the birch woods. It led me straight back from the shore. Once this had been the broad, well-traveled road from the mine to the shore. Now, in places, it had almost vanished; there were fallen trees to climb, thickets to fight through. Again, it was still a fairly wide corridor, and the rotting fragments of corduroy were visible under the sod. In a muddy spot I saw some moose tracks—I 'm sure they were moose tracks—which I believe had been made five minutes before. But no moose.

The trail mounted rather steadily. How far I had come I do not know—three miles, four perhaps. I had forgotten I was seeking anything. I had a sense of walking in a virgin forest. The old road seemed like a natural aisle of the woods.

And then the road turned slightly and opened out. There, on a steep, bald hillock square in front of me, rose the great gaunt ruin of a log building. It gave me a shock, as if I had come suddenly on a human skeleton. A little prickle ran over my skin. But it was broad daylight, the sun was shining brightly. I grinned at my scare, clambered up to explore. Nothing remained save the bare, half-wrecked walls. What had this been?—the mine offices, or the boarding-house, or what? And where was the mine itself? The hillock was walled in closely by woods. I plunged down the farther side and pushed on through dense undergrowth.

There was a reddish gleam through the leaves. Abruptly I broke through the undergrowth and came upon a vast

dump-heap or series of dump-heaps of broken reddish rock. In their midst towered a mass of twisted timbers. The shaft-house, no doubt. I mounted, peered into its shadowy wrecked interior, then prowled on. In a thicket beyond the dump-heaps I stumbled over a shattered fragment of machinery, almost rusted into the ground, and near by I made out the foundations of two smaller log buildings. That was all.

So this was the place. A settlement of five hundred people—and only a few twisted timbers and heaps of rock to tell of their work and life! What kind of lives had they led here on this lonely island in Lake Superior? Had it been a camp of men only, or had there been women and children? Forty years since the camp was abandoned? Only forty years? It seemed immensely more than that. I almost expected to stumble on a broken fragment of tablet carved in an ancient, unknown tongue. But not a word, a name, a letter was carved on stone or timber. There was nothing, absolutely nothing. Gone utterly.

And yet they were there; at least one of them was there—or was it my nerves?

Somewhere behind me a fragment of rock became dislodged and rattled down the face of the dump. I jumped as if a rifle had gone off close to my ear. I peered sharply everywhere around me. No, nothing but the softly whispering wall of woods enclosed these heaps of reddish rock and the ruined shaft-house. What had dislodged that piece of rock? Had some one—yes, I had a vivid convic-

tion that some one, some *thing,* was lurking out of sight, watching me. Nonsense!

But . . .

I looked again, up toward the shaft-house. I had been trying to decide that my duty as an explorer was to crawl into that dark wrecked interior and try for a glimpse down the invisible shaft. Well, after all, what was the use . . .

With a careful glance around, I made my way through the underbrush, past the log building on its hillock, and down the trail. All the way back to the beach, I kept looking nervously over my shoulder. I had a feeling that some thing was gliding along behind me in the shadows. . . .

When I found Bill, over at the other side of the point that divided the head of the bay into two arms, he said:

"Too bad you were n't here ten minutes ago. A big bull moose came out here on the beach to drink."

The game warden's patrol-boat did n't come on the day Bill expected it, nor on the next. There were several reasons why I wanted to wait for it, in addition to the fact that it would afford a means of transport to the prehistoric copper-pits. Its coming is an annual event on the island. This year it would have aboard several representatives of the Michigan State Conservation Commission, sent to report on the proposal to make Isle Royale a state park. And my friend Laurie Erskine, creator of "Renfrew," was with them to cover the story for the Detroit "News." But it did n't appear on the third day,

either. Perhaps it had been indefinitely delayed. Already I had overstayed my schedule. Patsy would be waiting for me in Duluth. The following day the *America* was due. I decided that if the patrol-boat came before the *America,* I would stay over till the *America's* next trip. If it did n't, I would take the *America.* This weighty decision made, I settled my account with Bill—or, rather, tried to settle it, for he was stubborn and unreasonable.

"Well," he conceded, finally, "you can leave me three dollars for your grub. That 's all. No, that 's all, I say!"

I felt ashamed of my nightly disgruntlement at his airless cell.

We rowed across the bay and walked through the woods to the Bjorvik-Kvalvik shack, from which there was a wide view of open lake. The day wore on to five o'clock.

"There she is," said Bjorvik, pointing to a faint smudge of smoke down the bay.

It was the *America.*

And so I said good-by to Bill and went off to the *America* with Bjorvik and Kvalvik and their load of fish.

Late that night I hung over the aft rail, watching the receding flash of Rock of Ages Light. Flash, out, flash, out, flash. And, in answer, in the northern sky, a darting streak of white, then another, then a dozen, leaping, playing, the Northern Lights. . . .

CHAPTER VIII

PATSY'S CITY OF OXBLOOD SANDSTONE

BACK in Duluth, I happily recovered my red-headed partner, just returned from St. Paul.

"Are n't you sorry you did n't come to Isle Royale?" I asked, after I had described the delights of life with Bill Lively.

"I did n't think you wanted me."

"Want you? Of course I wanted you. We 'd talked for months of exploring Isle Royale together. But you said that since Duluth was so near St. Paul, you simply must—"

"But if you 'd shown you really wanted me, I could have postponed Normand and Carmene. I thought you thought you 'd have more exciting adventures without me."

"Oh, Patsy! I never thought anything of the sort!"

"Did you have more exciting adventures without me?"

"Well," I began doubtfully.

"If I 'd been along, you would n't have had to sleep in that stuffy shack. We 'd have made a bed off in the woods, of pine-boughs. Why did n't you do that, anyway?"

"Oh, that would have hurt Bill's feelings."

"Yes, I suppose it would have. Well, what are we going to do now?" she asked after a moment. "Carry out the original plan?"

That had been to follow the south shore of Lake Superior eastward from Duluth, strike down to Lake Michigan, follow its shore to Chicago, then on back to our starting-point by way of Detroit and Cleveland.

"Yes, if we have time," I said.

We spread the map open on the table in the hotel lobby.

South of Lake Superior lay the upper peninsula of Michigan. I had been through it twice, years before, and had fished and hunted in the woods around the Von Inten farm at Westervik, a quaint and remote Swedish settlement on Huron Bay. But the upper peninsula as a whole I knew scarcely at all.

"I 'd like to visit the copper region and go down in the Calumet and Hecla mine," I mused.

"I 'd like to hunt up that old logging-camp," Pat's finger wandered, "where we used to go with Miss Dobie when we were little."

"Of course the Von Intens expect us at Marquette."

"We might go there direct, and use that as a center for explorations."

"Yes! Let 's."

We reached Marquette at 5 A. M., in a drizzle. The train we took was the best one from Duluth, but we had not dared wire the Von Intens we were arriving at so inhuman an hour, nor did we fancy taxiing up to their door before they were out of bed. Opposite the station Pat pounced on her first bit of local color.

"Red," she pointed, as the drops ran down her nose, and

I finally made out that a business block in the style of 1885 was the object of her enthusiasm. Its purple-red sandstone with cream-colored marblings was an extension of her experience in building-materials. She had a prescience that Marquette was a beautiful city, and different, and this unbeautiful building seemed to her a token of its individuality.

We found coffee across the street, at a table next to our Pullman porter, in an atmosphere jealously preserved from the day before. Pat fished out a tam; we entrusted our bags and her hat to the good-natured restaurant slavey and went out into the drizzle to investigate. One short block down and we were at the waterfront. Long, dingy ore-docks and coal-docks stretched out into the misty bay, and black lines of water-soaked spiles, each one capped by an enormous seagull, balanced on one leg. Like a decorative frieze, evenly spaced, absurdly solemn, they waited till we came within a yard of the first, then, with a startling raucous guffaw at the joke they had played, flapped away to the top of a tumble-down fish-house.

We stood at the end of the dock; gray mists shut the lake away from us; behind us the town climbed steeply. To the right rose a bluff, clothed with green through which peeped the gables of large houses.

Presently the drizzle slackened. We turned and climbed up into the town. On the main street were some faint stirrings of life. Finally we ventured to telephone to our friends. Karl, the doctor, whirled up to the corner drug store to rescue us. As we shot up through the town, Pat

discovered that ox-blood sandstone really was the dominant note of Marquette. Churches and schools, as well as business blocks, were built of it. Then, to our delight, the car took a sharp turn to the right and sped out on the curving street along the edge of the bluff. We had hoped that our friends would live on the bluff.

An hour after breakfast the sun came out. We set forth with one of the daughters of the house. The street was Ridge Street. In the large houses on the opposite side, facing the bay,—or, rather, backing on the bay,—lived the aristocracy of Marquette, the people who had made fortunes in iron and lumber. At the end of the street, we turned down to the shore. Here was a point of rock with a lighthouse on it, and a mole protecting the harbor. The wet beach, glistening in the sun, was actually red, the rocks gray-green, blue-green, purple-green, the water breaking on them cold, intense blue, the little grove of pines back of the lighthouse vivid green.

"If I only had my color-box!" Pat cried. "What a place to paint! You can never do it justice in black and white."

We walked on down the beach.

"Shall we go on to Presque Isle?" asked our charming guide.

"Yes, by all means!" we exclaimed. Anything named Presque Isle would be worth going on to. It was.

Presque Isle (in Marquette commonly called "Presque Isle Island") is a high, rocky, wooded peninsula as nearly an island as it can be, only a narrow neck of sand joining it to the shore. Its red cliffs drop sheer to deep-blue

Old Fish-house, Marquette

water, or enclose charming little sandy coves with crescent beaches of red sand which you reach by climbing down from crevice to crevice. Roads winding through groves of towering white pines—one of the few areas of white pine left in northern Michigan—emerge into tiny meadows where droves of dappled deer graze unafraid. Presque Isle belongs to the City of Marquette. No city of the size has a park more beautiful, and Marquette has had the excellent sense to leave it almost in its virgin state. There are a dance-hall, a pavilion, and a lunch-counter, but, concentrated at the entrance where the street-car line terminates, they do not intrude on the wildness of the park. For two hours we wandered through Presque Isle, entranced.

Marquette was not founded, as you might imagine, by the great missionary and explorer. Its settlement was the result of the discovery of iron a few miles inland, about seventy-five years ago. Peter White, the most prominent figure in the annals of Marquette, once amusingly described the city's beginnings. It was in the spring of 1849 that White, then a boy of nineteen, came up from the lower lakes in the little steamer *Tecumseh* and arrived at the spot on the shore of Lake Superior known as the Indian Village, now the site of Marquette. White went with a party up to the mines, ten miles or so inland, and got a job. In July the party returned to the shore and started to clear a place for a town. The proceeding was

to fell trees on the brink of the bluff and hurl them over to the beach below. Peter cut down the first tree.

Then [he wrote] we began the construction of a dock which we thought would stand like the pyramids. We did this by carrying these whole trees out into the water and piling them in tiers crosswise, until the pile was even with the surface of the water. Then we wheeled sand and gravel upon it and by the end of the second day had completed the structure, upon which we looked with no little pride. The eastward or outer end was solid rock and all inside was solid dirt, brush, and leaves. We thought it would last as long as the adjacent beach itself. On the third day we continued to improve it by corduroying the surface, and by night of that day it was in our eyes a thing of beauty to behold. Our chagrin may be imagined when on rising the next morning we found that a gentle sea had come in during the night and wafted our dock to parts unknown. The sand of the beach was as clean and smooth as if it had never been disturbed by the hand of man.

In 1857 a railroad was completed from Marquette to the mines at Negaunee. In 1864 this road was linked with Escanaba, which already had railroad connection with Milwaukee and Chicago. Marquette grew rapidly. In the early days the method of bringing ore down from the mines was to turn a train of ore-cars loose, manned only by brakemen, and let it roll down the grade of ten miles or so to the docks. Sometimes the train would get away from its crew and, instead of halting properly at the dock, jump gaily into the lake. Several cargoes of ore were later dredged up from the bottom along the lake front. Those trains which did not jump into the lake were unloaded into the boats, largely by hand labor. Then teams

Logging at Skandia

of horses or mules hauled the cars back to the mines. Any one in town, with draft animals I was told, could get a job car-hauling. Why the cars were n't hauled back by engines, I don't know and forgot to ask. Perhaps this was before the advent of locomotives. Another question that just occurs to me is this: What happened to the train-crews when an ore-train hopped into the lake? These are matters I must investigate if I ever return to Marquette.

As the iron-mines grew, every one expected that Marquette would become a large city. Indeed, to-day it does have the appearance of a fairly large town. Though the business streets are those of a sleepy village, and there is an ugly gap like a missing tooth at the principal corner where a business block burned years ago and has not been replaced, and there is no hotel worthy of the name, yet the many and large churches, the large high school, the city hall, the post-office (which a pamphlet says is large enough for a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants), the handsome Peter White Public Library, the Northern Michigan State Normal School, Ridge Street and its mansions, and, above all, the wide sweep of town around the beautiful harbor, give Marquette the air of a minor metropolis. When we had been in the town a day or so, I asked:

"What *is* the population?"

"Oh," hesitantly, "about twelve thousand."

Though ore-shipments have multiplied since the early days, the improvements in handling have largely eliminated the human element. Marquette, like Ashland, was

once a busy sawmill center, but of course that condition has passed with the timber. The Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company operates a small plant for the manufacture of pig-iron and, in connection with it, a wood-distillation plant. These, say Marquette enthusiasts, are but the beginnings of an important industrial future.

There was a time when Ridge Street was to be the finest residence street west of New York. Then the railroad built a line around the foot of the bluff, impairing it more seriously than the New York Central tracks injure Riverside Drive. One wealthy resident, angered that he had been unable to impel the road to tunnel the bluff, took his mansion down, stone by stone, loaded it on a freight-train, and re-erected it in Boston. The other aristocrats remain, or at least come to Marquette for a few months each year, from New York or Boston or Paris. The Von Intens gave us an amusing picture of the social life of Marquette during the "season." Society in this metropolis of twelve thousand is, apparently, as severely regimented as in New York in the days of Ward McAllister. There are the people who are invited to the small affairs, the larger number who are asked to the one or two large affairs of the year, and the people never invited at all, who constantly manœuver to get in. And the little groups aping the real "aristocracy."

The day after our arrival "Dr. Karl" was obliged to leave for the farm at Westervik, on business. Two days later we followed. The party comprised one of the Misses Von

Inten, Mrs. Thompson, a friend, Henry, the Demon Chauffeur, and Pat and I. Our road led through Negaunee and Ishpeming, the iron-mining towns. Before we reached Negaunee, or perhaps it was between Negaunee and Ishpeming, Mrs. Thompson suddenly pointed to the left.

"You talked about seeing them move Hibbing," she exclaimed. "Did they do anything like this up there?"

"What?" I asked, scanning a field dotted with small excavations.

"Did they move a cemetery?"

"A cemetery?"

"Yes, that used to be a cemetery. They don't do open-pit mining here, but they mine so near the surface that it's liable to cave in. Did you hear of their moving a cemetery?"

"No," I admitted, "I did n't."

"Wait till we get a little farther on and I 'll show you something stranger than that," she said.

Nearing the mines, we noticed that the road had abruptly changed to bright red. It was dry weather, and red dust had spread from the road over the surrounding landscape. Everything was red. The refuse from the mines is used in road-surfacing. Swinging round a curve on two wheels, we ran close by a mine shaft and a vast red dump. A file of reddled men was issuing from the shaft-house, meeting another file going into it. Red, red, red everywhere. We tore on in a red cloud of dust.

A short distance beyond Ishpeming, Mrs. Thompson pointed to the right.

"There! see it?"

In a circle of woods was a flat, bare cup of earth, perhaps a quarter of a mile across. Here and there on its rim lay an old half-buried log, and on the farther side stood a weather-beaten shack.

"It was a lake, and they moved it. Over there." She indicated the other side of the road. "Because they 're going to mine under it. Is n't moving a cemetery and a lake odder than moving a town?"

Pat and I agreed that it was much odder.

Leaving the mining-district behind, for two hours we tore on through the nondescript cut-over land that is the predominant feature of northern Michigan. Ragged stretches of second-growth birch and poplar, tangled with undergrowth, tamarack swamps, burnt areas, a few stumpy fields, a barn, a tar-papered shack, then once more dreary miles of ragged woods. Late in the afternoon we ran over the brow of a hill into sight of Keweenaw Bay, and down into L'Anse, a commonplace sawmill town at the head of the bay. We stopped here for a few minutes to call on "Dr. Emerik." As we left his office, I noticed a sign in the window next door: "This Is the Heart of Cloverland."

"What does that mean?" I asked. "Cloverland?"

"This is Cloverland," said Miss Von Inten.

"Here?"

"Upper Michigan; yes."

"But why? We have n't seen any clover."

"Oh, it 's a wonderful place for clover."

"Why don't they grow some?"

The Von Inten Farmstead

"Oh, they do," said Mrs. Thompson. "Just wait."

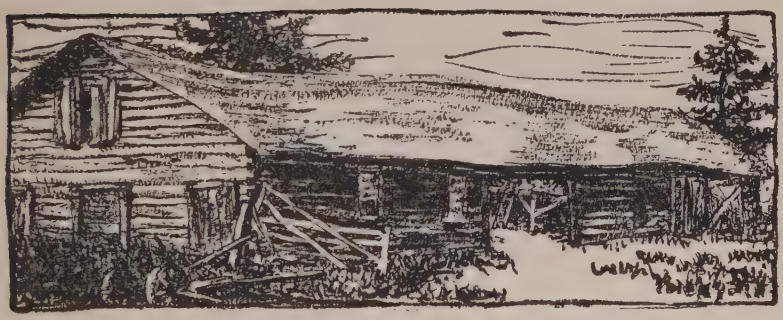
We turned north on the road to Westervik. At first the way ran through farm land and certain small patches of genuine clover were pointed out to us, but very soon the farms were left behind. There was a great gaunt burnt-over region where, at intervals, a hut stood forlornly in a patch of half-subdued stumpland. The road struck down along the shore of Huron Bay, a narrow inlet from the main lake paralleling Keweenaw Bay. For a short time we followed this bay, then turned up into the woods and sped north on a line parallel to it. Half an hour northward, between close walls of woods, then a sharp turn to the left down the familiar winding woods road. Abruptly we emerged in the great fertile clearing, walled with woods—the Von Inten homestead. There was the frame house, beyond it the old log house and the great log barn with its wavering ridge-pole like that seen in old New England houses. Beyond it an ugly modern barn I had not seen before, and then the orchard and hay fields sloping down to the invisible bay.

After supper we walked down the road to the settlement. At the water's edge were the mill, the dock, and a pile of weather-beaten lumber. A short distance away, the post-office and a small group of houses, and, scattered at a wider distance, the houses and barns of half a dozen homesteaders.

It was hard to realize that this sleepy settlement had been the pivot of a struggle whose plot would do credit to

James Oliver Curwood. I had known something of that amazing story of "Dr. Karl's" struggle with the banks and lumber companies before we came to Marquette; and in the past few days the Von Intens had told us all of it. The story is so dramatic and throws so vivid a light on a certain phase of life in the Lake Superior country, that I wish I could tell it here. I had intended to tell it. But sometimes the truth is dangerous, I find.

At any rate, I am going to make a novel out of it some day.



CHAPTER IX

HERCULES OF THE NORTH WOODS

"I TALKED with a boy who came in from Paul Bunyon's camp to-day," said Volmar von Inten, as we sat in the twilight.

I looked up. "Oh, is he a lumberman around here?"

"Yes, over here a way—on the Huron River. He 's the biggest logging man in upper Michigan."

"He 's one of the biggest in the United States," put in Axel. "How is old Paul coming along?"

"Well, the boy said Paul 's had a rather bad season."

"What!" I exclaimed, looking at Volmar. "Has he been having the same sort of trouble with the lumber clique as Dr. Karl?"

"No, Paul's trouble was different. You see, he drove a lot of logs down the Huron River last spring and when he got them to the mouth he found a big sand-bar. He could n't get the logs over the bar. So what did he do? He did the only thing there was to do. He drove them back up the river again."

I looked sharply at Volmar. His face was absolutely straight. So was Axel's. Or was Axel fighting a grin out of the corner of his mouth?

But driving logs up-stream! Even to a greenhorn like me there was something a little peculiar in that.

"How did he do it?" I demanded suspiciously.

"Oh, he gave the Blue Ox a big keg of salt, then took him up to the head of the river and let him drink. The Blue Ox drank so fast the logs were all sucked up-stream again. But the season was a dead loss."

"Yes, I should think so," I commented. "This Blue Ox must be quite an animal."

"He 's a big ox," said Axel. "You 've seen all these lakes around here in upper Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota? Well, those are the places the Blue Ox's feet sunk in when Paul was logging up through here one wet spring."

"I believe that was the year Paul and the Blue Ox worked all alone," Volmar mused. "He used to have two oxen, but the winter before he ran short of meat and killed one, and the next year labor was so high-priced that Paul fired all his men and worked in the yoke himself with Babe, the Blue Ox. Paul took out more logs that year than ever before."

"But there was another time they got short of meat in Paul's camp," said Axel. "Remember that?"

"Oh, yes, I heard about that. He cut off Babe's tail and he had ox-tail soup for three weeks for the whole camp of three hundred men."

We all laughed, Volmar in spite of himself, but his face fell back instantly into the gravity which, I have discovered, is the only proper expression for one telling a Paul Bunyon story.

"Paul usually has plenty of meat," he went on. "Shoots

it with that old '60-60' of his. That gun carries a good way. Paul always puts salt on the bullet."

"Why is that?"

"So the meat won't spoil before he gets to it."

"That was quite a stunt Paul did over here at Township Sixteen." Axel lit a cigarette. "There was a lot of good timber in the township, but he could n't get it to the river on account of the rough land in between. So he hitched the Blue Ox onto the township and pulled it right over to the river."

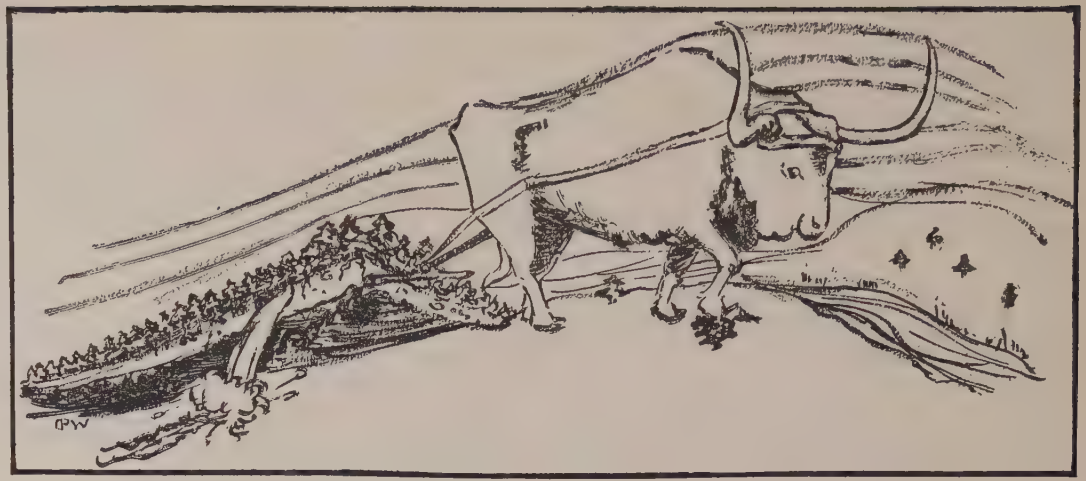
"Does Paul do all his lumbering around the Great Lakes?" I asked, with becoming seriousness.

"Oh, no; he logs all over. Why, one of the biggest jobs he ever did was when he cleaned up North Dakota. That used to be all thick woods, and look at it now. There is n't even a stump!"

After these revelations, I was prepared for almost anything. The details of Paul's camp, I learned, are on a scale commensurate with his deeds.

"Did you ever hear about Paul's kitchen?" asked Volmar. "The cook mixes the pancakes in a concrete mixer. The griddle is so big that the cook has two little niggers with hams strapped to their feet, skating around to grease it. When the cakes get brown on one side, the cook flops them through a hole in the roof and a man on the roof catches them and throws them back."

"When the men want pea-soup," caught up Axel, "the cook just dumps ten tons of peas into a small lake near the camp and builds fires around it."



So he hitched the Blue Ox onto the township

Indeed, he is a wonderful cook. Sometimes he helps out in logging operations. Once, when Paul was driving logs from one lake to another, he was held up by low water. The cook mixed a piece of dough and threw it into the upper lake. It puffed up fast and raised the lake so there was a good flow down to the next lake, and the logs went through all right.

Paul is very solicitous concerning the welfare and happiness of his men, it seems. There is the community pipe, for instance. Paul took a length of four-foot pine log and hollowed it out for a bowl, with holes all around the circumference. Every night after supper he fills this bowl with Peerless Plug. The men sit up to it, thrust their pipe-stems through the holes, and smoke to their hearts' content.

But Paul's efforts for his men's comfort are not always successful. A few years ago he built a new bunk-house.

"He made a botch of it," said Axel. "He got it so low the men had to crawl in on their hands and knees. The next year he built it over again. He made up his mind to have it good and high, and it was high. The only trouble is now that he has to wake the men in the top bunks with telephones."

So the stories went on and on.

Had Volmar and Axel invented Paul Bunyon? At first I thought that they had. They were both quite capable of having invented him. But they had n't, though no doubt many of his deeds had been born in their impish brains. Paul Bunyon, I discovered, is the great mythical

figure of the lumber woods, the Hercules of the North, perhaps the only genuine mythological figure we white Americans have produced. Who invented him, no one knows.

When a greenhorn comes to camp, the lumberjacks sit around talking solemnly about Paul. If the new-comer is credulous, the tales grow wilder and wilder. Often the older men sit gravely capping one another's tales of Paul, and half believing them themselves. Hence the immense number of Paul Bunyon stories. There are literally hundreds of them.

Certain stories are especial favorites. They reappear again and again, with different details and setting. The incident of driving logs up-stream is one of these. Sometimes the story is that Paul drove some logs down to a lake and found that it had no outlet. At other times, that he made a drive down the Mississippi, and then when he got the logs to New Orleans, the consignee refused to accept them. But the details and the setting of the tale are unimportant. The point is that Paul—sometimes with, sometimes without the help of the Blue Ox—*drove logs up-stream.* That is a feat only a lumberjack can appreciate.

Paul's great days in the Great Lakes region were in the eighties and early nineties. Since the decline of logging there, it is said that he has transferred his principal operations to the Pacific coast. But he must return for an occasional season in his old district. Did n't Volmar say that he had just talked with a boy who had come in from Paul's camp?

CHAPTER X

MY PAINFUL ADVENTURE AT THE C. & H.

ON the way back to L'Anse, I discovered by reference to the map that the copper-mining region was nearer than I had thought. It would take only an hour and a half to run up there on the train from L'Anse, said one of my companions. My longing to go down in the Calumet & Hecla mine—the deepest mine in the world—revived. My experience in mines thus far was confined to an unpleasant and uneventful half-hour of wet and dirt in an anthracite mine at Scranton. But the deepest mine in the world ought to provide a sensation worth recording. Besides, copper was a clean, bright substance. So, while Pat browsed among old French missionary history and Indian legends of the region around L'Anse and Baraga, I took a train north.

I had planned to omit the story of this trip from the book. Pat insists that, since the book is an honest record of events, the story must be included.

The railroad runs around the end of Keweenaw Bay, then strikes across country for Portage Lake, whose shore it follows to Houghton. Houghton and Hancock, two well-built towns, climb the bluffs on opposite sides of the waterway, half natural, half artificial, that severs the base of

the Keweenaw Peninsula from the mainland. Across the water, on the bluffs above Hancock, I saw the shaft-houses of some mines. One or two of them, a passenger told me, were almost as deep as the Calumet & Hecla. But I stayed on the train. I was bound for the deepest mine of all.

We crossed the bridge, climbed the bluffs up through Hancock, and struck away, over ridges growing ever more barren, toward Calumet. On one side, near the railroad track, was a curious sight—an eyeless town. Streets of houses, school, banks, stables, stores, churches, with every window boarded over tightly. On its edge were the mine buildings from which the life of the town had come, every door and window as securely planked over. Evidently the mine company had owned the town absolutely; when the mine went out of business, the town, went, too.

Calumet proved to be a town not dead, nor yet fully alive. It seemed to be in an undecided, half-way stage. I walked up to the center of town, found lunch at a counter, then sought the newspaper office.

"I don't know whether you 'll get down or not," said the editor. "I 've never been able to get anybody down. But try your luck."

I walked confidently to the offices of the Calumet & Hecla. I knew I should be sent down at once when I announced the name of the magazine I represented. My confidence in the ability of a representative of the press to get anything or anywhere he wanted was born in me in Europe, in the year following the armistice, when one government pulled a correspondent this way, another one that,

seeking to pour its propaganda into his ears; when every one said, "Yes, certainly," to all his wishes. I remembered an occasion on which one small and very new republic called a special council meeting of its ministers to greet my fellow correspondent and me, simply because we were the first American newspaper men to arrive over the border after the revolution, and how another republic had turned itself upside down to provide a motor-car, when motor-cars had gone out of existence, to satisfy a mere whim of ours. Here at home my experience with cities and corporations was that they all, big and little, were so slightly averse to publicity that it was better to conceal your identity when searching for information.

The general manager of the C. & H. was not in. I sent my card to the superintendent. An interminable wait. At the end of three quarters of an hour I saw a man enter and stride down the corridor. The general manager, Mr. McNaughton, the girl said. I sent a card after him. Another wait. Then I was asked to step this way. I followed to a door marked, "Assistant General Manager."

"Mr. McNaughton turned you over to me," said the man at the desk. "You wanted to see the mine?"

"Yes."

"The shaft-houses are out there, strung along in a row. You can go into them and look at the machinery. You 'll hardly need a guide."

"What about going down? To what shaft-house do I go for that?"

"Oh," he said, surprised, "you can't go down."

"I can't? Why not?"

"We never let anybody down. It 's an absolute rule."

"Why is that?"

"The danger. We can't take the responsibility."

"You don't need to in my case. I 'll sign a document freeing you of any responsibility in case I 'm injured or killed."

"I 'm afraid that would n't make any difference. It 's an absolute rule."

"But," I remonstrated, "I 'm writing some articles about the Great Lakes that are to be published in book form. I want to include everything—ships, factories, mines, everything. I can hardly omit the deepest mine in the world."

"There 's really nothing to see," he said. "I 've worked here twenty years and I 've never been down. There 's nothing to see."

"It would be new to me. And I 'm sure the public would be intensely interested."

"I 'm sorry; we can't let you go down."

"May I see Mr. McNaughton?"

"I'm afraid not. He 's very busy, and he 's going away at two o'clock for a week."

I rose sullenly and walked out.

In the nearest power-house, gigantic engines rotated a great drum which alternately wound up and unwound a long steel cable. The cable, carried on pulleys to the adjacent shaft-house, operated cars on an inclined shaftway. Up the cars came, loaded with a yellowish rock, dumped their contents into a pocket overhead, dropped swiftly into

the earth again. No human being was visible in the engine-room or the shaft-house or anywhere. Everything worked with an automatic, inhuman precision. Suppose I should jump quickly into one of these empty cars as it traveled down. Why not? I should get a story out of that, perhaps a very good story. Why not? I struggled with the temptation. There was no one here to prevent me from jumping in. But . . .

Just what happened to that car when it reached the center of the earth? Did a chute suddenly drop a load of ore upon the car? Did the car turn a flip-flop and dive into a bin of ore? Just *what* would happen to me? Yet even that uncertainty added to the temptation. What a story!—if I survived. It was the same sort of temptation that beset me one misty October dawn on the Meuse. I crouched in the mouth of the dug-out with the colonel. "All right," he said; "you can go over the top with the bunch if you want to. But you 're a —— —— fool if you do. All it 'll get you is an obituary in the Paris 'Herald.' " I thought of the gorgeous story I 'd have if I came through. Then I 'd thought of Patsy in Paris, and of home and mother—and I did n't. So now I thought again —and did n't.

Then, suddenly, I thought of something else—the letter. What an idiot! I'd go down in the Calumet & Hecla yet. I pulled it out. It was from a friend in New York to a prominent mining man of the district. "It will get you anything," my friend had said. I hurried back to the main street, consulted a telephone-book. Mr. —— (I have for-

gotten his name) lived in Laurium, an adjoining village. A woman answered the call. Mr. —— was in Chicago, gone for ten days.

Oh, well . . .

I walked back toward the mine, bitter. Opposite the main offices stood a small building, evidently a library. I stepped in. Almost the first book I chanced upon was T. A. Rickard's work on "The Copper Mines of the Great Lakes." Now, Rickard, I happened to know, was a mining engineer of national reputation. I turned to the chapter on the Calumet & Hecla. Perhaps I could reap a few vicarious thrills from his description.

I stared at the page. Rickard had been refused, too! He had n't gone down at all! "How humiliated the manager of the Calumet & Hecla must feel," wrote Rickard—I quote from memory—"to be forced to refuse an outside engineer the privilege that would be gladly accorded to him at any other mine!"

Only, I remembered, the man who refused me hadn't looked humiliated. Just busy.

Nevertheless I felt much relieved at finding myself in such distinguished company. I turned to go, my self-respect almost recovered. But the librarian, who evidently had guessed me a stranger, called out:

"Have you seen this?"

She held out a large, handsomely bound pamphlet. It was the special edition of the "Keweenaw Miner" issued on the occasion of the semi-centennial of the Calumet & Hecla mine.

"It contains a full history of the mine," she said.

Feeling a little more tolerant of the C. & H. now that I knew that its intolerance of underground visitors had nothing personal in it, I took the pamphlet and opened it.

On page 13 I found something that made my visit to the library worth while, the remarkable story of the discovery of the Calumet & Hecla. In the summer of 1864 a man named E. J. Hulbert, a mining engineer, was surveying a road in the wilds of the Keweenaw Peninsula. One day, walking through the woods, he came upon a curious shallow pit. It was artificial. And it was very old; an immense hemlock rooted in the refuse at the side of the pit proved that. Hulbert, clearing away the rubbish at the bottom, found a quantity of verdigris. He was excited; he had been looking for copper, and here it was. Hundreds of years before, some unknown Indian tribe had begun a mine here and, having opened a mass of virgin copper, had for some reason abandoned it, and through the years it had weathered into verdigris. So Hulbert assumed.

But, after removing the verdigris, to his surprise he found no trace of copper in the rock below the pit. Exploring roundabout, he did find, a few hundred feet to the southwest, a large block of conglomerate rock cemented with particles of copper, and the rock seemed to be near its original position. Hulbert was convinced that somewhere in the neighborhood there must be a large quantity of copper-bearing rock. Obtaining blasting materials, he returned to the pit. The first few feet of rock below the pit yielded no indication of copper. Then a blast uncov-

ered a great rich lode of copper-bearing conglomerate, the Calumet lode.

Why was the copper in the pit surrounded by non-copper-bearing rock? Investigation disclosed that the pit had not been a mine at all. It was a cache. It is supposed that the prehistoric miners of Isle Royale passed back and forth, between the island and regions farther south, by way of the Keweenaw Peninsula, and that a party of miners, returning south with the fruit of their summer's work, had been overtaken by an early winter and cached the treasure here to wait till spring. But some unknown circumstance prevented them from ever returning. By an extraordinary coincidence the cache was directly above the lode which was to become the richest copper-mine in the world! What a clumsy, incredible invention you would call that accident, if you encountered it in fiction!

The article in the "Keweenaw Miner" went on to relate how Hulbert interested two Boston men in his discovery, Quincy Adams Shaw (the same Quincy Adams Shaw who was the companion of Francis Parkman over the Oregon Trail) and Alexander Agassiz, son of the great Agassiz, and how Agassiz came up to run the mine.

Just before he [Agassiz] left for Calumet, Charles W. Eliot, an unknown young professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, met him on the street. He said, "Eliot, I am going to Michigan for some years as superintendent of the Calumet and Hecla mines. I want to make money; it is impossible to be a productive naturalist in this country without money. I am going to get some money if I can and then I will be a naturalist. I can get my own papers and drawings printed and help my father at the museum."

The story went on to relate Agassiz's desperate struggles in those early years, against all possible obstacles, natural and human, and his final amazing success.

Then I read about the Calumet & Hecla as it is now—the gold, silver, and bronze medals to employees for long service, the public bath-house, the library, the broom-school for men blinded underground.

When I had read all this and walked outside, I said to myself, "Now if I should go back to the office and tell them how miraculous I think the discovery of the C. and H. was, how wonderful I think Alexander Agassiz was, how admirable I think their hoisting-engines and shaft-houses are, how farseeing I think their care for their employees—the bath-house, the library, the medals, and the broom-school—if I tell them all that, perhaps they will let me go down into the mine and be killed, after all."

But I did n't.

I took the train.

CHAPTER XI

CLOVERLAND AND OTHER THINGS

ON the train bound Chicagoward from Marquette, Pat and I studied the map. Our immediate objective was Menominee, the city on the southernmost tip of the upper peninsula of Michigan, from which we proposed to take the steamer, the following morning, across Green Bay to Fish Creek. But the railroad from Marquette to Menominee passed through Escanaba, and for some reason that town troubled me. I knew of nothing in particular Escanaba had to offer; it was simply another ore-shipping point. I have skipped much larger places without a twinge of conscience. Yet I felt an overwhelming duty to give Escanaba at least a glance.

Pat had no interest whatever in Escanaba.

"All right," I said. "I 'll get off here and do this town, you go on to Menominee and do that, and we 'll meet there at the hotel this afternoon."

So it was agreed.

I had not been off the train five minutes when I wished that I had stayed on. A number of buses and jitneys were waiting at the station, but I set off afoot, for thus, I thought, I could get a better idea of things, and I did. Escanaba is one of those places where the business section

is five miles from the railroad station—or so, in those scraggly discouraged streets, it seemed. The main street, which I reached at last, was a wide, desolate thoroughfare ending at the lake.

In a small office on a side street I found the Chamber of Commerce.

"What is the matter with this town?" I inquired.

"You see," explained the man in charge, "the biggest activity here is the railroad yards. Over half of the taxable wealth here is in railroad property. But, according to Michigan law, the taxes on railroad property are pooled for the whole state and distributed to each city on the basis of population. So we lose out. To make up for the loss of taxes, we have to put the rate so high on other industries that they stay away. But we 've got the biggest wooden-ware plant in the world, and we 're going to get others, in spite of that tax rate. Be sure to say that about us. And the Great Lakes to Ocean Waterway is going to do wonders for us. Be sure to say that, too."

"I will."

"Of course you know that this is the metropolis of Cloverland?" he said, as I was making for the door.

"I really did n't. I confess I need to be reminded constantly that I 'm in Cloverland. I 've seen scarcely any clover. But of course I 've taken only a few railroad trips and motor-rides here and there."

"That 's an unfair way to judge," he said. "The best land is away from the railroads. It 's a wonderful coun-

try, and bound to have a marvelous agricultural future. Read this pamphlet."

On my way down the street I glanced inside its clover-cluster cover. A statement on the first page caught my eye:

There is not a city in Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, or Wyoming as large as Escanaba.

I was passing on with a "What of it?" but I had a sudden memory of the busy streets of Phœnix. I asked my way to the Escanaba Public Library. World Almanac, please. Population, page 342. Phœnix, Arizona, 29,053. Tucson, Arizona, 20,292. Albuquerque, New Mexico, 15,157. Escanaba, Capital of Cloverland, 13,103, a decrease of 91 persons since 1910.

The next statement in the pamphlet read:

There is not a city in Vermont, Wyoming, New Mexico, Nevada, Mississippi, Arizona, North Dakota, or South Dakota as large as Calumet.

Which seemed equally fantastic in view of the census which in addition to the figures for Phœnix gave Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 25,202, Meriden, Mississippi, 23,399, and the entire township of Calumet including Red Jacket, Laurium, and other villages, 22,379.

The next statement was:

The lumber products of Upper Michigan are equal to the lumber products of Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, California, Minnesota, Illinois, or Mississippi.

World Almanac: Lumber production, page 318. Entire State of Michigan, 875,891 feet BM. California,

1,259,363 feet. Mississippi, 2,390,135 feet. But, a thought intruded, perhaps "lumber products" and "lumber-production" are not the same thing. "Oh, they must be the same thing. I am sure," I told myself, "that the same gay imagination pervades this statement too, and all the other statements on this page, and these photographs of Cloverland field peas seven feet high and fields of oats running eighty bushels to the acre. Cloverland is indeed a wonderful place."

It was noon. Made hungry by my investigations, I entered a hotel, seeking lunch. A sign in the lobby announced the weekly Rotary Club Lunch for "to-day at 12:30." A thought assailed me.

"Look here, for years I have been deriding Rotary Clubs," I said to myself, "identifying them with everything I can't endure. All along our way we have been running into Rotary-Club luncheons and fleeing from them with ribald laughter. But what do I really know about Rotary Clubs? Nothing, save what "The Freeman" and Mencken and Sinclair Lewis have told me. Here is a chance for some insight into a great American institution. Perhaps it has been terribly maligned. If I seek out the president of the club and announce that I am an explorer of the Middle West, he may allow me to sit in and be educated."

But while I debated, the lobby had been filling with men who were unquestionably the members of the Escanaba Rotary Club, laughing and calling one another by their first names. They were all clean-shaven men, very

efficient-looking and prosperous. (Yes, *somebody* was making money in Escanaba.) As I looked at them, I saw —or thought I saw—what would happen at that lunch, the speech about the business outlook, the references to the bolsheviks and the labor unrest, the rehash of Sunday's golf, the jokes about bootlegging. In short, it would be a Rotary-Club lunch. No, I could n't. I should explode.

I slipped through a side door into the grill-room and lunched alone.

It was an hour and a half till the next train south. Across the way from the station rumbled and shrieked the wooden-ware plant. Penetrating its racket, I found in a big gloomy room a row of machines shaving birch and maple logs—fished out of a tank of hot water—into very thin sheets called "veneer." Other machines cut these sheets into long strips, six or eight inches wide. Boys rolled these strips up and piled them on hand-trucks which they pushed into another room full of smaller clattering machines and deposited a pile of rolls at each machine. A girl took a roll, inserted its end in her machine, and at the other side emerged a stream of finished wooden butter dishes, their ends neatly looped with wire. Some of the boys shoved their trucks to a machine which seized the rolls of veneer and cut them into squares. A girl caught up piles of these squares and fed them into a steam dryer. They came out at the other side and dropped into a box. A boy gathered them up and carried them to another machine that cut them into circles. He passed these

circles on to another girl who stood before a queer contrivance—a machine with a row of convex and concave disks, a steam pipe connected to each disk. Catching up an armful of the wooden circles, she thrust a dozen or so into the aperture between the first two disks, then the next aperture, the next, the next. Slowly the row of hot disks closed together, molding the circles of veneer to their shape, and as slowly moved apart. The girl turned, snatched from between the first two disks the handful of finished pie-plates, and so on down the line. Then she caught up another armful of wooden circles and, working swiftly, got the last aperture filled just as the disks began to move together again.

It seemed inevitable that she must burn her fingers as she thrust them down between the hot disks. She was a tall girl with dark eyes and a dead-tired face.

"Don't you burn your fingers?" I asked.

She gave me a quick glance.

"Sometimes."

Rapidly she piled up the plates she had just removed, turned back to her machine. The disks were moving apart. From between the first two she snatched a fresh handful of finished pie-plates.

In a room farther on, a gigantic revolving drum was disgorging a tangled river of toothpicks down a chute to a rack which jiggled them straight, then tossed them upon a carrier that took them to girls who sat in a row and crammed handfuls into little boxes which a machine sealed up and pasted with a label. Toothpicks. Toothpicks.

Where did they come from? I followed to the end of the drum and discovered that it was fed by a chute from the floor above. I climbed a ladder, peered into a loft. Toothpicks! Piles of toothpicks, mows of toothpicks, mountains of toothpicks; the source of all toothpicks; toothpicks enough to pick all the teeth of all the world for days and days and days.

"The toothpick machines are n't running to-day," said a passing workman. He pointed to a row of hooded machines resembling cowled typewriters. "Each one of those machines makes seventy-eight hundred toothpicks a minute," he added with pride.

In another room, upstairs, I saw the clothes-pin machines. A girl fed in little oblongs of wood; clothes-pins emerged, complete except for the notch. A chute carried these notchless pins to another girl, who seized handfuls, fixed them into the circumference of a wheel which revolved slowly in front of a saw that neatly cut the notch as each pin passed by.

I glanced at my watch. The train was almost due. As I hurried out I paused a moment at the door of the room where the pie-plates were made. The tall, tired girl was bent intently over her machine, her hands making quick snatches down between the hot disks.

Wooden pie-plates . . .

Menominee, Michigan, and Marinette, Wisconsin, live on opposite sides of the Menominee River, in an amity not true of all twin cities we have known. Once

both were booming sawmill towns, and there are still sawmills on the riverfront, but here, as elsewhere along the Great Lakes, the industry is steadily declining. Other industries are replacing it; the Menominee River Sugar Company, for instance, one of the largest beet-sugar factories in the world; the Lloyd Manufacturing Company, which makes doll-carriages and babies' go-carts; and several paper-mills. Cheap electric power, developed a few miles up the river, is a great asset to the towns.

Both towns have a certain charm. The main street of Menominee is long, straight, and wide, parallel to the lake, and on the lakeward side there are several old, dignified houses with yards extending back toward the water. Marinette seemed the more compactly built; and its business section, in a little knot of curving streets, bore a striking resemblance to a New England industrial town. A circular street-car line links the two towns closely, and most Menominee people seem to do their shopping in Marinette. It was a Menominee man who told us with local pride that Lauerman's, the principal department-store of Marinette, employed four hundred people.

While I was being told that Escanaba was Cloverland's metropolis, Pat was discovering Menominee to be its publicity center. The chief item in that publicity, she found, was an attractive periodical, "The Cloverland Magazine."

It was the managing editor, Mr. Henry A. Perry, who explained Cloverland to her.

"Sometimes," said Perry, "people mean by 'Cloverland' only the upper peninsula of Michigan. It really includes,

also, upper Wisconsin and northeast Minnesota, a vast region that is more or less a unit topographically and economically. Its southern boundary is a line from Green Bay west to La Crosse, then north on the Wisconsin-Minnesota boundary to St. Paul, and from there diagonally to Staples, Minnesota.

"There is a marked difference in the character of the settlement north and south of this line," he continued. "When the tide of immigration came West about sixty years ago and had spread north as far as this line, the treeless Western prairies were suddenly opened up and the tide rushed that way instead of farther north. The result was that the agricultural development of this country up here held back. It came mostly from lumberjacks who worked in the woods winters and farmed summers. Some came from miners. There was a group of miners up here in Iron County that were thrown out of work in the hard times of eighteen-ninety-four. They went in for farming; they had nothing else to do. Now they are all riding around in automobiles. You see, the soil up here is potentially very rich. It simply waits settlers."

"I've heard," ventured Pat, "that a lot of the land offered for settlement up here is burnt-over pine land, and that burning kills the soil."

Mr. Perry looked at her, with a pained expression. "Have you been reading those Lovejoy articles?"

"Lovejoy? Who is Lovejoy?"

"You don't know who Lovejoy is?"

"Never heard of him."

"Well, Lovejoy is a man 'The Country Gentleman' sent up here to write a series of articles. He stayed here only a few days. Then he went back and wrote a series absolutely misrepresenting Cloverland. Every one was furious. Governor Preus of Minnesota wrote to Mr. Curtis, President of the Curtis Publishing Company, denouncing the articles and demanding that the truth be told. The Curtis Company sent Lovejoy back. But, unfortunately, he did n't seem to take the matter seriously. He wrote a facetious article. Of course it did n't make any great difference."

"What did Mr. Lovejoy say?" asked Pat.

"Oh," dismissed Perry, contemptuously, "he showed some photos of pine barrens and swamps and told about settlers brought up here by cheating colonization companies. Of course there have been occasional cases of that sort, but such statements as his totally misrepresent the country."

"A man in Marquette told us that most of the land up here was owned by big lumber companies and that, now they 've cut off the timber, they want to unload the worthless cut-over land on ignorant settlers," suggested Pat.

"Did n't he tell you, too, that those big lumber companies subsidized this magazine so as to put the fraud over on outsiders?"

"No, he did n't. I had never heard of your magazine till to-day."

"Well," said Perry, "that charge has been made. But it 's absolutely untrue. This magazine is entirely inde-

pendent, managed by its editor and president, Mr. Andrews. A lot of the land up here is owned by the big lumber companies. Some of it is poor, but most of it is good farming land. You have to stay up here for weeks, and get away from the railroads, to see the best farming land."

Then Perry returned to the remark about the soil being killed by burning over. That charge seemed to rankle.

"Get it out of your mind," he said to Pat. "It 's a thing that almost never happens. I know of a great deal of burnt-over land that has turned out to be wonderful farming country. Now don't go and do the way Lovejoy did."

He went on to explain that the heavy blanket of snow up here in winter prevented winter killing, that the ice lying along the shores of the upper lakes in spring held back the first buds so that they were not nipped by late frosts. He told of the remarkable case of a consignment of cattle brought from Arizona to Cloverland and fattened three hundred pounds apiece in three weeks—or perhaps it was three months; Pat does not remember exactly. He spoke of climatic energy, of the good motor roads and fishing, and the excess of sunlight, and showed photographs of orchards and meadows, and told what the Great Lakes to Ocean Waterway would do, and wound up with, "Now don't you go and do what Lovejoy did!"

"He 's a convincing talker," said Pat, when I met her at the hotel in Menominee that evening. "I think that all he says is probably true, even if we have n't seen much of anything but pine barrens. Remember the Von Inten's

cherry orchard, and that fine farming land we saw back of Ashland."

"But what about these?" I displayed the curious statements on the inside cover of the clover-decked pamphlet.

She took the booklet, then suddenly burst out laughing, pointing to a sentence on another page: "It has been the aim of the writer not to boost." But she went on: "I don't think Perry or his magazine had anything to do with this stuff. I 'm sure they 're honest. But, Ron, it is funny! These people take Cloverland so hard it hurts. If this man Perry referred to Lovejoy once, he did a dozen times, and every time he said, 'Of course it did n't really matter.' Perry's last words were positively a threat. If we say anything against Cloverland, we 'll never dare come up this way again. I 'd be afraid for our lives!"

CHAPTER XII

AT DEATH'S DOOR

IT was a golden August morning, and Green Bay was bright blue. The *City of Marquette* steamed down past Menominee pier and headed toward the Green Bay peninsula, that long arm which divides Green Bay from Lake Michigan. Gradually the dim line across the horizon rose and became a wooded shore. Details appeared—headlands, bays. Into one of the bays we steered. It was a circular amphitheater of hills; high up on one side, on a steep slope, a white tower thrust through the trees. Below it was a sleepy pier. Half a dozen summerers in flannels drowsed in the sun. This was Egg Harbor.

A passenger or so got off, a few pieces of freight were dropped on the pier, we steamed on, north. Here and there a private wharf showed at the foot of the bluffs, which as we went on seemed to grow higher, and above we caught glimpses of houses among the trees.

"We must be almost opposite 'The Junipers.'" Pat peered eagerly at the shore. "That 's it! No, it is n't. Uncle George's boat-house has two decks. That 's it!" She pointed again. "Yes, I 'm sure. The flag 's out! I wonder if that 's for us."

We swung round the point into Fish Creek Bay. There were a spick-and-span white-painted village on the shore, a dock, and a crowd. From the crowd emerged a white figure, waving.

"There 's Alice!" cried Pat.

The boat sidled in to the dock; we hopped ashore and greeted Alice, and I hopped back on board again.

"See you to-night," I called back.

Pat had taken the trip up the peninsula to Washington Island in the old days when she went up from Chicago to Fish Creek to summer with Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle George at "The Junipers." When we learned that the *City of Marquette* would touch again at Fish Creek on the way down that afternoon, I resolved to go on and see the cliffs which Pat had so often described to me.

That deep amphitheater bay at Egg Harbor is characteristic of the whole west shore of the peninsula, save that the bays farther north are deeper, veritable fjords cutting into the high shore. A few miles beyond Fish Creek we dramatically rounded Eagle Bluff, two hundred feet above the water, and ran past Horseshoe Island into the deep bay of Ephraim, where a pleasant white village nestled round a dock. Horseshoe Island earns its title by enclosing a tiny round harbor, in which the largest lake passenger steamers sometimes take shelter. The island is owned, the plump and pleasant school-teacher from Manitowoc told me, by the banker Folda of Omaha, whose boyhood home was on the peninsula. It has been made a part of the immense state park that covers the whole

central part of the peninsula and will go to it when Mr. Folda dies.

Then on to Sister Bay, where the village was obviously more of a genuine native village than Ephraim and Fish Creek. Near the dock hummed Raeser's little sawmill, and a few rods away stood a weather-beaten, boarded-up warehouse, bearing the sign "Elliott B. Clark, Seedsmen, Milford, Conn." An old man on the dock explained that once this region had been a famous place for raising seed peas. But for some reason it had ceased to produce them profitably, and the warehouse had been abandoned for many years. . . . Next, Ellison Bay, guarded by high Ellison Bluff; an authentic fishing village where we took on our first load of fish. Up in the high land back of the bay, said the school-teacher, a group of professors of the University of Wisconsin have bought a large tract and made a summer colony, and Jens Jensen, the Chicago landscape architect, has built a fine house of logs and stone.

The limestone cliffs went up perpendicularly from the water. Their peculiar crisscross fissuring and the rectangular cavities at the water's edge gave the cliffs a startling resemblance to the fronts of gigantic brick-kilns, with the open fire doors below.

It was a curious coincidence that the captains of all three lake steamers we had traveled on thus far were Norwegians. Or perhaps it was n't a coincidence: perhaps all Great Lakes captains are Norwegians. The captain of the *City of Marquette,* the smallest steamer of the three,

was twins. Part of the time one twin was captain, and part of the time the other. Or perhaps one of the twins was only mate or wheelsman or something. But they both looked like captain, and acted like captain, and were as alike as two peas.

"Quite a few people come up this way to get literary material," said one of the captains, when he learned that I represented a magazine. "Edwin Balmer took a trip with me on Lake Michigan a few years ago. He was getting material for 'The Indian Drum.' Have you read that book? It 's a fine story."

I had to admit that I had n't but had heard it was very good.

"What do you write?—fiction, or what?"

"Now I 'm simply writing a plain story of this trip around the lakes," I explained. "But I 'm getting material for fiction, too."

"That 's right. It 's a wonderful place for fiction, up here."

Presently we drew round a high bluff and saw ahead the blue silhouette of Washington Island, which lies beyond the end of the peninsula. "Like the broken-off head of a spear," I said to myself, as I looked at the pilot-house map, feeling rather proud of the apt metaphor. Then I noticed that the metaphor would n't do at all. For the passage between island and peninsula was labeled "Port des Morts."

"Why is it called that?"

"A whole fleet of Indians sank out there, once," said the captain. "It was a fight between two tribes."

He was about to explain, but at that moment some one called him away.

When I found him at leisure a few minutes later, I asked him to continue.

"Tribes?" he said, staring at me. "Oh, I guess you were talking to my brother. "You mean about the fight out here in the passage. One of the tribes was the Winnebagoes. I don't know the name of the other. The tribe on the island came across and tried to get onto the mainland. The Indians on the mainland met them at the shore and fought them back. Those Indians that were n't killed were drowned in the storm that came up."

That is one version of the battle. A day or so later Hjalmar R. Holand, official historian of Door County, gave me his version, decidedly more picturesque.

The original inhabitants of the Green Bay peninsula, said Mr. Holand, were the Pottawotomies, called the most friendly and gentle of all Wisconsin Indians. From the south came a fierce tribe, the Winnebagoes, sweeping all before them. The Pottawotomies were driven from their homes and took refuge on Washington Island. After a time they heard that the Winnebagoes were plotting a descent on the island for their final extermination. In desperation, the Pottawotomies decided that their only chance of saving themselves was to strike first. Secretly they assembled their canoes, then, after dark, sent three

young warriors across the strait to set a signal fire to guide their passage.

But the Winnebagoes saw the three, seized them, tortured their secret out of them, then built a signal fire at another point, where the shore is sheer bluff. The battle flotilla of the Pottawotomies, which had advanced to Detroit Island, one third of the way across, set out for the light. Meantime a storm had arisen. The strait was a tumult of waves. The Pottawotomies, steering through the blackness for what they thought would be a level beach, were hurled against the cliff. Most of the flotilla sank. About thirty warriors, leaping from the crushed canoes, managed to gain a foothold in the crevices. They clambered upward, reached a narrow shelf. The Winnebagoes, peering down, saw them there, yelped, hooted, then climbed down to give them battle. And as the two bands fought there, hand to hand, on the narrow ledge, a wave from the mounting storm rose and brushed Winnebago and Pottawotomi alike down into the roaring gulf. . . .

If that is the true story, we have one of those rare instances in which events possess the dramatic irony of great fiction. If it is fiction, I salute the author.

The sinister name, "Port des Morts," received fresh significance from the number of vessels lost in this passage of hidden rock and treacherous current, after the coming of the whites. According to legend, it became the grave, in 1680, of La Salle's *Griffin,* the first white man's vessel on the lakes—though legend has been almost as generous with graves for the *Griffin* as with sleeping-places for George

Washington. When the lumber industry began on Green Bay, no season passed without its quota of schooners lost in Port des Morts. In one week of 1872, it is recorded, eight large lumber-boats went ashore here. These disasters, as well as the great saving in distance to be gained, led to the cutting in 1878 of the Sturgeon Bay Ship Canal through the base of the peninsula, which gives a direct route from the Menominee River to Lake Michigan and Chicago.

We continued up the west side of Washington Island and swung round Boyer Bluff into Washington Harbor. It has not the striking beauty of Washington Harbor of Isle Royale—no winding channels and rocky islands. It is a round, open bay with a fishing village on each side. The fishermen here are mostly Icelanders, said one of the captains. They are apparently far more prosperous than the Norwegians of Isle Royale. Some of the "parties" have steam-tugs; the others, large-decked gasolene-boats. Most of the fishermen have farms on the island, and many own automobiles.

This matter of Icelanders was interesting.

"Icelanders?" said a fisherman whom I accosted at his job of mending nets. "No, we 're all Americans."

"Did some of you come from Iceland?"

"Yes, but we 're all Americans."

I looked at the wide, peaceful sweep of the harbor, feeling that it would be delightful to spend a summer in one of the fishermen's houses peeping through the trees half-

way up the bluff. . . . The *Marquette's* whistle blew. The stay had been all too short, even though I was eager to rejoin my partner at "The Junipers."

"The Junipers" stands far back behind a stone wall and a row of gorgeous hollihocks and a grove of junipers, cedars, and birches, and looks down through a screen of leaves at the dancing lake. It is a house of great wide, cool rooms—"cottage," they call it, though it is hard for one brought up on the cottage of literature to remember to use that term. When Uncle George Clark came here twenty years or so ago, seeking a spot for a summer home, this shore was a solid tangle of woods. He bought a few acres, built "The Junipers," bought on down the shore, built a road between the two-hundred-foot bluff and the lake; and now there is a mile or so of "cottages," each nestling in the woods above its private dock. And Fish Creek, once a fishing village, has become a summer resort.

This is one thing that has happened to the Green Bay peninsula. Its shore villages have become summer resorts or the center of summer colonies. The other thing is cherries. The peninsula was settled in the fifties by Norwegian Moravians, who no doubt saw in its deep bluff-hedged inlets a suggestion of the land from which they had come. The Norwegians made the peninsula a prosperous farming country, but it was not until recently that some one discovered its special suitability for cherries. Peninsulas are that way, it seems. The surrounding water keeps the temperature equable, and equable temperature is

a matter on which cherries insist. Now there are miles of cherry orchards, immense canneries at Sturgeon Bay, and in the picking season swarms of workers come up from Milwaukee and other cities and camp in tents. Cherry-raising is profitable. This year Uncle George Clark took 2150 crates or 27 tons of cherries from five acres of his farm up on the bluff. These yielded $1.50 profit per crate, over $600 profit per acre. That is admittedly an exception. The average profit is $300 an acre, which seems to me rather good from what I know of farming. That does n't mean the average over a period of years but of the years when there is a crop. A sleet-storm may come along when the fruit is on the tree and ruin it utterly in half an hour. There are other chances of disaster, too—blight and insects.

"An acre of cherry-trees is like a hundred babies," said a man at Ellison Harbor. "They need constant looking after. First of all, you 've got to *like* cherry-raising. If you like it, you 'll study till you know how to handle the trees and give them the care they need. If you don't like it, you might as well quit."

A good many cherry-raisers have been quitting, cutting down their orchards and going back to general farming, leaving the specialized industry to those with the necessary enthusiasm.

One afternoon we drove over to Ephraim to see the annual regatta. There were canoe races and swimming races and diving contests and sailing matches. Yet the

most interesting thing was not the races but the racers and their friends. They were mostly boys and girls of ten to sixteen from the summer camps on neighboring islands and mainland, a deluge of sunburned youth in gay sweaters.

"Two-paddle canoe race, girls ten to twelve!" bawled the starter.

A scramble on the shore where the contestants were massed, and canoe after canoe shot off toward the starting-float.

We stared.

Girls ten to twelve? These sturdy Amazons looked fifteen or sixteen.

"I wonder what the next generation will be," speculated a woman beside us.

Everywhere we went we ran into these crowds of youngsters from the summer camps, and it was always the girls that astonished us most. Such vigor, such eagerness, such independence, and such size!

From Ephraim we retraced our route to a cross-road and struck east for Bailey's Harbor. Alice had heard something about a colony of khaki artists over there.

Bailey's Harbor is a quiet village on the Lake Michigan side, with a small sawmill and a few fishermen. The shore here, in striking contrast to the Green Bay side, sloped gently to the beach, though there are occasional bluffs farther back. As we drove up the single village street we overtook a young fellow in khaki trousers, toting a

drawing-board and easel. Then we passed the sawmill, and scattered in the field alongside were a dozen men with easels set, concentrating on the outline of a picturesque weather-beaten house that fronted the street. A little farther on was a building with wide porches, evidently a boarding-house, and across the road from it on the shore a rambling structure whose vast north window proclaimed it a studio.

"Mr. Schook is the director," a young man informed us. "Straight ahead through that gate and on up into the woods to a log cabin."

Alice parked her car at the side of the road and we left her and Aunt Elizabeth there and rambled through the gate and on into the woods. They were very beautiful pine and cedar woods sloping down to a rocky beach. Scattered here and there under the trees were tents, beyond them the log house. Here we found F. DeForrest Schook,—a pleasant, active, gray-haired man,—his wife, and two or three friends.

"We have about forty ex-service men here," explained Mr. Schook. "They are getting an allowance from the Rehabilitation Bureau of the Central States and studying art. It 's one of the most interesting jobs I 've ever had."

Then we discovered that Mr. Schook was, in winter, one of the faculty at the Chicago Art Institute.

"How long have you been there?" exclaimed Pat. "Did you know Ralph and Esther Holmes and Harry Townsend?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And Tom and Helen Stevens?"

"Yes, yes, of course!"

There was much happy reminiscence.

Presently we walked with Schook down toward the studio.

"The boys had a lot of fun with this building. We designed it ourselves, and then found an old barn, wrecked it, and hauled it here. Bill Muckian, who runs the Lakeside Lodge across the street, contributed six hundred dollars for new lumber for siding and floor. You see," Schook pointed as we entered the big room, which must have measured forty feet by eighty, "we can hold plays here and pageants, and we 've put in a dancing-floor. It will be a sort of community center for the village when we 've gone."

There were fifteen or twenty men working in the studio, under an assistant teacher. The day was divided into outdoor sketching in small parties and indoor finishing-up of work. The men were using various mediums, the subjects were very diverse, the manner varied from conservatism to extreme modernism. What we saw here in the studio and a few minutes later, on the walls of the Lakeside Lodge, forestalled a question I had had on the tip of my tongue. I had heard it charged that any service man could elect short-story writing or art and loaf for two or three years on Uncle Sam's money. But these sketches were not the work of loafers. Almost all of them showed talent, some a great deal.

"A man can't get the art instruction unless he shows

"Every man is an enthusiast"

ability," said Schook. "And after he 's accepted the instruction, he 's got to work, or get out. But I 've had no trouble keeping these men at work. Every man is an enthusiast."

But, after all, it was n't the pictures but the men that were the really interesting thing—the extraordinary variety of human nature and experience gathered here in this sleepy Wisconsin village to paint.

"That 's Kort, the professional clown," Schook said as two quiet fellows passed with a hurried greeting. "He came to camp with twenty-seven pairs of tights, two dozen wigs, and enough other stuff to outfit a circus. That boy with him is Nettles. Those two were the star actors in our show. Crowds followed the show from village to village, just to see Nettles dance and hear him tell stories. You ought to have seen that show! We had a parade down the main street here with Nettles leading in full armor, in a Roman chariot made out of a road-scraper. You see, they play just as hard as they work.

"And that—" we had come to the group sketching by the sawmill—"is Deegan the barber."

We approached Deegan, a little fellow in a straw hat, his face screwed down over his curious sketch.

"How did you happen to start painting?" Pat asked.

"Well, you see, it was this way. I used to shave Bud Fisher, down in Miami. That started me. I got to making sketches. Then I got my pictures in the veterans' paper."

"And that 's how Keegan became an artist," Schook added as we walked on. "Keegan 's another Irishman,

who 's always been a wild one. He was a runner at Soissons, was captured by the Germans, escaped, got back to the American lines wounded, and went to hospital. He ran away, was caught, put in the bastile, got away again. One day, after the army came home and he was convalescing in a hospital down South, he happened to see some of Deegan's sketches. He decided that if a Deegan could be an artist, a Keegan could, too. He 's the best man we have here. He has a natural feeling for landscape."

We went on around the group, talking with machine-tool operators, electricians, traveling salesmen, truck-drivers—now all eager artists. When we returned to the studio, we talked to Lundstrom, the Nebraska ranchman, who told us that, though he had studied only a year, he had already sold one hundred and eight paintings. Made seventeen hundred dollars last year.

"All the farmers out my way, now they 've heard of my success, they 're sending photographs down for me to draw enlargements," he laughed.

And we met Halstead, who owns an island.

"An island! Where?" cried Pat, who loves islands.

"Down near Samoa."

"How did you find it?"

"Oh, I was knocking round down there and ran into it. Nobody seemed to want it, so I staked a claim."

"Have you got it yet?"

"Well, I guess so. I left it, to go to war."

"Going back to it?"

"Well, I guess so. I got gassed, and I 've got to get over that first." . . .

But Alice and Aunt Elizabeth! We had to be off.

"Oh, by the way," said Schook as we climbed into the car, "be sure to look up the Business Men's Art Club when you get down to Chicago."

CHAPTER XIII

BEERLESS MILWAUKEE

THE following evening, continuing our journey south, we boarded the steamer which, on its course back and forth between Chicago and Mackinac Island, puts in for a few moments at Fish Creek. And we experienced an interesting sensation.

I have recorded the fact that Duluth struck us sharply with a facial and linguistic difference—that Scandinavian features and accent predominated as do the Semitic in Manhattan. Perhaps "predominated" is too strong a term. At least they gave a racial color to Duluth. On the trip up the North Shore to Isle Royale the crew and passengers had been either Scandinavians or Anglo-Saxons. In our wanderings through the upper peninsula of Michigan we had encountered Scandinavians or Anglo-Saxons almost entirely. The inhabitants and the summer visitors here on the Green Bay peninsula were almost all Scandinavians or Anglo-Saxons. In other words, our human contacts for weeks had been almost purely Nordic—an appallingly scholastic word, but I can think of no other. We had ceased to be conscious of being among Nordics. We had grown to accept it as a natural thing, to forget that there was another America we had left behind.

Then, boarding the *Carolina* that night, we jumped back into the other America. The upper Lake Michigan resorts —Mackinac, Charlevoix, Harbor Springs, Petoskey—are the summer homes of many wealthy people of the Middle-Western cities and are sought by a much larger number of those who like to be on the edge of the expensive, fashionable world. The *Carolina,* that night, was crowded with the latter class returning from their vacations. It is incorrect to call it the Semitic face and accent. It is that curious compound of Jew, Italian, Hungarian, Greek voice and face that Anglo-Saxons of the big cities themselves acquire, at least Anglo-Saxons of a certain thick stratum of city life. It is more than voice and face. It is gesture, interests, way of looking at things. All that we plunged into as we boarded the *Carolina.* Yes, we were headed back for the big towns.

But we did n't stay up very long, to revel in the familiarity of our surroundings. We took two turns around the deck, and went to bunk.

In the morning we went on deck to find a coast of low yellow bluffs dimly seen to starboard through soft haze. During the night the *Carolina* had passed through the Sturgeon Bay Canal and was now driving down the west shore of Lake Michigan. The lake was intensely blue, changing sharply to green—the color of wash-tub water—near the shore. Then came the unmistakable signs of the approach to a large city. The yellow bluff was crowned with an occasional mansion in large grounds, then with a

steady succession of large houses. The shore bent gently inward. There was a long green park along the water. The *Carolina* shifted her course, headed straight for the shore. Out of the mist came the solid curving waterfront of a city, with a mass of smoking factory chimneys at its southern extremity. Apparently we were headed for some dock on the open waterfront, but suddenly a narrow opening appeared ahead. We drove directly into it. What was it? A slip? A canal? Whatever it was, it ended shortly. A great warehouse barred our way, square. We drove directly at it, full tilt. A grand smash was inevitable. I clutched Pat's arm.

But, just at the last moment, a turn of the narrow lane of water revealed itself; we swung neatly round the warehouse. Yet there again, square ahead, was another bigger warehouse, barring our way. At that we drove, also at full speed. Yet another turn revealed itself; again we swung neatly round the barrier. It was n't a canal. It was a narrow river, winding right into the heart of the city. A bridge appeared ahead. We tooted. The bridge did n't swing promptly, as I remembered the bridges on the Saginaw River had always done when steamers whistled. Yet on we rushed, bent, apparently, on hurling the bridge off its piers. Then, while Pat and I held our breath, the bridge parted in the middle, its two halves tilted upward, we grazed through by a hair. No one else seemed excited by these narrow escapes. They appeared to be the regular thing.

Now the *Carolina* was headed straight for a sky-scraper

labeled "First Wisconsin National Bank." But I was becoming skeptical. I had a feeling that something would avert disaster. Something did. The *Carolina* sharply checked speed and sidled up to the dock on the left.

"What is the best hotel?" I asked the policeman at the dock.

"The Pfeister."

When we reached the exit of the wharf, I put the same question to a taxi-driver, for the unfamiliar name puzzled me.

"The Pfeister, sir," he confirmed.

The Pfeister is one of those hotels built in the grand manner of an age that may not be so far past in actual years but seems immensely remote—a vast, cavernous, gloomy lobby of mottled red and yellow marble, large rooms comfortable enough but lacking the features of "up-to-date" hotels. Later in the day we discovered that there are two other, more modern hotels in Milwaukee. But the Pfeister, in spite of its old-fashionedness, or perhaps because of it, is considered the exclusive hotel of Milwaukee. It is a losing enterprise, I learned, maintained as a matter of family pride by its owner, who made his money in the tanning business.

There is nothing that distinguishes the Pfeister from its more commercial and modern rivals as sharply as its dining-room. You ascend the elevator to the seventh floor, walk down a long corridor with windows on one side in

whose panes dance fat blue nymphs, and on the other side imposing oil-paintings in tremendous gold frames. Finally you reach a gigantic, desolate room with a dark ceiling tremendously high up and windows toward the ceiling fitted with green glass dotted with reddish fleur-de-lis. Scattered at great distances around this room are forlorn tables and among them the few lonely ferns in china pots which give this prandial chamber its name, "Fern Room."

In spite of all this, and especially to forestall indignant letters from Milwaukeeans who proudly take their friends here to dine, I hasten to add that the Pfeister is not at all a bad hotel.

We set out to explore. The down-town streets of Milwaukee have nothing distinctive in lay-out or architecture. There are no striking buildings or vistas. This might be the down-town of any one of a dozen unindividualized Middle-Western cities. We walked west, discovered two good book-shops, almost next door to each other, then continued on to the river. In an attempt to refute the charge that their city lacks distinction, Milwaukeeans may cite their river winding through the heart of down-town. But the river struck us as an opportunity for distinction rather than as a distinction. Milwaukee has taken no advantage of the river save in a purely commercial way. No, there is an exception—the stone terrace along the First Wisconsin National Bank building. For the rest, the river is

hedged in, almost hidden, by ugly buildings flush with its bank. However, we heard talk of terraces and boulevards to be created in connection with a civic center.

Grand Avenue, the principal business street of Milwaukee, beginning at the river, resembles Fourteenth Street for a few blocks, then becomes more attractive, with a parkway down its center. At about the point where the parkway begins, stands the imposing Public Library and Museum.

Several things in the library interested us, particularly the little printed cards and leaflets calling attention to interesting books. There was a series of leaflets entitled "Best Books on Big Subjects," reprinted from the Milwaukee "Journal," each group picked by a book expert of the library and relating to some topic of the moment in Milwaukee—a notable play or visitor coming to town, the primary election, the Great Lakes to Ocean Deep Waterway. Another card was headed, "When Can I See the Brewers at Athletic Park?" Underneath was the Milwaukee baseball team's complete schedule for the remainder of the season. On the other side of the card, a list of baseball stories, among them Christy Mathewson's "Catcher Craig," Ring Lardner's "The Real Dope," Van Loon's "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm," and books on inside baseball by Johnny Evers, John McGraw, and others. Well, why not? Why should n't a library give out baseball schedules as well as lists of books on the Einstein theory? That it should is nothing remarkable, but I thought it an evidence

worth recording of how far this library has swung away from the old conception of a library as a place where books were kept locked up so that they would n't wear out.

The words "Brewers" recalled me to a subject that had been on my mind on our way to Milwaukee. How much had the loss of her principal industry hurt Milwaukee? The blow must have been a severe one indeed. The fond retention of that nickname for the team seemed to indicate a stubborn pride in the memory of the beverage that had made Milwaukee famous—and rich.

We went back down-town and sought the Association of Commerce.

"How hard has prohibition hit Milwaukee?" said the gentleman to whom we were referred. "To tell the truth, it has hardly affected us at all. Brewing was n't the principal industry of Milwaukee."

"It was n't?" I exclaimed.

"No, it was merely the best-advertised industry. Why, we have a dozen industries here whose annual production was greater in dollars than the brewing business. The value of our metal trades products last year was *fifteen times* that of the value of all the beer made here in nineteen-eighteen, the last year before prohibition. The value of the foods manufactured here was *seven times* as great. Look there; see that plant over there." He pointed through the window. "That 's the Palmolive plant. The value of their product this year will be about twenty-three million dollars. The value of all the beer produced here in

There is an exception—

nineteen-eighteen was twenty-two million five hundred thousand dollars."

Pat and I looked at each other. Truly, great was the power of advertising!

"I did n't know Palmolive was made in Milwaukee," said Pat.

"Few people outside Milwaukee do know it. They 're wonderful advertisers, but the advertising is n't connected up with the city the way the beer was." He turned. "Now let me tell you some things about Milwaukee."

These things he told us I wish to set down, in justice to Milwaukee, for there must be many others who have been picturing this town prostrated by prohibition. But before doing so I must interpolate that, though Milwaukee is officially beerless, there is real, potent beer to be had, just as in every other American city. I observed and overheard a few things down around the waterfront. . . .

Now to our friend's superlative facts:

Milwaukee is the greatest machinery-manufacturing city in the world. Sixty per cent. of the machinery used on the Panama Canal, for example, was made in Milwaukee. "From the mines of Alaska to the fields of the Argentine," eloquently proclaims the "Wisconsin News," "from the Siberian steppes to the gold-fields of the Transvaal, in India, China, and Japan, in Australia and the islands of the sea—wherever man reaps or mines, digs or saws, manufactures or transports—you find machinery from Milwaukee, spreading her name and fame." Prominent among these machinery-builders are the Allis-Chalmers Company,

gigantic makers of power-plant and mining machinery; the Bucyrus Company, largest makers of steam-shovels in America; the Pawling & Harnischfeger people, who lead in the building of cranes and hoists.

Milwaukee is the world's leading city in the manufacture of enamelware and tinware.

Milwaukee has the largest refrigerating-machinery builders in America, the Vilter Company.

Milwaukee is our largest producer of toilet soaps.

Milwaukee is our largest manufacturer of silk hosiery. "Everwear" and "Phœnix" are made here.

Milwaukee is the largest manufacturer of small boat motors in America.

Milwaukee has the largest tanneries for upper side leather and calfskins in the world.

Milwaukee is the largest insurance city west of the Alleghanies.

"Do you know that the manufactured products of Milwaukee run several hundred million dollars greater in value than those of Detroit?" posed our friend.

"How can that be?" I objected. "Detroit is over twice as big as Milwaukee."

"Because their industry is all in one line, where the value is comparatively low per workman. Our industries are diversified, and the value is high per workman."

That the value of the automobile is low per workman surprised me, but our friend spoke as a man who knew. I suppose the Ford car brings the average down.

Several times he referred to Detroit. The other Great

Lakes cities are, we found, rather jealous of the amazing growth of Detroit, but with Milwaukee the "rather" may be omitted. For forty years Milwaukee and Detroit traveled along side by side in population; in 1860 there was a difference of 373 between the population of the two cities; in 1900 the difference was 839. Then came the automobile; Detroit shot ahead like a rocket, and some of her sister cities have been predicting that as she went up, so might she come down.

"When the smash came in nineteen-twenty-one, Detroit was on her back," the Association of Commerce man reminded us, "whereas it affected us very little, because we are spread out in many lines. Do you know," he went on, "that if you run through any issue of 'The Saturday Evening Post' you will find more things advertised from Milwaukee than from any other city?"

I did not know that, and I was much impressed.

When Pat and I got down to the street we bought a "Post" and tried it out. It was n't true of that particular issue; in fact, Detroit seemed to beat Milwaukee two to one; but it was impossible to tell accurately, for many national advertisers give no address in their advertising copy, or only the address of the head offices, while the factories may be located anywhere. Cities which, like Milwaukee, crave publicity should ask their manufacturers always to state, in their national advertising, the location of the plant. But even if all Milwaukee manufacturers should do so, it would probably be a long time before we should associate toilet soap, concrete-mixers, electric

pumps, steam-shovels, or silk stockings with Milwaukee as we used to associate beer with this town. A slogan like "The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous" is invented only once in a generation.

"This is a good business town," said the Western Union girl in our hotel, "but it 's a one-street town and a one-horse town. Of course if you belong to the Wisconsin Club or the Athletic Club you 're all right, but if you 're an outsider there 's no fun in Milwaukee. You have to go down to Chicago to have a good time. Just look at Grand Avenue after nine o'clock. It 's dead."

She was right. Grand Avenue was dead after nine o'clock. Milwaukee is evidently a place where people work hard and go to bed after supper—or to Chicago. Perhaps, in the days before Milwaukee became a great industrial center, in the heyday of beer and freedom, it was a gayer place. In an article about Milwaukee in "Harper's Magazine" for 1881, there is a picture of a summer night in a Milwaukee beer-garden that looks like a fête at Versailles in the reign of Louis XIV.

The Association of Commerce man had increased our respect for Milwaukee. It was not until the following day, however, that we gained a true conception of the greatness of the town.

A citizen who had heard of our arrival called us up at the hotel and informed us that he was coming around with a motor

"Have you seen our parks?" he asked.

"No," I admitted.

"Have you seen our Inner Harbor?"

"I 've heard of it."

"Well, Mr. Waldron, I 'm going to show you and your wife some things this afternoon you 've never seen before. I 'm going to show you the most wonderful harbor you 've ever seen. I 'm going to show you the most beautiful private residences you 've ever seen. I 'm going to show you the most magnificent parks you 've ever seen."

"Good!" Pat exclaimed, when I had put the receiver down and communicated the message; "but why was the Association of Commerce man so modest?"

Our guide came. We sped westward on Grand Avenue, then swung south over a great viaduct that spanned a river far below, and a wide valley full of coal-docks and railroad tracks and industrial plants. The Milwaukee River, he explained, divides into three shortly above its mouth and becomes the Milwaukee, the Menomonee, and the Kinnickinnick. The river below us was the Menomonee.

"See it?" he demanded, stopping the machine. "Our Inner Harbor, the best harbor on all the lakes for depth, safety, and constant availability. No other city on the lakes has a harbor like this, running right back through the city to a great industrial area. See those immense plants. Deep water right up to them all. And room for any number more. Milwaukee is the only city on the lakes that is ready for the Great Lakes to Ocean Deep Waterway. The Inner Harbor is dredged to twenty-five and

thirty feet, right up this far. Ships from Liverpool and Hamburg can come right up to the door of these plants. That waterway 's going to be a great thing for us. Do you realize that Wisconsin, which has only two million seven hundred and fifty thousand now, can support fifteen million when we get a direct route to the market for our goods? Fifteen million people! Think of it!"

"And will they be any happier than the two million seven hundred and fifty thousand?" was on the tip of my tongue.

We shot on across the viaduct and in a moment or so were whisking through a large, attractive park. The quick change from factory smoke to lawns and trees and concrete bathing-pools was startling. "That 's another advantage of Milwaukee's Inner Harbor," our guide exclaimed. "It concentrates the industrial area down in the middle of town, yet makes it invisible a hundred yards from the edge of the valley."

We swung across the park and back through the business section of town, toward the lake. Here was another park, the one we had seen from the *Carolina,* clothing the low bluff as far as the eye could reach. Through it we whirled. Below were the beach and the wide blue lake, on the other side rows of modern houses and apartment buildings.

"Do you realize that Milwaukee has more miles of public bathing-beach than Atlantic City?" he sang out. "That Milwaukee *sees* more water than any other city in the world?"

"Sees more water?"

"Yes, we 're built high; we look down on it. We *see*

more water than any other city in the world! Look, what a sweep of water! Water everywhere! Did you ever see anything like it?"

The lake was indeed magnificent. More water than any other city in the world! I tried to remember Duluth and Trieste and to imagine Sydney and Rio. But—yes, it must be. Milwaukee! We rushed on.

"Now, I 'm going to show you the most magnificent residences you 've ever seen! There 's nothing in New York or Chicago or anywhere in the world to compare to them! Absolutely nothing!"

Pat and I exchanged a glance. I thought of upper Park Avenue and of Park Lane and the streets around the Étoile and certain palaces in Westchester and on Long Island. What unimagined splendors awaited us? I knew they did await us. Our man was absolutely convincing.

"Do you realize!" he cried, turning on us suddenly, "that sixty per cent. of the wheelbarrows of the United States are made in Milwaukee?"

"No!" we cried in one voice.

"Yes, and another thing: Milwaukee is the world's second largest manufacturer of doll-carriages!"

"The second largest! Oh!" we cried, helpless with admiration; "wonderful!"

We swerved out of the park into a boulevard.

"Boulevards! Miles of boulevards! A park within ten minutes of every section of the city! There, see that!" He pointed swiftly to a policeman's "Stop and Go" apparatus. "Invented and first used in Milwaukee!"

Off to the right, among some trees, was a group of buildings.

"Do you realize that the largest girls' school in the United States is in Milwaukee? That 's it, right there!" We tore on. "And there, that!—that 's a trade-school. The first trade-school and the first kindergarten in the United States were established in Milwaukee! Think of that! The kindergarten was born in Milwaukee! Did you know that?"

He was just getting into full swing.

"Do you realize that seventy-five per cent. of all the saw-mills produced in the United States are built in Milwaukee?—To the right," he directed the chauffeur.—"There! See that sign? Arterial highway. A new and wonderful scheme for facilitating traffic. Is spreading to all big cities. Originated in Milwaukee! Oh, I forgot!" He paused, startled. "*Did* you see those residences I was talking about? We passed right by them and I forgot to point them out!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" Pat caught up instantly. "We saw them. Really, they were wonderful."

"Maybe I better go back and point them out——"

"Oh, no, no, no! We would n't trouble you for the world. We saw them plainly. They were wonderful."

"Did you ever see any houses like them before, in Chicago, Detroit, anywhere?"

"No; no, I don't believe we have. No, I 'm sure we have n't."

"I know you have n't! Do you realize that there is more wealth per capita in Milwaukee than in any other city in the U. S.? Yes, and another thing. Milwaukee has the smallest area per population of any city in the United States! Get that? The smallest area per population in the United States!"

"How amazing!"

"Straight on, Joe.—Now I 'm going to show you the zoo. The most complete and wonderful zoo owned by any city in the United States." We whizzed on. "You 'll see some things you 've never seen before.—To the left, Joe.—We 're coming to it. Just a few blocks more.—Straight on, Joe. —Here we are. See? Did you ever see any park like this before? Look at the cages, look at those buffalo over there. Did you ever see buffalo as big as those? Look at those camels. Now here, here 's where we stop.—Stop, Joe.—Come on."

He clambered out and we followed.

"Come on over here. Here 's something you 've never seen before. An island—see? And monkeys running around on it, *loose!* And a bear with them! Look at that! Did you ever see anything like that before? Did you ever see such big monkeys and such little monkeys running around together? Look at them running up that tree! *Loose!* Absolutely loose! You see, they 're over there. They can't get off. It 's an island, and they stay there because a monkey hates water. Was n't that a wonderful idea? Originated in Milwaukee! I tell you,

the man that runs this zoo is a wonderful fellow. The most daring and original zoo man in the United States! Look at those two monkeys fighting up in that tree! Look at them. Is n't that funny? Did you ever seen anything like that before? No, I know you never did. Now come on over here. I want to show you something more wonderful still."

He started across the road. There were some big concrete caves behind big iron fences.

"Now, here, I want you to see this. The first polar bear ever born in captivity! Born in Milwaukee! Get that? Born in Milwaukee! Now I want you to see him. He 's a wonder. Come on, come on over here. Well, that 's too bad. He 's back in his cave. Maybe we can see from this side. In there, he is. Can you see him? Bend down a little. Right there—see? See that animal way back in there? That 's him! I know that 's him! The first polar bear ever born in captivity! Remember that! Born in Milwaukee. Sorry we can't see him plainer. He won't show himself to-day. I 'll bring you back to-morrow. Remind me to do that. To-morrow we 'll be out here bright and early. You 've got to see him before you leave Milwaukee. *The first polar bear ever born in captivity!* That 'll be something to remember all your lives. Now come on. Climb in.—Drive slow, Joe.—Now look over there. Look at those peacocks. Did you ever see such peacocks? Such big peacocks? And ostriches—say, look at those ostriches! Did you ever see such long legs? And look there—those lions! Look at them! Look at

them! Look at the size of that fellow! Look!—Drive on, Joe.—Say! there! under that tree! Look at those robins! Look at them! Say, did you ever see such big robins as those before? *Look at them!* Robins! . . . "

Oh, Milwaukee!!!

CHAPTER XIV

CHICAGO DESTROYS A PREJUDICE

MOST of my memories of Chicago were of lonely tramps through grimy, sleety streets above which crashed and jangled the Loop L—aimless hours killing time between trains on my way to and from Colorado and Arizona. Once I had visited some relatives out on the West Side; the memory of the visit was of a journey across a slimy river and monotonous miles of grimy roofs. The lake front, of which Chicago boasted, was a place of raw winds and ugliness. I had read much of the Chicago Plan, but its details were so grandiose that they had no reality. For twelve years, from 1903 to 1915, I had passed through Chicago at intervals and that ugly lake front, that ill-kept front yard of a great city, remained—or seemed to remain—the same.

One memory of Chicago glowed. At the Chicago Art Institute I had seen my first pictures. The emotion that a certain Inness landscape,—a low red western light behind a file of tall poplars,—Monet's "Cliffs at Trouville," Winslow Homer's "Breakers" had given me, was a precious thing, unforgettable and never to be repeated, just as the emotion of the first glimpse of the sea or the mountains or an ancient city can never be repeated. But that

glow had grown faint, almost hidden by those other monotonously repeated impressions—grime, noise, cold, impersonality.

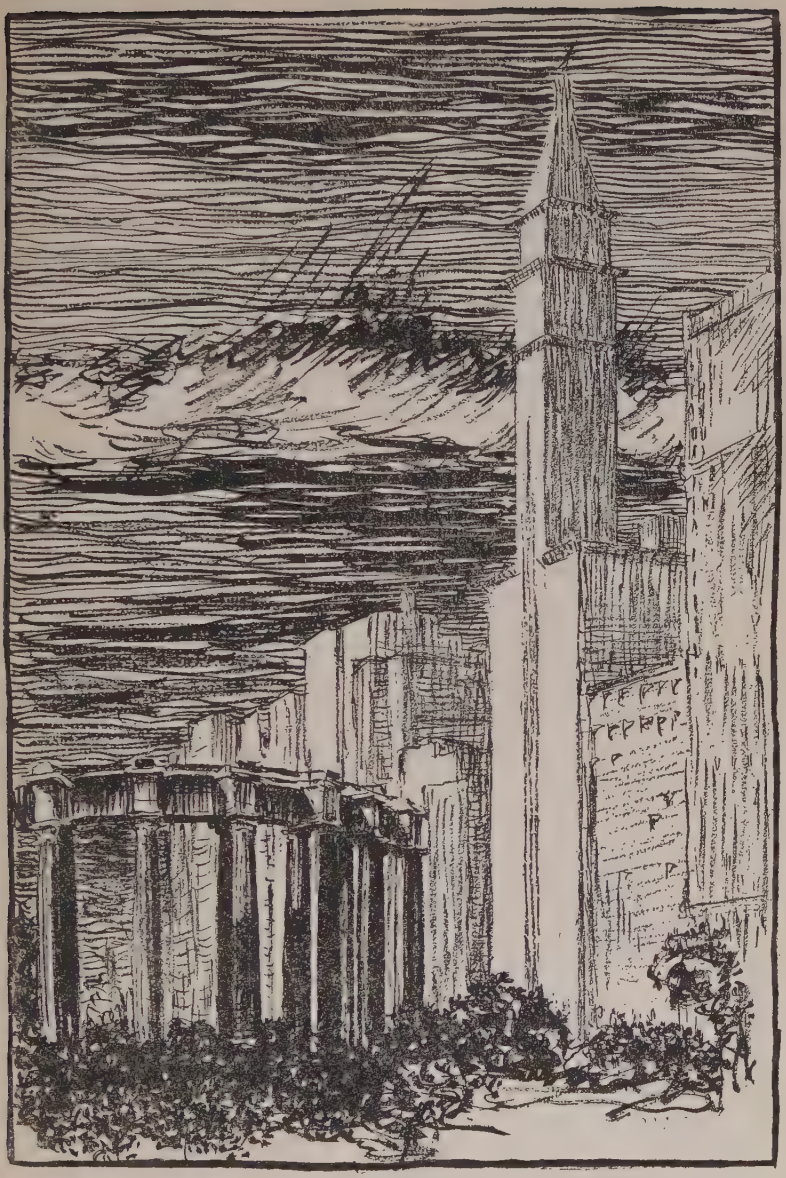
Now, coming not to hurry through Chicago but to see it, I received an impression that was at once amazingly different. The first thing that caught our eyes as the taxi whirled down Michigan Avenue from the boat-dock, in early morning, was the new Michigan Avenue bridge, the imposing link between the North and South Sides. Then, farther on, a white façade, far out against the lake. Though we could see that the outer reaches of Grant Park, beyond the Illinois Central tracks, were still a vast dump-heap, the Field Museum, planted there boldly at the brink of the lake, complete, was a convincing sign that Chicago's dream was on its way to reality. Beyond the museum, steam-shovels were digging out the floor of the great city stadium that will seat one hundred thousand people. Given these, we could visualize the rest—the imposing station that will replace the present unbeautiful Park Row, the green sweep of Grant Park, the chain of lagoons following the lake shore. We could almost imagine the imperial Civic Center, cutting into and breaking up Chicago's dense crisscross of streets, though it is not, I believe, in the Chicago Plan Commission's immediate program.

Thus the idea of a beautiful city, born of the World's Fair, is coming to reality.

It was in 1894, the year after the fair, that Normand Smith Patton, a prominent Chicago architect, President

of the Illinois Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, suggested that the lessons learned at the World's Fair be applied to the grouping of Chicago's public buildings. Mr. Patton's agitation led to the founding of the Chicago Municipal Improvement League, of which he was first president. In the following year the league, under Mr. Patton's direction, drew up a comprehensive plan for the lake front. Simultaneously, Daniel H. Burnham worked out a plan in his offices. These plans were broadly similar and formed the basis of the final Chicago Plan, elaborated by Burnham, and submitted to the city in 1909, fourteen years later. By a curious injustice, Patton's work for the planning of Chicago has been forgotten; the credit is given entirely to Burnham.

That the plan, once agreed upon, has been adhered to and pushed forward through the vicissitudes of Chicago politics, is due largely, no doubt, to the fact that the Chicago Plan Commission, created by the City Council in 1909, has had the shrewdness to "sell" it to the city. A text-book of the plan, "Wacker's Manual," was prepared under direction of Mr. Charles H. Wacker, chairman of the commission, and adopted in the public schools. Simply and vividly, with a profusion of pictures, the book explains what city-planning means; how European cities have been planned; why Chicago needs a plan; the advantages, artistically and economically of the plan; the responsibility of each citizen toward it. Hundreds of lectures about the plan have been given to school-teachers, school-children, clubs, and societies.



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After one has seen something of the outward Chicago as it is, and has visualized what it will be to the eye in a few years, has seen a little of its life, one wonders why New York feels superior. Chicago has its own opera and many first-run theatrical productions. It has cabarets and a bohemia. It has one of the world's great art galleries and Ben Hecht. It has the "World's Greatest Newspaper," the Municipal Pier, and the Cliffdwellers. It has the Hotel Drake, more sumptuous, it seemed to me, than any hotel of New York. It has upper Broadway in Sheridan Road. Though it has no ocean liners docking at its piers, it confidently believes that the Great Lakes to Ocean Deep Waterway will bring them there. It has some things that New York has not at all—for instance, bathing-beaches within a few steps of fashionable streets; outdoor symphony concerts and opera at Ravinia Park. And most important of all, Chicago has that intangible thing, a metropolitan air. Going from Milwaukee to Chicago is going from the village to the city. Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Pittsburgh, St. Louis—they are all still overgrown villages. Chicago alone of the Middle West, alone of all our cities save New York, is a metropolis. You feel it instantly you arrive, if you go as I went this time, open-minded and eager to see it, not as I used to go, frozen-minded and self-absorbed and hurrying through it.

To be sure, New York has certain enormous advantages. It has most of the magazines and book publishers. Middle-

Western artists and writers come to Chicago to get training and a start, then move on to New York. Look through the magazines and you will find more illustrators who got their training at the Chicago Art Institute than at any other school, almost more than at all other art schools combined. Middle-Western writers, once established in New York, forget that Chicago and the Middle West exist, lay their stories in New York and its vicinity, write their articles and poems about New York, aggrandize New York to the public that reads books and magazines. One favorite illusion cultivated by magazine fiction is that to be a successful newspaper reporter, space salesman, broker, or panhandler in New York requires a higher kind of ability than to succeed in Chicago, Cleveland or St. Louis. Foreign visitors gain their first and last impressions of America in New York, newspapers record more of their impressions of New York than of all the rest of the country combined, and the opinion of foreign visitors is one thing that all Americans religiously read.

Yet the fact remains that, despite Chicago's consciousness of these handicaps, she pays New York very little deference. Pat interposes here with her testimony—her surprise when she went from Chicago to St. Louis to live and discovered a city that hung on New York, took New York newspapers, fashioned itself on New York society, gossiped of New York theaters and shops, talked of nothing but its last and its next visit to New York. It is odd, this matter of the allegiance of our "villages" to our

two great metropolises. It is not determined entirely by geography. St. Louis, Louisville, Detroit, Cleveland, and Denver look to New York. Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Kansas City look to Chicago. Of Pacific-coast cities I know little, save that it is perilous to speak of them derogatively; but I should imagine that San Francisco, for instance, looks to nothing, except perhaps to Paris.

It was Fanny Butcher, I think, who called my attention to the surprising way in which the lake has entered the life of Chicago in the last few years.

"A few years ago," she said, "people did n't seem to know there was a lake here. Then, all at once, they discovered it. You ought to go up along the Lake Shore Drive on a hot afternoon and see."

I did go, and saw the lake full of people. That in itself was not so astonishing, since the lake was there to go into. The astonishing thing to me was—and this shows how life in the Europeanized East has warped my mind—that all classes of Chicagoans were in together. I saw figures in costly bath-robes emerge from costly houses and apartments on the Lake Shore Drive, walk across the street, and mingle in the water with Polish and Hungarian immigrants from the West Side or the South Side or whatever side they come from. If there were a bathing-beach at the edge of Riverside Park, would the residents of Riverside Drive walk across the street in their bath-robes and splash water with Broome Street Jews and Bleecker Street Italians?

At the north end of the new Michigan Avenue link-bridge rises the new white Wrigley Tower. It is neither beautiful nor ugly. It is simply a tower. A short distance north of it, on the opposite side of the street, is the site for which the "World's Greatest Newspaper" gave a prize of fifty thousand dollars to secure "the most beautiful office building in the world." In spite of the fifty thousand dollars, the "Tribune" will not possess the most beautiful office building in the world. The Woolworth Tower will still be that. Had the "Tribune" owners given the prize to the design to which they awarded second place, they would have come nearer attaining their ideal. Only to-day I ran across a copy of the "Architectural Record" and found with pleasure that this important journal agrees with me that the "Tribune" has made a grievous error. Its [the "Tribune's"] act has deprived the world of a shining mark, denied it a monument to beauty, to faith, to courage and to hope. Deprived an expectant world of that Romance for which it hungers, and had hoped to receive," says the "Record," with a sob in its throat. I feel badly about it, too, but not so badly as that, and I hope that the "Tribune" owners don't either. Though they will not have the most beautiful office building in the world, they will have the most beautiful office building in Chicago; and, after all, that, to Chicago, is virtually the same thing.

Mencken has called Chicago the literary center of America, but there is far less outward evidence there of interest in books than in New York. Years ago, when Francis

Hackett and Floyd Dell were, successively, literary editors of the "Chicago Evening Post," that paper issued a separate book supplement, the most distinguished book section we have had in America, not excepting the present "Literary Review" of the "New York Evening Post." Later it was abandoned; I understand that since my visit to Chicago it has been revived, but that it is a much smaller publication than the "Literary Review." No other Chicago newspaper sees it worth while to publish a separate book supplement. Book reviews are incorporated with the rest of the paper. The "Tribune," for example, gives a page and two columns a week to books; in the busiest season two pages. Harry Hansen of the "Daily News," Fanny Butcher of the "Tribune," and Llewellyn Jones of the "Evening Post" all complained of the small space allowed their departments. But in New York there are four newspapers which publish separate book supplements.

Then there is the book-shop evidence. Of the well-known type of small, intelligently run, modern book-shops that have appeared in our cities in the last few years, I found only three in Chicago, though there may be one or two others. On Manhattan Island, with a smaller population than Chicago, there must be twenty-five book-shops of this type. On the other hand, there is no department-store book-shop in New York of the size and distinction of Marshall Field's book-shop.

All booksellers I spoke with, however, emphasized the growth, in Chicago, in the last few years, of interest in

good books, and the influence of newspaper comment. While I was in the city the "Sunday Tribune" was publishing a weekly list of "Best Sellers of the Ages," and the woman in charge of the circulation department at the Public Library said that there was always a tremendous run on that list every Monday morning. Yet Mr. Kroch said that ninety per cent. of the people who came into his shop asked not for a specific book but for "a good book." Booksellers in other Middle-Western cities told me much the same thing, though no others put the percentage quite so high.

"How absurd," I thought, "to try to 'get' a city like Chicago in a few days." And I remembered the line from "The Windy City":

> It is easy to come here a stranger and show the whole works, write a book, fix it all up—it is easy to come and go away a muddle-headed pig, a bum and a bag of wind.

I walked to the office of the "Daily News," seeking the man who wrote that line. I was directed through hallways and up and down stairways to a room. Some girls sat at tables. "Yes," said one of the girls, "that 's his desk. But he has n't been in to-day. Maybe he 'll come at five o'clock. Maybe he 'll come to-morrow." I waited. Then I went away. Next day I dropped in again. Not there. Where was he? Well, nobody knew. When did he write his stuff? I had seen a movie review of his in the paper that very afternoon. Oh, any time. The third day I happened along Madison Street at six o'clock and,

on a chance, turned the corner into Wells. And lo, when I mounted to the room, a man sat in the chair at the desk over by the window. It was he. I recognized him from his pictures.

"Oh, so you got my message," he said.

"No."

"I heard that you 'd called, and I left a message at your hotel that I 'd be here at six to-day."

He was a lanky, gawky, sprawling figure, with a big mouth, big gray eyes and a rolling voice. A suggestion of Harry Kemp, and of Vachel Lindsay. But quite different, too. An individual. A very simple, honest face.

It was a hot day, and he had thrown his coat over the window-sill, and jerked off his collar.

As he shuffled through his package of clippings, he talked. About the labor struggle in Chicago, his children, prairie dawns, William Z. Foster, whom he had met on the street five minutes before, Pittsburgh steel mills. "Go and see Buck on 'The New Majority,' " he said. He shuffled a moment in silence, then looked up. "What kind of a magazine does Glenn Frank think he 's publishing down there in New York? Articles by Gene Debs, poems by Sandburg! Say, I 've been thinking I 'd better write down and tell him to look out. It 's an insult to respectable America!" His big gray eyes glared in mock menace, then he burst into a rolling laugh.

His monologue went on: the lake front in a fog, Miss Munroe, Chicago newspapers.

"In spite of its flag-waving and jingoism," he rolled

out, "the 'Chicago Tribune' has more real Americanism in it than all the New York papers combined. There 's a real breath and consciousness of the prairies and Oklahoma."

He shoved his clippings away and squared up to the typewriter.

"Excuse me, I 've got to bang out this story. I 'm due for an exhibition down at the University of Chicago tonight. I 'm going to rip things up a little."

I thought it would be exciting to see this roaring revolutionist in the staid setting of John D.'s university.

Though it was a terrifically hot night, we went.

Mandel Hall was stifling and packed. Middle-aged respectables; a few younger. Who were they? School-teachers here for the summer session, no doubt, but they looked too prosperous for school-teachers. Fans rustled like a swarm of locusts imprisoned in a furnace. Up in the gallery a man coughed monotonously, *hack, hack, hack.*

Then, through the red curtains at the back of the stage (I think they were red), emerged the poet of the newspaper office, transformed by a full-dress suit. Good Lord! why had I come for this anticlimax? Why in the devil had he put on a dress-suit? I had n't dreamed that this anarch tamed himself to a dress-suit, least of all on a stifling midsummer night when he had come to rip things up. How could he rip things up in a dress-suit?

He began to talk about poetry, to recite some of his own poetry. And, like the news-room crowd in "Deadlines"—

the fellows who had worked next to him and knew he was a poet, yet had never realized it fully—we had a revelation. Cutting through that ghastly heat and heavily weighing properness, denying the absurd evening clothes, his poems of the prairie, of Halstead Street and the stockyards and Marigold Gardens rumbled, stung, bit, scorched. Why did n't the audience jump up and shout protest? Perhaps it had known what was coming and was making allowances. Or was it merely stupid? Or had the heat smothered its sense of outrage? At any rate, it gave only a faint occasional murmur and gentle hand-clap. The climax was the poem about the Unknown Soldier that in his book had seemed like a trite newspaper "color" story chopped into uneven lines of type. But now, rolling from his lips, it was magnificent. Yes, that was how they should come. They were not to be read but heard. It was his voice, his personality, that gave them life and fire.

Finally the poet disappeared behind the curtains and emerged with his banjo. Strumming, he began to intone sea chanteys. And, somehow, in spite of the sweat trickling down his neck and wilting his shirt front, he brought the cold breath of the sea, the life of hard, uncouth men, for a few moments into proper Mandel Hall of John D.'s university.

But the program went on. The place grew hotter. The audience, slowly expiring, observed him politely. The cougher quickened his tempo. And then—we rose suddenly and fled.

Yes, in spite of the shirt, in spite of the heat, he had put

it over. But we should have preferred to hear him in the restaurant with the red chairs and green walls, "eight steps down," where the news-room crowd gathered that winter night. . . .

The "Daily News," when we were in Chicago, had another distinction besides the employment of a poet to write news stories. This was its daily story by Ben Hecht under the title "A Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago." There was nothing in New York newspapers to compare to these fact stories in the manner of fiction, picked up in cafés, on street corners, in court-rooms and morgues and hotel lobbies, studios, factories, and dives. Of course they varied greatly in quality, but the wonder was that Hecht could turn them out once a day and keep the quality so high. About sixty of the stories have been published in book form by Covici-McGee, the new Chicago publishing concern. Some of the stories in the volume, 'Queen Bess' Feast," "Don Quixote and His Last Windmill," "The Mother," "The Thing in the Dark" are remarkable. Is there anything distinctively Chicagoan in the substance of these stories? I don't know Chicago well enough to say. They seemed to me to be characters and situations that might be found in the lower strata of any large city. But the illustrations of the book, by Herman Rosse, are Chicago.

One human fact in Chicago struck me constantly. There was a greater flood of youth on the streets than in any

other city I had ever seen. Not city-paled youth, but bouncing, ruddy-cheeked, eager youth, hordes of boys and girls who seemed to have just arrived from the prairies of Dakota and Nebraska. And there was a greater number of human wrecks, pitiful creatures huddling in doorways, crouching on L steps, wandering aimlessly on the lake front, sprawling on the grass in Grant Park. Does Chicago use up its human fodder faster than other American cities?

CHAPTER XV

MERCURY AND APOLLO SHAKE HANDS

IN a tiny shop tucked away in a corner of an upper floor of a State Street office building a little gray-faced watchmaker sat bent over his table. He glanced up busily as I entered, evidently expecting me to pull out a watch for repair. But I said:

"I 've come to ask you about your painting, Mr. Brookins."

A soft light came into his face.

"Oh! my pictures," he said, rising, and smiling gently.

Propped up here and there among old clocks and racks of ticketed watches were rectangles of compo-board bearing oil-sketches—trees, fence corners, river meadows.

"When did you begin to paint?" I asked.

"Oh, I always wanted to be an artist. But I could n't. I had to earn a living. After my family was gone, and I was left alone, I started to dabble with paint. Then I heard about the club. I sent in an application for membership, and I was elected. They said they were glad to have me."

He picked up a study in soft gray and brown, two swaying elms dappled with sunlight—a picture of real charm.

"I got this last Sunday," he said. "I was starting this

one," he turned the board over, showing a half-finished sketch on the other side, "and it did n't go very well, and some Boy Scouts came along the road and asked me whether I 'd seen these two tall trees. They were just over the hill, they said. So I went and found them."

"Do you go out with one of the sketching parties or——"

His eyes twinkled. "I usually go alone. The younger fellows in the club could n't keep up with me."

Brookins is seventy-seven.

"You see," he explained, turning the compo-board over again, "I paint on both sides. When I have all my boards full, I paint everything out and start in again."

"But surely you won't paint this out?" I seized the sun-dappled elms.

"Well, I might save that one." He squinted his eye. "But they 're only student sketches. Some day"—his face glowed—"I may be able to paint real pictures. Now, have you seen Mr. Colby's pictures? He paints real pictures. The great thing about this club," the old watchmaker went on, "is that we 're all students together. Some of the fellows are millionaires, and some are poor men, but we 're all students together."

"The club must mean a lot to you, Mr. Brookins," I ventured.

"It 's everything to me," he said softly. "It 's all I have. That and my painting."

Brookins, the State Street watchmaker; Perry, secretary and treasurer of the Elgin Watch Company, around the corner on Randolph Street; dignified Judge Dupuy

down at the Illinois Central offices; Drew over at the telephone building; Wheeler the wholesale fish man; Colby down at Donnelley's printing shop; and Babize, the busy editor of "Investment News"; and Valentine, the furniture man; and Colburn, the prosperous physician on Michigan Avenue; and Torrey Ross, who manufactures time-clocks; and George Alexander the stone-cutter; and Clarke the jewelry man; and Worcester the lumber-manufacturer; and Lowe and Watson, lawyers; and Ullrich, the department-store proprietor up in Evanston, and more than a hundred others of every profession and trade and age and station in life, are all students together in the Chicago Business Men's Art Club, one of the most interesting organizations in the Middle West.

"Credit for the existence of this club," said Elbert G. Drew, its president, "belongs fundamentally to two Chicago men, E. B. Butler, president of Butler Brothers, and Wallace DeWolf, the real-estate man, who gave the Zorn collection to the Art Institute. These two men have been painting for years. Butler took lessons from Frank Peyraud, one of our best-known Chicago artists, and got so much encouragement from his teacher that he submitted pictures to the Art Institute exhibitions under an assumed name. They were accepted and hung, and critics praised them highly. DeWolf was just as successful. A few of us in Chicago who had the hankering to paint knew about Butler and DeWolf, and so we got the courage to start out ourselves. After I 'd been painting for a year or so, some of the officials here in the telephone company

heard about my work and persuaded me to hang a dozen or so of my sketches in our new assembly hall.

"The effect of that exhibition surprised me," Drew went on. "Several men in the company came to me and said just about what I've just said to you: 'I've always had a hankering to paint, Mr. Drew, but . . .' 'Well, why don't you start in?' I asked them. They gave various answers. A sort of shamefacedness had kept some of them back, a feeling that painting was thought a little queer, almost ridiculous. Others seemed to be afraid that if their employers heard they were painting pictures in their spare hours, it would count against them. You know, some employers do not appreciate the fact that a man working at a cultural recreation outside of the office is gaining beneficial knowledge and resourcefulness. Well," Drew laughed, "the result of my little exhibition was that several of us in the telephone company, who were interested in painting, organized a club. We joined Karl Buehr's life class over there at the Art Institute, and the outdoor sketch class of E. J. Timmons.

"Then one day Buehr said to me: 'There are a lot of men here, in Chicago, who would be delighted to do what you're doing. Why don't you organize a business men's art club?' So Barrie of Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company and I sent out invitations to every one we thought would be interested. Eighteen of us met one night at the Hamilton Club and started this club. That was in March, 1920.

"During the winter we rent a room at the Art Institute

and take lessons there. Once a month we have a meeting and dinner and invite our wives and friends. We bring along our month's work and usually have a well-known artist as a guest, to lead the criticism. Everything is good-natured, of course, but we rip into everybody's faults. In the summer we break up into groups and go sketching, around the city and out into the country."

At Donnelley's printing establishment I was shown to a desk in a big noisy room where telephones jangled and boys rushed to and from with galleys and copy. An angular Yankee with a sharp little gray beard darted to the desk, answered the telephone cryptically, darted away. A copy-boy thrust some proofs at him, a foreman caught his arm and asked a question, a man at a distant desk shouted, "Oh, Mr. Colby!" The telephone jangled again, he darted back, answered it, then sank into the chair with a sharp, questioning look.

"You came to see me about my painting?" He smiled busily. "I always wanted to paint. But I had to earn a living. Now this club gives me a chance to get instruction and criticism, and, best of all, to work with men with tastes like mine. It 's the greatest thing that has come to me in my old age—a real joy."

I asked him what subjects he liked best.

"Outdoor subjects," came instantly. "You 'll find that most of the men in the club choose outdoor sketching. We get just as far away from business as we can. It 's remarkable what a change this thing brings over a man's

mind. Now, when I am driving through the country, instead of watching the speedometer and trying to pass the fellow ahead of me, I go slow and look out for pictures. You 'd be surprised how many pictures you see where before you saw only trees and fences.

"One of the pressmen here has joined the club. He came to me and said, 'I 've always wanted to paint pictures. But I never had the nerve to start out.' Now he has started and he 's doing good work."

"In other words, you made painting respectable in the printing business," I suggested.

"Yes," Colby laughed. "Then the thing has a practical side," he added. "We learn how to judge art. The advertising man can't put over any bum art on us any more. But the great thing about the club is that it takes us absolutely out of business and widens our minds. Most other clubs are simply places where men talk shop. We never talk shop. We 're too much interested in our painting. This club has re-created me."

I don't know what Colby was before he joined the Business Men's Art Club, but I can say that he is the youngest man of sixty-five I ever met.

"Have you any of your work here?" I asked.

"No. Oh, you would n't be interested in my pictures," he dismissed. "But have you seen any of Perry's pictures? He 's a real artist."

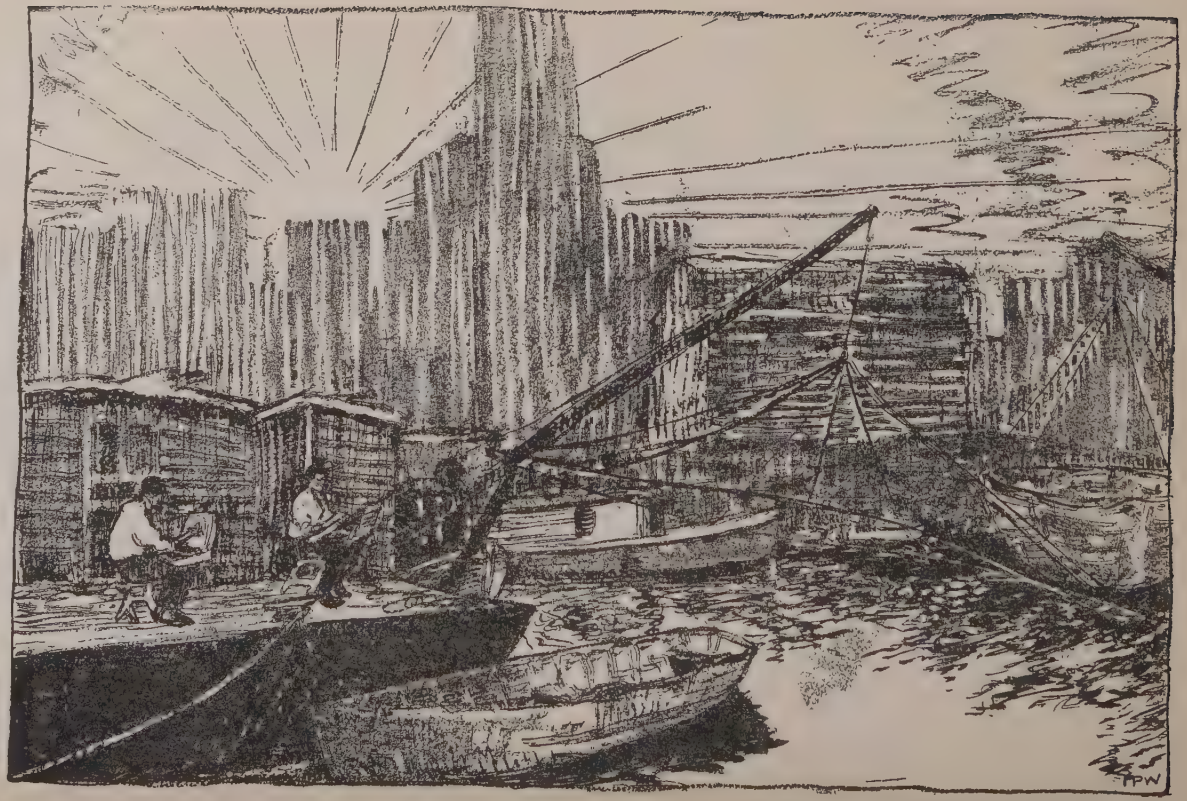
And so I went on from member to member. To Perry in the elegant, tranquil offices of the Elgin Watch Company,—Perry who started out by wanting to be a writer

and proudly exhibited the item in his note-book showing that he had sold a poem to "The Cosmopolitan" in 1892 when W. D. Howells was editor, and who afterward sold stories to "The Century," "Harper's," and "Scribner's,"—a scholarly type fascinated by technique. To Dr. Colburn on Michigan Avenue, who has made his office into a gallery of his own work. To Babize—florid, foreign-looking, sentimental—in his office on La Salle Street.

"Come here." Babize drew me to the window and pointed upward at the patch of sky visible between two sky-scrapers. "Did you know that there is green in the sky? No, and I did n't either till I studied art. I 've learned dozens of things. I 've learned to see pictures everywhere. I can go down here in La Salle Street and show you a picture on every corner—the crowd, the newsboys, the light falling down in the cañon between the buildings. Everywhere a man goes he sees pictures.

"It 's curious how much a man gets involved in a thing like this. When a noted artist said about a certain water-color of mine, 'You have just missed it,' he gave me more pleasure than I 've ever had from any success in my own business. There is something peculiarly satisfying about painting. A man can go through life and be moderately successful or even very successful in business and yet never have the satisfaction of saying that he has created something his own, something individual. But painting gives him that chance. He can create something individual. It 's a rare privilege."

One Tuesday at five I went with Drew to join the



The afternoon sun pouring over the jagged cliff of Michigan Avenue

sketching group that met once a week down on the lake front.

"I 'm going to show you a bit of old Gloucester," said Drew.

He led the way down Randolph Street and across Michigan Avenue, over the wooden bridge that spans the Illinois Central tracks, then turned to the left, threading among strings of freight-cars and rubbish-heaps till suddenly we emerged on a long, narrow slip between two coal-pockets. Moored along the docks were several fishing-boats and two or three dingy, picturesque house-boats displaying the sign "Fresh Fish," and in the shadow of a water-tank a fisherman was reeling up his nets.

Some of the group were already on the scene, with easels set and palettes mixed, busily sketching in the subjects they had chosen. There were striking subjects enough—the fishing-boats and nets with the coal-pockets and water-tanks looming above them, and in the background the late afternoon sun pouring over the jagged cliff of Michigan Avenue. A shout hailed Drew.

Now and then a sketcher rose, stretched his legs, and relit his pipe, then settled swiftly to the task of catching the changing light on slip and fishing-boat and water-tank. Field, telephone engineer, came over to ask Watson, attorney, just how he managed that peculiar reflection of the copper sky in the silky gray-green water of the slip. Clarke, jeweler, and Torrey Ross, time-clock manufacturer, fell into a discussion of the relation of drawing to painting, in which every one in ear-shot joined.

Fishermen and their wives watched tolerantly from the house-boats. Two Italians, hurrying home with dinner-pails, paused an instant behind Drew and examined his picture; then one of them made a sharp gesture, a rapid, unintelligible comment, and the pair went on.

Drew, having sketched in his subject, and massed in his principal colors, got to his feet and stretched joyfully.

"Say, does n't this beat golf!"

Probably none of the members of the Chicago Business Men's Art Club will become world-artists. But the influence of the club in widening the interest in and increasing the respect for art is bound to be enormous. That is why professional artists welcome the club and encourage it. Of course there are exceptions. One day the club was having lunch together. Joseph Pennell was lunching at another table, and Drew, being introduced to him, asked Pennell to come over and talk to the club. Had Drew known that Pennell thinks that most modern professional artists are bunglers or charlatans and fiercely resents the amateur in the art world, he would have hesitated. But he knew nothing of the caustic biographer of Whistler save his greatness as an etcher. "Pennell laid it into us. 'What business have you fellows meddling with paint?' he shouted. 'Get out and clean up the ugly bill-boards. Get some beauty into your manufactured goods. That 's your job. Don't meddle with paint!'

"We are interested in those things," Drew commented. "We hope more and more to help manufacturers to im-

prove the appearance of their goods. But it happens also that we want to draw and paint."

In this country we are too apt to sit on the side lines and let the professional do it. We crowd by the hundred thousand to baseball and football arenas, to operas and concerts and galleries and theaters, but it rarely occurs to us to try for some of the fun of performing, ourselves. The Business Men's Art Club of Chicago is a counter-active to our national tendency.

The movement is spreading through the Middle West. In January, 1922, a similar club was organized in Minneapolis by Russell A. Plimpton, director of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, and it is growing rapidly. Last summer a group of the club members made a tour through the Lake Superior country and came back with a wealth of sketches for their winter's work. In October, 1922, a Milwaukee club was founded under the inspiration of Dudley Crafts Watson, the energetic director of the Milwaukee Art Institute, and a few weeks later there followed a club in Indianapolis.

Last winter a notable exhibition of the work of the Chicago club was held in the galleries of Marshall Field & Company. Fifty-three members were represented by seventy-four pictures, and twenty-two of these pictures, selected by a professional jury, were presented by the club to the hospitals of Chicago.

"Physicians and psychologists advocate a hobby, an avocation, for every business man," says the year-book of

the club. "He needs the stimulation of a change of ideas, the calling into use of unaccustomed faculties. To this end painting offers an unparalleled opportunity. There is inspiration in it; a freshening of energies; a reopening of long-forgotten avenues of thought; a new appreciation of the beauty and wholesomeness of life."

CHAPTER XVI

"OUR RIGHTFUL OUTLET TO THE SEA"

AN earnest little man buttonholed me in the vast sultry lobby of the Hotel La Salle. He was a Kansas wheat-grower.

"Why, it 's enough to make a man a bolshevik to think of those fellows down there in New York, standing and barring our rightful outlet to the sea! But they 're due for a jolt. You wait!"

Yes, everywhere this emotion over the Great Lakes to Ocean Waterway.

I realize that the time has come to try to deal adequately with the topic that so agitates the Middle West.

But I must go back. The story began in Buffalo.

"I suppose," I said, conversing idly with a business man of that town, "that some day you 'll have ocean ships docking here in Buffalo."

Instantly his demeanor changed. He rose in his chair and began to pour out the reasons why the St. Lawrence Waterway scheme was uneconomic, fantastic, impossible. He deluged me with statistics which he knew by heart. He dug into his desk for pamphlets which he thrust upon me. Then he seized the telephone.

"You must see Colonel W——," he exclaimed. "He will give you figures that are absolutely convincing.'

He got the colonel. Yes, I could see him at once.

I rose, gathered up my pamphlets. I was n't particularly interested in the St. Lawrence Waterway. And I was puzzled. It had never occurred to me that the question was one over which people could become excited.

"But remember," my friend called after me, "our stand on this question is not a selfish one."

I walked to the office of Colonel W——.

"The project is a vast economic blunder," said the colonel. "Even if the ship channel costs only the two hundred and fifty million its advocates claim, the outlay will never be justified."

And he plunged into his statistics. Then he, too, seized his telephone.

"You must talk with X——. He will show you why the thing is impossible from the operator's standpoint."

"But," I stammered, "I——"

—"Oh, he 's the one man in town to see if you want a true insight into this gigantic raid on the United States Treasury."

More pamphlets were thrust into my hands.

"But remember," Colonel W—— warned as I made for the door, "our stand on this question is not a selfish one."

Mr. X—— hailed me effusively. Then his expression became grim.

"We are waging a tough fight here," he said. "The West thinks it has us beaten. But it has n't beaten us yet. Let me show you some figures." He led me through

some tables of statistics. "Remember," he interrupted suddenly, "our stand on this question is not a selfish one. Have you seen Mr. Y——, over at the Chamber of Commerce?"

"Well, I—no, not exactly."

"You must see him. He has some unanswerable figures."

In a twinkling the appointment was made over the telephone, and I proceeded rather helplessly to the Chamber of Commerce. I was afraid of the Chamber of Commerce. I had a vision of a waiting committee of eager propagandists and cartloads of pamphlets. But I met only Mr. Y——, and he was merciful. He gave me two pamphlets, assured me that the stand of Buffalo on this question was not a selfish one, and told me that the one man in town to see was Senator Z——. "If any man knows, he knows," said Y——.

I found Senator Z——, a dignified gentleman of the old school, correcting proofs of his latest pamphlet exposing the fallacies of the St. Lawrence Waterway.

He shoved the proofs at me as fast as he marked them, and at the same time talked eloquently.

"We hold that there is no reason for an additional waterway to the Atlantic. We have built the New York State Barge Canal and it satisfies every need of water transportation eastward."

"I 've heard that the barge canal is n't much used," I ventured. "Why is that?"

A shadow passed over his face.

"The government discriminated against us during the war. They would n't let us build barges. But now barges are being built. Business is picking up. Soon the canal will be operating splendidly." He rose. "Now remember, our stand in opposition to the St. Lawrence Ship Canal is not a selfish one. We are trying to save the country from the selfish sectionalism of the Middle West. When we were building the barge canal we appealed to the Middle West to help us in this great enterprise for the common good. But did Chicago or Detroit or Milwaukee contribute one cent? Not a cent! Yet now they expect us to help them construct this billion-dollar waterway that will do them no good and us immense harm."

"Harm? How?" I asked.

"Don't you understand?" He looked at me in surprise. "If all the immense commerce that now passes through Buffalo on its way to New York and Europe is diverted to the St. Lawrence, our tremendous investment in grain-elevators and harbor-improvements will be practically thrown away. Out there in the Middle West they forget that, or don't care. They have a fixed idea that the St. Lawrence Waterway is the panacea of all their ills and will make them all millionaires. They have hypnotized themselves. Their hopes are illusions. Even the support they claim is false. They have subsidized the press to create an impression of public enthusiasm." He passed me a pamphlet. "Now you must go and see . . ."

But though I promised, I did not go to see the gentle-

man who was to give further evidence of the unselfishness of Buffalo.

Instead, I took the steamer for the selfish Middle West.

And, as I have shown, Buffalo's concern was casual beside the emotion of the Middle West. That emotion grew less surprising as I began to understand what "the outlet to the sea" signified to the Middle Westerner, what was woven in with his conviction of the necessity for this gigantic enterprise. No Middle-Western newspapers have been subsidized to support the idea, contrary to the notion of certain Buffalo gentlemen. Subsidization is quite unnecessary.

Behind the Middle West's belief in the waterway are several factors. Of some of them the Middle Westerner is not fully conscious. Of one of them he is quite conscious —economic need. For the chief avenues of the Middle-Western farmer and manufacturer to their markets—the railroads to the Atlantic seaboard—seem more liable to congestion and delay than any other lines in the country.

The section of the St. Lawrence River to which this discussion refers is that between Lake Ontario and Montreal, a distance of, roughly, one hundred and eighty miles. The river below Montreal was a natural deep waterway, with the exception of the shallow Lake St. Peter, and that has been gradually deepened, year after year, until now there is a thirty-foot channel all the way to Montreal, placing that city at the head of ocean navigation. The upper river,

between Lake Ontario and Montreal, is essentially a succession of long, narrow lakes connected by short stretches of river broken by rapids. This is the barrier between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic. The first canals around these rapids were completed in 1783, with six feet of water on the sills of the locks. During the nineteenth century these locks and canals were enlarged by degrees, until they accommodated vessels of fourteen-foot draft. But there was no great impetus behind the enlargement. The railway age came in and interest in water transportation declined.

But in the last years of the nineteenth century and the first years of the twentieth, as the railway problem became more and more acute, interest in the St. Lawrence grew. There were frequent references to it in Congress, discussions at waterway conventions, investigations by engineers. Our treaty of 1909 with Canada authorized the appointment of an International Joint Commission to study the problem. Nothing positive was done, however, and in 1914 the agitation was renewed, led by several prominent Middle Westerners, notably Julius H. Barnes of Duluth and H. C. Gardner of Chicago. In March, 1919, the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association was formed at Washington, an association of seven states—Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa—to urge the project. Eleven other Middle-Western and Western states have since joined the association. An amendment, by Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, to the Rivers and Harbors Act, March 2, 1919, required the International Joint Com-

mission to recommend to the governments of the United States and Canada a plan for the improvement of the upper St. Lawrence which would both open it to deep-draft vessels and make available to the greatest degree the potential water-power.

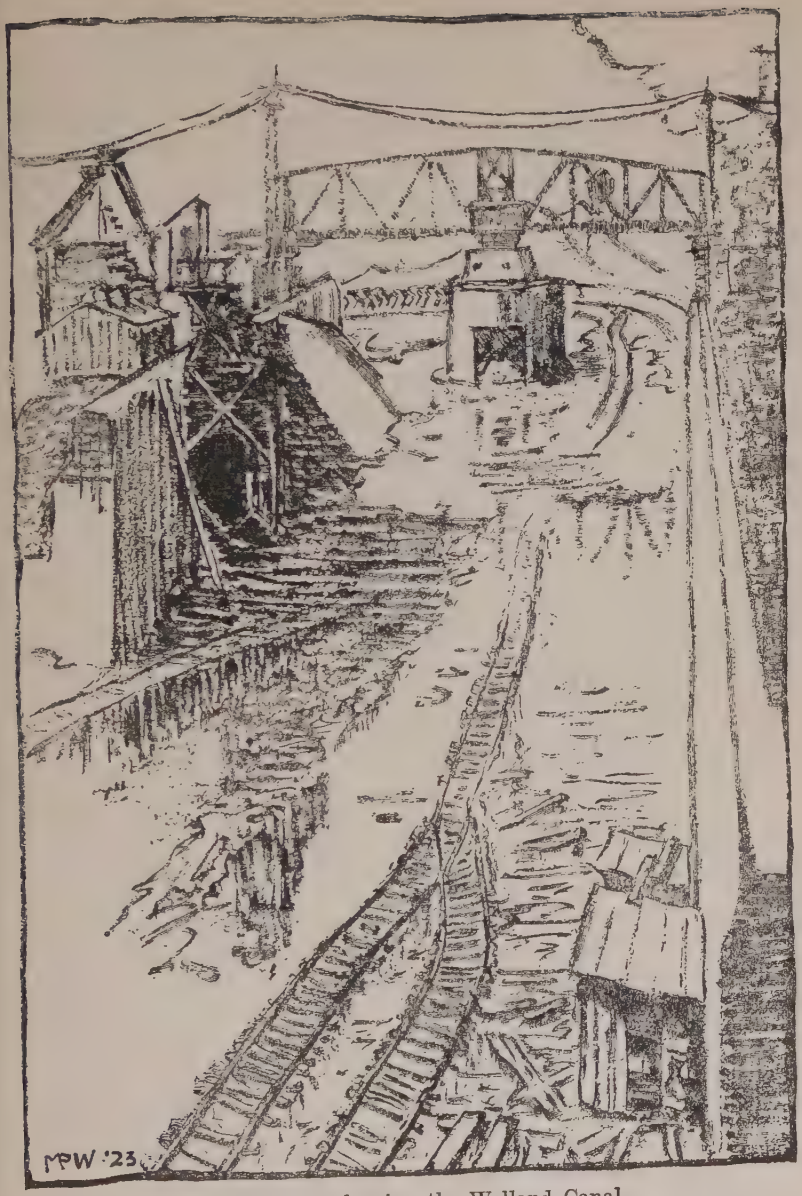
In 1920 and 1921 the commission traveled from Boston to Boise, from Montreal to Calgary, gathering testimony from commercial organizations, engineers, railroad men, farmers, grain-dealers, manufacturers, bankers, and economists which bore or seemed to the commission to bear on the St. Lawrence problem. To it was poured out the exasperating experiences of Middle-Western producers and consumers, with the railroads to the East and with the terminal facilities of the seaboard.

The commission was given, too, startling evidence of the cheapness of water transportation over rail. It learned that the Anaconda Copper Company is saving one million dollars a year in freight bills by sending its copper eight hundred miles west from Montana over the Rockies to the Pacific coast and then by water through the Panama Canal to Perth Amboy instead of sending it direct by rail from Montana to New Jersey. It learned that, despite the delay and cost of transfer in New York, lumber is shipped from Puget Sound to New York by water and then by rail as far west as Ohio before the water-and-rail rate equals the all-rail rate from the Pacific coast to Ohio. It learned that St. Louis machinery-builders save money by shipping their product to New York by rail and then by water to San Francisco. It learned that over one half of the cost of

shipping grain from Duluth to Liverpool is incurred between Buffalo and the hold of the ocean freighter in New York.

The commission was told, as well, why the Middle West does not consider the Erie Canal—even the new canal as enlarged to a twelve-foot depth by New York State at a cost of more than $100,000,000—an answer to its transportation problem. Witnesses complained about the slowness of transit over the barge canal, of the fact that the necessary shift from lake carrier to barge and then back to ocean freighter or tide-water storage had damaged their commodities. The Middle West seemed to feel that the function of the barge canal was the building up of local traffic within New York State.

The engineering board attached to the commission stated that a twenty-five-foot ship channel between Lake Ontario and Montreal and 1,464,000 hydro-electric horse-power could be provided for $252,000,000. To this cost, said the commission, must be added that of the new Welland Canal. (Canada is enlarging the Welland Canal, the link between Lakes Erie and Ontario, to a twenty-five-foot channel with locks thirty feet deep and eight hundred feet long, at a probable cost of $80,000,000.) In December, 1921, the commission transmitted to the Secretary of State a report recommending that the St. Lawrence Deep Waterway be constructed. In May, 1922, the United States proposed to Canada that the two countries make a working agreement for the construction of the waterway. The Canadian Government answered that it was not at this



Canada is enlarging the Welland Canal

time ready to take up the matter. Canada has a large war debt to work off, and a deficit from the government operation of railroads, and is not anxious further to involve herself financially just now. But supporters and enemies of the St. Lawrence Deep Waterway know that there is almost as strong a sentiment for it in Ontario and provinces farther west as in our Great Lakes region, that Canada has in a large sense committed herself to the project by the construction of the Welland Canal to a depth that cannot be utilized by lake freighters, and that the matter will come up again, perhaps very soon.

In the meantime it is well to consider the arguments against the project, and not accept the judgment of the International Joint Commission as final.

First, the arguments of fear. It is obvious, of course, that even when fear that the St. Lawrence Deep Waterway will injure this or that locality is not openly expressed, it lurks behind much of the opposing contention. It is obvious, too, in the case of Buffalo, for example, that even if it were proved conclusively that the waterway would seriously injure that city, reason would force us to sacrifice Buffalo if great advantages to larger populations were proved. But the idea that Buffalo's wealth lies chiefly in the transfer business seems rather out-dated. Buffalo has become a great industrial center. It is a great steel-producer. It is a great milling town. The Washburn-Crosby mills this year are grinding only a little less wheat than the parent mills in Minneapolis, and another com-

pany plans an immense new mill. In other words, a good deal of wheat that formerly came down from Lake Superior to be loaded into railroad cars or canal-boats at Buffalo now is distributed from the city as flour.

Montreal, too, is afraid, perhaps with more reason than Buffalo. The canal will take away her position at the head of deep-water navigation on the St. Lawrence, and she has a picture of wheat-laden freighters from Port Arthur and Duluth sailing by for Liverpool, giving her a hail but no revenue. Montreal and the Canadian cities farther west exchange much the same sort of charge and counter-charge of selfishness that pass between Buffalo and her sister cities westward. Toronto is spending twenty-five million dollars on a new harbor, on the assumption that the canal will be built, and the Toronto "Globe" says indignantly: "The idea that Montreal must remain for all time at the head of navigation is too preposterous for serious argument."

Along our Atlantic coast, too, one hears occasionally the same cry of fear. A short time ago a gentleman from Portland, Maine, in an excited speech before the Boston Chamber of Commerce, asked what would happen to the Atlantic seaboard if the Middle West realized its dream and every Great Lakes port became an ocean port. "There is but one answer to that question," he cried, "and that is that it would practically mean the ruin of most of our commercial cities, and that the billions spent by federal, state, and municipal governments on harbors, canals, bays,

and waterways would be practically thrown away!" Few men in the East see as serious a menace in the St. Lawrence Deep Waterway as that.

There is another fear in New York State and New England—the bill. New York State will pay one third of the cost, we hear it complained, because New York pays one third of all federal taxation. One third the cost of a thing that, even if it does her no harm commercially, will use up federal funds which might be devoted to some more worthy cause; to the development of the immense potential water-powers in New York State, for example. But the case is worse than that, according to the New York Inland Waterways Committee. New York and New England will pay the *entire* cost! Why? The answer is somewhat complicated. In the first place, it must be explained that critics charge the International Joint Commission with enormously underestimating the cost of the canal. To provide a twenty-five-foot channel and create 1,464,000 horsepower will, they assert, cost not $252,000,000 but $1,000,000,000, or even $1,500,000,000. Now, assuming that this is so, and assuming further that the navigation improvement must be paid for by current generated at the dams, it is of course easy to show that the power-development will be saddled with an excessive burden and that the current must be sold at a high price. Assuming still further that New York State and New England would meekly dig down and pay for this high-priced current, they would of course be paying for the canal.

This whole matter of the cost and the relation of

navigation-improvement to power-development on the St. Lawrence is intricate, and even engineers of high standing have violently conflicting opinions. To many laymen it will be rather obvious that a project undertaken by the United States Government will be properly engineered and financed. To enemies of the canal it is not obvious. They are evidently apprehensive that something will be "put over" on the United States engineers. But of course they are perfectly justified in insisting that the American share of the water-power on the St. Lawrence be developed for the greatest good of the public whom that power can serve.

Contrariwise to the New York State Inland Waterways Committee and other Eastern organizations, the Associated Industries of Massachusetts announce that they favor the St. Lawrence Waterway because it will give New England "a large, cheap source of electric power," and add that, far from injuring New England, anything that increases the prosperity of the Middle West will help New England.

Then there is the attack on the testimony given the International Joint Commission. The year 1920, say the enemies of the canal, was abnormal. The railroads were in chaos, as a result of war and government operation. Turning to page 202 of "Progress Report No. 3 of the New York State Commission in Opposition to the St. Lawrence Ship Canal and Power Project," we find ourselves assured that it is "not even a probability" that the shortage of railway cars will continue when normal railway con-

ditions return. But in my journeyings through the Middle West I found plenty of complaint of the shortage of railway cars, and a few days after I returned to New York, the New York "World" said in a despatch from Washington:

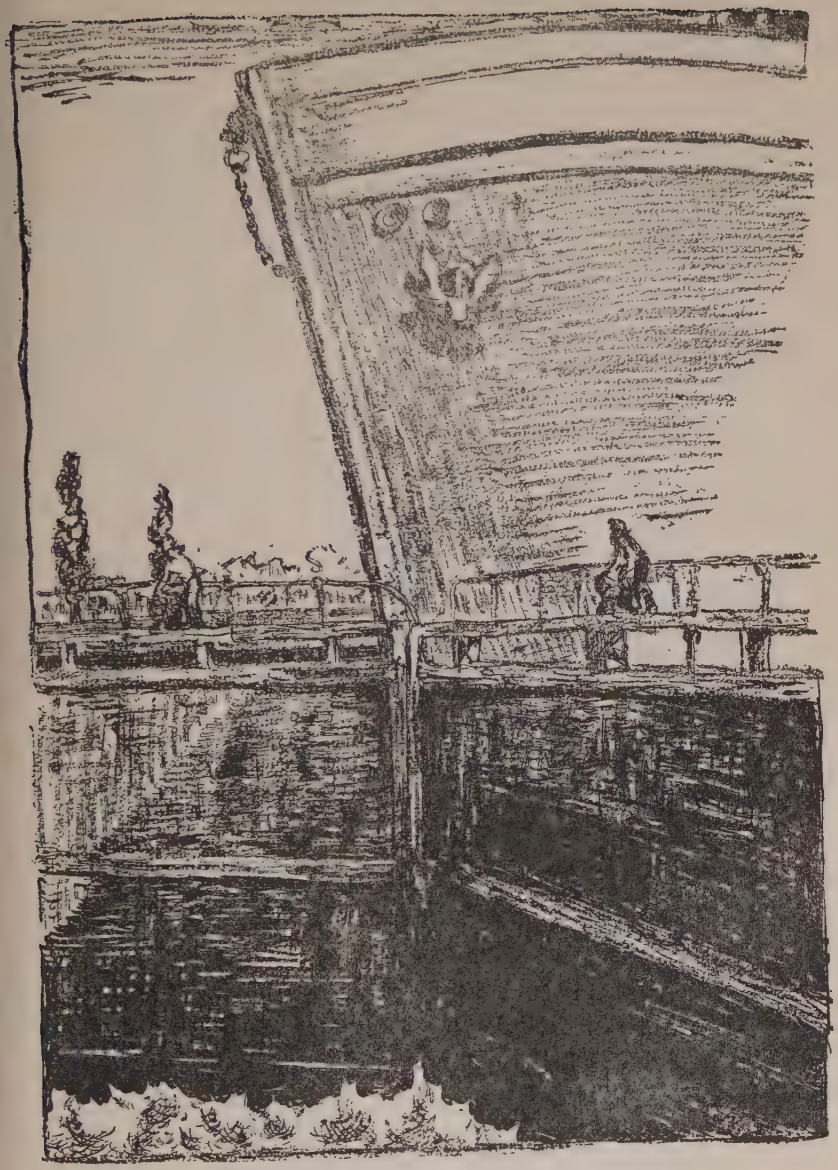
One of the moves made by the railway heads today was to apply an embargo on the shipment of wheat from some of the Middle Western states. This is to relieve the congestion at Buffalo and on the lines eastward which are being glutted with wheat for export.

A few days later, the president of the American Farm Bureau Federation said in a speech in Chicago:

Not less than twelve million bushels of grain are held up today from their normal movement toward the consumer. The result is, of course, that the elevators are choked, first at the seaboard, then at the terminal markets, and finally at the country point of production and shipment.

And because of these railroad troubles our waterways are jammed. Canadian lines seem to be in even worse shape than the American, with the result that millions of bushels of Canadian wheat have been diverted down the lakes to the Buffalo elevators for re-shipment to New York. Since it is impossible to haul this grain away from Buffalo fast enough, the elevators there are full to overflowing. Lake boats, fearing delay there, have raised their rates from two cents per bushel to eight cents. The New York Barge Canal rates have been raised from eight or nine cents to fourteen cents from Buffalo to New York. Rates from Buffalo to Montreal during the summer were four or five cents; now they are fifteen cents.

Recently there has been an increase of five cents in the price of wheat at Liverpool. Not one cent of this was reflected on the great Middle Western markets. Still later another increase of three cents which was only partially reflected here. Between the increase in lake carrying charges and the failure to secure the advanced price the loss to the farmer has been tremendous.



Locking through the Welland Canal

Any one who studies the newspapers in the autumn of any year will find scores of similar news stories. Far from being abnormal, the shortage of cars and congestion at terminals seem to have become a normal condition on American railroads, and particularly, as was stated above, on the lines between the Middle West and the Atlantic.

Then there is the adverse argument about the declining export of grain. "It is declining," says the opponent of the canal, "because of our increasing population and decreasing fertility of soil, and soon it will cease altogether. In the twenty years from 1880 to 1899, inclusive, we exported 31 per cent. of our wheat-production as wheat or flour. In the fifteen-year period from 1900 to 1914, inclusive, we exported only 21 per cent. Yes, it is true that in the last seven years we have exported 29 per cent., but this has been due to the extraordinary demands of war and the breakdown of Russia. When Russia comes back, our export will revert to its normal decrease toward zero. Therefore your canal can't possibly be justified, for it's on grain and grain export that you base most of your estimates."

"We are glad that you mentioned the war," the Middle West replies. "It is just the example we want. If war prices stimulated production, increased our acreage and yield per acre, why won't lessened transportation costs and greater return to producer have the same result? Our yields per acre were dropping, but we have turned the corner. We are coming back. Of course we admit we have n't used enough fertilizer. We need millions of tons,—Ohio

alone can use five million tons a year,—and that is one great import we expect up the St. Lawrence. Fertilizer is essentially a thing that can be handled profitably only in large bulks, without trans-shipment. But after all," the Middle West adds, "it really is n't of great consequence whether our grain-export continues or not. Our excess will go as far as your Eastern seaboard cities, at any rate, and the St. Lawrence will be the cheapest route; and, besides, increased population here in the Middle West means more export of manufactured goods down the St. Lawrence."

But now comes the most serious adverse argument. Assume the sea track opened to the heart of the continent, assume the Great Lakes docks piled high with food and manufactured goods for all the world; what of ships? The present lake freighters can't serve. Long narrow ore- and coal- and wheat-boxes with an engine in one end, they have neither the structural strength nor the motive power to brave the open sea. Ocean steamship lines must divert ships to lake ports, or build new ships for lake and ocean service, and all the Middle West's claims are based on the assumption that they will do so and that the ships will carry cargoes at much the same rates that prevail on ocean routes for like distances.

"Most ocean vessels draw twenty-five or thirty feet," asserts the enemy of the canal. "And the projected depth of your St. Lawrence project is twenty-five feet, and your lake channels and harbors range between nineteen and twenty-two feet. How can any ocean vessels come?"

"Wait a moment," protests the Middle West. "I've heard you repeating that statement once too often. It's true there are a lot of ships operating between our chief Atlantic ports and Europe drawing thirty, thirty-five and even forty feet. But the average ocean commercial vessel does n't draw anywhere near that. Look at the vessels passing through the Panama Canal, for example. Here are the records for last year. General cargo-ships from the United Kingdom and Europe, 118 vessels in all; only 36 drew over twenty-five feet; 82 less than twenty-five; 37 less than twenty. Vessels from our principal coast and gulf ports in the same period, 603 in all; 364 drew less than twenty-five feet; 177 drew twenty-one feet or under. And as for our lake harbors and channels, we're going to dredge them deeper."

"It will cost you millions," warns the East.

"All right; we know it. And we expect to get those millions back in the use of larger lake boats with consequently lower freight rates."

But granting that, when the dredging is finished, when the ocean ships can come, *will* they come?

The other day a prominent shipping man in New York said to me:

"Our ships make a turnaround between here and Liverpool in four weeks. But we figure that it would take us eight weeks to make a turnaround between Duluth or any other upper lake port and Liverpool. The distance is only a thousand miles greater, but you must remember a ship's

slower speed in canals and restricted channels. A ship's operating-expenses are determined by time rather than by distance covered. Wages and interest on investment and depreciation go on piling up just as fast when a boat is moving at five miles an hour or lying at the dock as when she is steaming full speed. The only difference is coal. So we should have to charge almost twice the rate from Duluth to Liverpool that we get from New York to Liverpool. The St. Lawrence people seem to expect a rate from the lakes to Liverpool only a little more than that from New York."

"What about insurance?" I asked. "A man over here at the Merchants' Association told me yesterday that the insurance on cargoes from Montreal to Liverpool was about twice that from New York to Liverpool."

"No, that 's wrong." He turned to some records. "From the opening of navigation on the St. Lawrence to October fifteenth, the rate per hundred dollars of cargo is twenty-seven cents and a half—only two cents and a half more than from New York. But after October fifteenth, when the fogs begin, it jumps rapidly. Thirty-two cents and a half up to November first, then forty-two and a half to the middle of November, and fifty-five from then to the close of navigation. Unfortunately, this jump comes just when there would be the greatest rush of grain for export. But that is a thing for the shipper to worry about.

"From the operator's standpoint," he went on, "there are one or two other important considerations. One is return loads. The big export of the Middle West to Europe is

wheat. But if we were carrying wheat to Europe from Lake Superior, we should have to get a return load, to operate profitably, and I don't see just what it would be. The principal imports the Middle West expects up the St. Lawrence, I see by their pamphlets, are coffee and sugar and rubber and hides and bananas. The coffee would come from Brazil; sugar from Cuba; rubber from the East Indies; hides, probably, from the Argentine or South Africa; bananas from Costa Rica. And I suppose they expect to export manufactured goods to those countries. But there another difficulty comes in. There is no concentration point on the lakes. When a vessel sails out of New York for the East Indies, it hardly ever carries a whole cargo of the same goods. It may have automobiles, talking-machines, pumps and motors, rubber tires, agricultural machinery, and so on, and it can load all these in New York because this is the concentration point for the commerce of the country. But can you imagine a ship going up to the lakes and stopping at Detroit for a quota of automobiles, then around to Saginaw for talking-machines, going on to Milwaukee for its pump-sets, down to Chicago for plows and binders, and then back to Cleveland for a few tons of automobile tires to top the load?"

"We will develop a concentration point," I hear the Middle West replying. "Why won't Chicago or Cleveland be as good a concentration point for the Middle West as New York is for the East? They have better railroad facilities than New York, both of them. And don't talk to

us about New York as a great concentration point. Congestion point is the right word."

"There is a third consideration," the shipping man resumed, "more serious than any other, from our standpoint. The St. Lawrence is a six or seven months' proposition. Suppose we build ships for the St. Lawrence route and get enough business to operate profitably through the summer. What should we do with these ships in the closed season? We might have no other runs for them, and yet an ocean vessel must operate all the year round to make a return on the investment."

"Lake boats seem to make a return on the investment in a seven months' season," I suggested.

"But they cost much less per ton to build," he answered, "and they load and unload much more rapidly than an ocean vessel can, and their operating-expense is a good deal less."

All this should, I suppose, put a quietus on the Middle Westerner and his hopes. Will it? Not at all. He will say that any one who asserts that ships will not come to the Great Lakes is prejudiced; that the ships will inevitably come; and that if they do not come, Congress or somebody must do something so that they will come.

There is no doubt that he will get his waterway dug, if he maintains his enthusiasm and determination and an agreement can be made with Canada. The Middle Westerner can overwhelm New York and New England at Washington. New York knows that. "The plan is in

imminent danger of adoption," says the New York State Waterways Committee, in a pamphlet of alarm, "because it has appealed powerfully to the imagination of the West."

There is, indeed, more than immediate economic need behind the Middle-Westerner's belief in the St. Lawrence Waterway. There is ambition. Our eternal American ambition to become greater than we are; the ambition of Duluth to grow as big as Milwaukee, of Milwaukee to outstrip Detroit, of Detroit to be a second Chicago, by some magic of water transport, of freedom to the markets of the world. There is pride. The Great Lakes city wants to be able to say: "We take no second place to New York. We too are a seaport town." And there is the fascination of the sea itself, the pathway to the ends of the earth. The Middle Westerner has a vision of the flags of Cuba and Holland and England and the Argentine and Japan coming over his horizons, and of being able to go down to the dock and smell the smells of the Orient.

Yes, he must have his rightful outlet to the sea. . . .

CHAPTER XVII

THE DUNE-FAUN

FLATNESS. Railroad tracks crisscrossing in every direction. Factories. Steel-mills. Ugly towns. South Chicago, Hammond, East Chicago, Gary. . . . Somewhere I changed from the local train to an interurban car. The line, aiming toward Michigan City, ran parallel to the south shore of the lake. Beyond Gary, glimpses of dunes off to the left across seas of marsh grass. An occasional station where passengers with knapsacks climbed down. One of these, Tremont, was mine. Two jitneys waited in the dazzling August sunlight. "Bus for Waverley Beach!" I got in and the machine struggled away through the hot sand. I was bent on exploration of the dunes, and some one had said that Waverley Beach was the best starting-point.

Note that I say "I." Pat, partner of my explorations, visualizer of our adventures, had gone on direct to Detroit by rail. I thought first of stating simply that the heat of Chicago had incapacitated her temporarily from the practice of her art. The heat had been terrific, but, frankly, it was not heat which led to this second separation of narrator and illuminator. Of course there was her novel. She had been longing for weeks to get back to it; had,

indeed, been of two minds about coming in the first place, torn between it and the lure of adventures on Middle-Western seas that I held forth. Pat's conception of adventure, it turned out, was tugging from port to port in rowboats, sleeping in bogs, footing it from town to town, over hot, dusty roads. The uncomfortable and happy vagabondage appealed to me too, but I pointed out that we should never "cover" the lakes in the allotted time traveling thus. We must adopt swifter and more conventional methods of travel. Pat had ruefully acquiesced, but it might be reasonable to suppose that now, bored by the prose of our journey, she had flown back to the poetic adventure of her imagination.

The real reason for our separation was not this, either. We had suddenly discovered, in Chicago, that, in spite of having ridden from Buffalo to Lake Superior as guests of the Buffalo Steamship Company, and of having lived shamelessly on friends and blood-relations in half the towns we visited, we should regain New York only by the veriest scrimping. I am aware that this will come as a shock to readers who look upon the devisers of "travel" books as gods who always travel First Class de Luxe and, if necessary, charter steamers or special trains. We were not that kind. Nor, I fear, is this that kind of book. Yet we have striven occasionally to keep faith with the public, and it was an impulse of this sort which led to the decision that one of us must circle the palm of Michigan and report upon it, before we brought our explorations to a climax with Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo. One of us

could go, only one. The other must flee to the hospitality of Aunt Fanny's big old house on Jefferson Avenue. Which one? Pat might better be the one to make the circuit; she could report the country as well as, if not better than I, whereas I could not, by any stretch of effort, make pictures. But she dislikes solitary travel—so much so that the question was not debated.

"But what about pictures?"

"Why, Ron, don't you remember all those stories I've told you about living out on the dunes with Esther and Ralph and Tom Stevens and Helen in the darling little Japanese shack? Before the dunes had become a fad, when there were only two other shacks on the whole beach? I hardly have to be told how the dunes look. I can draw them from memory."

"Of course you can. I'd forgotten."

"And as for the rest of the trip, I'll have to rely on your description, just as I did in the case of Isle Royale."

I should have much preferred to have her make the circuit of Michigan's palm; yet it must be set down here that, had it been she, the Dune-Faun would not have entered the story. He would have fled at the distant sight of a woman. He was as shy as an antelope.

Waverley Beach, where the jitney deposited me, had no distinguishing feature. A lunch-counter, a few cottages, a broad beach. On each hand towered the dunes, those great piles of sand that wall the south and east shores of Lake Michigan. I struck eastward.

For half a mile or so there were cottages along the foot

Empty lake, dazzling sand, sky—that was the world

of the dunes, then nothing but dunes and lake. A mile farther, a foursome of lovers camping sketchily; that was my last glimpse of civilization. The beach near the water was smooth and hard. I struck out more and more briskly, yodling a careless song. Once, out of a sense of duty, I paused and crossed the beach to the base of a promising dune and started to climb it. Since every one had said that the dunes should not by any chance be omitted from the story, I felt that, while here, I should know them more intimately. My knowledge was immediately increased. I learned that a dune resents being climbed. I took one step up the white slope and sank back two. Then I struggled vigorously. In five minutes I had gained perhaps ten feet up the slipping slope, and above me towered an immense incline yet to conquer. I discovered, too, that while it was cool on the beach, here, a hundred feet back from the water, it was frightfully hot. I gave up and resumed my course eastward.

Two miles, three, four—how far had I come? Empty lake, dazzling sand, sky—these were the world, a virgin world. No trace anywhere of the foot or hand of man. And only two hours and a half ago I had been sweltering in the grimy, screaming Loop. It was incredible. I might be a thousand miles from the Loop. I was.

And then I was much farther than that.

At first it was but a speck far down the beach. A piece of driftwood, perhaps. Presently I saw it move. It was a creature, a man, crouching at the water's edge. He made a quick motion as if to dart away across the sand; then,

seeming to decide that I was harmless, he crouched again, working busily, but giving me an occasional wary glance.

When a hundred feet away I had the impression for a moment that he was garbed from top to toe in a dark-brown suit. Then I saw that he was not a man, after all. He was a Dune-Faun, innocent of clothes, burned to a mahogany tint.

He rose. He was medium height, slim and good-looking.

"Good morning," he said in perfectly good Chicagoese. I was startled. I had expected musical Hellenic.

"Good morning."

"On a hike?"

"Yes."

I glanced down at the garment he had been scrubbing.

"So you do wear clothes sometimes?"

He grinned. "Yes, I have to go down to Waverley now and then, for grub." He pointed. "I live up there. Will you stop a minute?"

Back from the beach, near two twisted, flat-boughed cedars, was a tent with a big canvas water-bag hanging from the protruding ridge-pole. Between the two trees swung a hammock.

"I live here," he repeated.

He caught up his washing and I followed him across the beach.

"You see, I put the tent right in the mouth of this blow-out, so I have a breeze one way or the other all the time."

"Blow-out. So that is a blow-out." I gazed up at the

If he had said Pan-pipe instructor . . .

great hollow scooped out of the rampart of the dunes, its sides dotted with gaunt, dead, half-buried trees.

"That 's Graveyard Blow-out," he explained. "Have you been up to the top of any of the dunes?"

I admitted that I had n't.

"You ought to go. There 's an easy one to climb. That one. Work up through the blow-out, then swing round and climb it from the land side. I tell you: climb up there and get the view, then come back and we 'll have lunch."

"Oh, no! You 've packed your food all the way from Waverley Beach."

"I 've got plenty on hand. I 'd like very much to have you stay. You 'll be good and hungry before you get to Michigan City."

"Well . . ." I wanted very much to lunch with a Dune-Faun.

"Then that 's settled."

I looked admiringly at his slim brown body flashing in and out of the tent. It was irresistible. Quickly I threw off my clothes and galloped up into the Graveyard Blow-out, free as air. It was remarkable how much easier climbing was, now that I too had become a Dune-Faun. What, with my clothes on, had been heat, was now delightful warmth.

Working around the edge of the blow-out, I reached the back of the dune and saw why my brother faun had sent me there. Though the front of the dune was as nude as he, its back was clothed in marsh-grass, scrubs, and scraggly trees. I mounted rapidly. The view from the summit

was indeed worth while. Outward, the great unbroken circle of lake, east and west the marching line of towering white dunes; inland, an unbroken sea of tangled woods. The only human trace in the whole circle of the world was the little white patch of tent down at the foot of the bluff, where a brown something twinkled in and out of the sunlight.

I tobogganed joyously down the face of the dune, scampered across the beach, and plunged into the warm lake. Then out, back to the tent, drying in the sun and wind.

"These dunes are an interesting study," said the Dune-Faun as we sat down to delicious canned beans and coffee. "You would n't think, to look at them, that they travel around; would you? They do. If a dune takes a notion, it ups and goes somewhere else, and good-by to any trees that happen to be growing on it. They get left. This blow-out, here, was a dune once. Then it moved on, and look at the poor trees. No wonder they call it the Graveyard Blow-out."

"It certainly looks like it," I agreed.

"But sometimes dunes stop so long in one place that they get covered all over with grass and bushes. They 're anchored fast. They can't move. They 're dead. That one you climbed is half dead. It 's only the absolutely naked dunes that are alive."

"And the same with—men?" I wanted to say "Dune-Fauns," but I was afraid he would laugh at me.

"Well," he laughed, "*I* 'm alive!"

"And I 'm alive! I 've never felt more alive in my life. Do you live here the year round?"

"Oh, no!" he laughed again. "In the winter I teach violin to the kids of wealthy North Siders."

Violin instructor to the North Side! My Dune-Faun! I stared at him. If he had said Pan-pipe instructor . . .

"You see," he explained, "it 's a social as well as a professional job. I have to live out here all summer to get over it."

I looked at his long, slender brown fingers, his finely molded, sensitive face, and it began to be credible.

"Many people come along the beach?"

"Not many. A few hikers like you. Last week a party of the Prairie Club came along, and I went with them as far as New Buffalo. Slept on the sand. We had a wonderful time."

I stared out over the empty, vivid-blue lake, the sweep of dazzling white beach, then looked at our two naked selves, one on each side of the camp fire. Suddenly we ceased to be Dune-Fauns; we were happy shipwrecked mariners.

"Does n't this make you think of the South Seas?"

"Do *you* want to go to the South Seas?" he said eagerly. "So do I."

"Gee! would n't it be wonderful!"

"*Would* n't it!"

He stared at the lake. "I suppose I 'll never get there. But I am going up to the Hudson Bay country. All this

camping experience out here is just a getting ready for that."

Finally I rose. "Well, I 've got to be going. I suppose I 'll have to put my clothes back on," I said regretfully.

"You 'd better. Or else you 'll be so burned to-morrow that you can't lie down. You 've got to take this thing gradually."

He went with me down to the beach. I thanked him for his hospitality. We shook hands and saluted.

"So long."

"So long. Good luck."

I strode eastward. A hundred yards up the beach I turned and looked back. He stood motionless, gazing after me—a slender, charming brown figure against the dazzling sand.

He waved again.

"So long!" he shouted.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE HOUSE OF DAVID

I REACHED Michigan City at five o'clock, sunburnt and happy, with my shoes full of sand. At six I caught an interurban car eastward, and at eight-thirty reached Benton Harbor via South Bend. I had chosen Benton Harbor as the first pause in my journey up the west shore of Michigan because I wished to explore the House of David.

I had never heard of the House of David till the captain of the *Clement* talked about it, on the voyage up from Buffalo. He gave a humorous account of a colony of long-haired religious fanatics, the chief tenet of whose belief was that no member of the sect would ever die. The ruler was a man named Benjamin.

"When any one gets old or sick," said the captain, "Benjamin ships them up to an island they've got in the northern part of Lake Michigan. So, when they die, the rest of the bunch don't know about it."

During the war, he said, the Benjaminites as an amusement devised a sham battle on an artificial lake in their grounds between diminutive English and German battleships, with a man hidden in each ship directing its engines and toy cannon. The captain saw the battle, which ended

in a tragedy; one of the ships was rammed and sunk and its director drowned.

"What about this?" the captain had demanded. "I thought none of you ever died."

"If that brother had been living in the true faith," was the answer, "he would not have drowned."

A religious sect that would stage a sham battle of the Great War as an amusement seemed to me to be worth looking into.

The first thing I saw when I dropped off the interurban car, that Saturday night in Benton Harbor, was a little street-car bearing the sign, "House of David," manned by the queerest crew I had ever seen—two shabby little fellows with long, scraggly beards.

"So they own their own street-cars?" I said to a man on the corner.

"No, they run all the street-cars in town. They have some sort of contract with the city."

"What kind of people are they?"

"A bunch of Jews. Sure, they 're all Jews. They call themselves Israelites. They 're a nutty bunch."

Half a block down the street I accosted another citizen.

"Jews?" he said. "No, they 're all from Australia. They 're all right. People like them first-rate. They 're a lot of fools, though. They all work for nothing. This fellow Benjamin is pretty smooth. They all work for nothing, and every cent goes into his pocket."

The House of David street-car that I boarded the next morning ran out through some streets of small, unat-

tractive summer boarding-houses displaying Jewish signs. Plump, frowsy Semites strolled up and down the sidewalks or hung over the fences, picking their teeth. Presently the car left this district behind, turned a corner, and came to a stop at the end of the line.

On the left hand stood two large houses with an arch between, one house bearing the word "Shiloh," the other "Jerusalem." A bearded traffic man planted in the middle of the road waved us descending passengers to the other side. Here was the typical entrance to a small, cheap amusement park—ticket-window, gates, lunch-counter, peanut-stand. But there were no raucous cries from ticket-sellers and peanut-venders; the woman behind the counter, in sober gray, looked at us rather indifferently. Everywhere bearded men, young and old,—long, strong black beards, short, mangy, ugly beards, red beards, gray beards, faint, downy young beards—hurried to and fro in a business-like way, or stood talking earnestly with one another.

From the woods beyond the turnstile came a screech. A toy steam-train darted into view around a curve. The engine, an exact duplicate of a railroad locomotive, was driven by a boy sitting on the coal-tender. The open cars had transverse seats, each seat accommodating two passengers, at a pinch. The train halted inside the gates. I bought my twenty-five-cent ticket (which, the ticket-taker explained, entitled me to a round-trip ride back to the entrance) and climbed on, the engine screeched, away we shot into the woods. Over a deep ravine; a quick

glimpse of a small pond and a water-chute, then of little log houses here and there under the trees. Around another curve and we slowed down in the midst of a group of buildings. Here were all the properties of the old-fashioned amusement park—merry-go-round, chute-the-chutes, photo-while-you-wait, shooting-gallery, fortune-teller. A few steps away, beyond the trees, I caught sight of a ball-park and grand stand. And in the center of all rose the tabernacle, a building of no particular architecture.

"When do services begin?" I asked a woman behind a counter.

"In about half an hour."

Beside her chocolate bars and crackerjack lay some pamphlets and magazines, "The Flying Roll," "The Little Book," "Shiloh's Messenger of Wisdom," printed in blue-and-red ink.

"How much are these?"

"Whatever you choose to give," she said.

In the center of the path a gray-bearded patriarch was arguing with a knot of visitors, evidently of the Jewish race. Though there were no Jews in the House of David, I discovered that the sect exercised a peculiar fascination for Jews. No doubt many of them, hearing the phrase "Israelite House of David," imagined that it was a Jewish institution, as did the man on the main street in Benton Harbor, and came to investigate.

"Does it not say," demanded the patriarch, "in the Forty-ninth Chapter of Genesis and the tenth verse, 'The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from

between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be'? And does it not say in Revelation, the Seventh Chapter and the fourth verse, 'And there were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel'? Shiloh is our leader Benjamin. Here at the House of David is the gathering of the people, and when one hundred and forty-four thousand of the true faith have been gathered in, then the books shall be sealed, the rest of the world swept away, and the eternal life of the body begin."

There, as it happened, was the essence of the House of David doctrine in a paragraph.

In the next few hours I gathered a great deal of information about the House of David and its origins, usually obscured by an intricacy of strange phrases, and since my visit I have gathered further facts from books. Here are the main outlines:

The church goes back to Joanna Southcote, an Englishwoman who lived in the latter half of the eighteenth and the first years of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Southcote based her teachings on those parts of the Bible which refer to eternal life, but she interpreted these to mean eternal life on this earth for those who should live in the true faith. In 1814, at the age of sixty-five, she suddenly announced that she had immaculately conceived and was about to give birth to Shiloh, the new Messiah, who would lead the chosen to eternal life on this earth. Thereupon an extraordinary controversy ensued. Eminent physicians

asserted that she was self-deluded, that her symptoms were due to some other cause. Other eminent physicians defended her assertions. The opposing scientists carried their quarrel into the staid pages of the London "Times," battling back and forth in column letters. Meantime Mrs. Southcote's followers prepared in great excitement for the birth of the Messiah. A wealthy convert built a golden cradle at the cost of two hundred pounds. Then, just before Shiloh's predicted time, Mrs. Southcote's symptoms strangely vanished. And a few days later she died. Her followers believed that she had lost in a struggle with the devil.

Her church was carried on by various leaders—Richard Brothers, then George Turner, then William Shaw. In the fifties, appeared the vigorous personality of John Wroe, who greatly increased the church's influence and numbers. There seems to be a difference of opinion whether or not Wroe was a true spiritual descendant of Joanna. Alice Seymour in her "Life" of Joanna says that though Wroe, in founding the so-called Christian Israelites, took many of his ideas from the teachings of Joanna, his church forms a distinct sect, and that while Wroe's followers wore long hair, Joanna had specifically commanded her followers not to wear any distinctive dress or sign. Nevertheless the members of the House of David to-day commonly call Joanna the founder of the Christian Israelites. Wroe traveled here to America and to Australia, preaching. In England his followers were called "Joannas"; in Australia,

"beardies." Wroe died in Australia in 1863. The next leader was a sailor, James White, also known as James Jezreel. And finally came Benjamin Purnell.

I do not know where, in the spiritual history of the Christian Israelites, rose the idea of the Seven Messengers. At any rate, here was Benjamin Purnell, born in Canada in 1861, an itinerant preacher in various parts of the United States, who received, according to his own testimony, a revelation that he was the Seventh Messenger of God. To the previous six leaders of the church (Messengers of God) had been vouchsafed part of the truth. To him, the Seventh, was revealed all of the truth, and on him fell the responsibility of gathering together the scattered remnants of former followings, of spreading the doctrines, of finally leading the chosen to eternal life. In 1902 he published at Fostoria, Ohio, his book "The Star of Bethlehem," the result of years of prayer and thought, and now the fundamental document of the sect. In 1903 he came to Benton Harbor and founded the Seventh Church, the House of David.

"How did you happen to join?" one of the group in the path asked the gray-bearded patriarch.

"I was a member of the Sixth Church in Australia," he said. "One day a copy of the 'Flying Roll' came in the mail. As soon as we saw the blue ink, we knew that the Seventh Church had been founded. We sold everything and came at once."

A surprisingly large number of Benjaminites whom I talked with were Australians, who gave the same testi-

mony. It must have been more than the blue ink in which the House of David publications are printed that had convinced them that Benjamin was the genuine Seventh Messenger; but what, I could not understand, in spite of long explanations. Those publications seemed to me childish scramblings of Biblical quotations and comment, without sequence, with the ideas of the "eternal life of the body," "the redemption of the body," "the chosen one hundred and forty-four thousand," "the gathering of Israel" reiterated tiresomely.

Presently I saw people streaming into the tabernacle. I followed, curious to see the Seventh Messenger of God. I had expected that the merry-go-round and the shooting-gallery would suspend operations during the service, but I noted, as I entered, that they did not. The interior of the tabernacle was more like a public hall than a church. Plain wooden seats converged on a stage, with basket-ball apparatus at each end and a movie screen at the back.

Upon the stage came an orchestra of women garbed in white, their hair down their backs, and a bearded quartet. The orchestra played,—excellent music,—the quartet sang. Where was Benjamin? A man appeared on the stage and made an announcement. Mary, Benjamin's wife, would preach to-day instead of Benjamin. Mary came forth, a tall, stately women, in a long white robe. She had a strong face and a clear, penetrating voice. For a time the interest in hearing a woman preach held me. But the sermon was much the same sort of thing as the publications of which I had been reading snatches—intricate monot-

onous iteration,—and every moment it grew more violent, finally intolerable. I slipped out into the open air, preferring the less insistent clamor of merry-go-round and chute-the-chutes.

"Where can I find Benjamin?" I asked a woman.

"You must see Mr. Dewhirst," she said.

Mr. Dewhirst was not to be located at the moment, so I entered the vegetarian dining-room for lunch. After lunch Mr. Dewhirst appeared, a pleasant, dark, bearded man of about forty.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "Benjamin does n't often see visitors. Possibly it can be arranged. Come on with me and see the game."

He led the way to the ball-field. While we sat in the grand stand waiting for the game to begin, I expressed my interest in the fact that a religious colony should operate merry-go-rounds and ball-games on Sunday.

"But this is n't Sunday," Mr. Dewhirst said; "not to us. Every day is like every other. It is all the Sixth Day. But we are nearing the end of the Sixth. Soon the books will be sealed and the eternal Seventh Day begin."

The bearded House of David nine and their opponents, a smart semi-pro. team from Chicago, came upon the diamond. A murmur of amusement went up from the visitors in the grand stand, who outnumbered the Benjaminite spectators three to one. The combination of a beard and a baseball uniform did look ridiculous. How *could* a man in a beard play baseball? When the game began, the Benjaminites at bat, and the first man struck

out, and the next two went out on easy grounders, the grand stand gave a derisive yelp. But that was the last derision flung at the beardies. The Benjaminites took the field, and Frank, the big pitcher with a long glistening brush down his chest, began to mow down the Chicago batters. Then, in the second inning, the beardies, led by Frank, found the Chicago pitcher. How they did hit! Three runs they got that inning, four the next, five the next. And black-bearded Frank, apparently without an effort, continued to hold the Chicagoans runless. Now and then a man got to first, but that was as far as he got.

"And you know," said Dewhirst, "this is only our second team. The first team is touring the East. They 've won fourteen out of fifteen games thus far."

Had he said that the first team had trounced the New York Giants I should not have doubted him an instant.

At the end of the fourth, Frank changed places with the short-stop, who, apparently just for practice, pitched an inning. Then an out-fielder went into the box; and so on, until almost every man on the team had pitched at least part of an inning. Most of them pitched almost as well as Frank. The smart Chicagoans, too, having exhausted their pitching-staff, began to shove various other players into the box, in the desperate hope of halting the murder. But they could n't halt it. The final score was 32 to 0, or perhaps it was 42 to 0.

"Our teams and our band are a great advertisement for us," said Dewhirst as we walked out. "They travel all over the country."

"Do you think that I might see Benjamin now?" I ventured.

Instead of answering, Dewhirst led me to the edge of the grove and pointed out the fine orchard stretching almost as far as the eye could see; told of the other farms and orchards owned by the colony; of the shops where they had built the diminutive locomotives and cars; of the candy factory, the clothing factory, the toy factory; of the business block the House of David was building down-town, of cement block remarkably simulating cut stone,—a special Israelite invention,—and of High Island, where they got their timber.

I asked about the story that old and sick Benjaminites were sent up there to die.

"That 's ridiculous. If a man dies, he dies, and everybody knows it. It simply proves that he has not lived in the true faith."

"All these things—are they legally in the name of the colony as a whole?"

"No, they 're in Benjamin's name, simply because we had to put them in the name of some one man. But they belong to us all." Then he added: "Every member gets his house and living, and works no more than he chooses. It 's a real communism."

"Do you think that I might see Benjamin now?"

"Benjamin is a very retiring, modest man. He does n't like to talk about himself. I can really tell you more than you 'll get from him."

"But, you see, it won't make a very good story if I don't

say I saw Benjamin. People who read the book will expect to find a picture of your leader. It would be like 'Hamlet' with *Hamlet* left out."

"Well—" Dewhirst looked troubled—"I 'll see. I 'll telephone to Jerusalem." He entered the telephone booth near the restaurant; in a few moments he reappeared. "I 'm sorry. Benjamin is very tired to-day. He can't see any one."

"Suppose I come back this evening."

"You might see him then. I don't know. Now I want to explain about this amusement park. You see, we found that a great many people were coming out here to look us over, and we felt that they ought to be entertained. So we started one thing, then another, till finally we got what there is here now. We use it as a means of spreading our doctrines. But you notice that we don't press them on any one."

I had noted that. No Benjaminite spoke to a stranger unless first addressed.

"We find people are flocking to us more and more. They are finding the old creeds inadequate. The things that have happened in the world in the last ten years show that something is wrong, don't they?"

"They certainly do."

"It 's wonderful how our faith appeals to men of all classes," said Dewhirst, as we strolled along. "Here are some examples. That little fellow there is a Greek who went to Kansas City to enter a Greek theological seminary. But he happened to hear one of our preachers on the street,

and decided that our faith was a truer teaching than his own. He 's boss of our candy factory. That brother there," he pointed to a big figure with tattooing over his hairy arms, "was a sailor all over the world, then he worked on a sugar plantation in Hawaii, and then was a street-car conductor in Los Angeles. The brother with a red beard is a mountaineer from North Carolina. And here I am. I was a circuit-court judge in San Bernardino County, when I heard the true faith. I left everything and came."

After some further conversation, I left for down-town, warning Dewhirst that I was coming back in the evening for that interview. When I reappeared, Dewhirst seemed agitated by my persistence. He had a conference with a woman at a desk in the office. Then he re-joined me and said that Benjamin had retired for the night and could not be seen.

I had planned to leave Benton Harbor for the North early the next morning, but during the night I woke up thinking how flat my story would be without the central figure of this strange colony. After breakfast I telephoned to Dewhirst, asking whether or not an interview was possible that morning. He did not know. When I arrived, Dewhirst said:

"Have you seen our zoo?"

"But I want to see Benjamin."

"Well, perhaps you can, but meantime while we 're waiting, I want to show you the zoo, and you must talk with Billy Harrison. He has gone deeper into our doc-

trines than any other man except Benjamin himself. He 's a queer-looking fellow." Dewhirst laughed as we went along. "You 'll almost mistake him for one of his animals."

There was indeed some danger of that. Billy Harrison was the shortest and squattiest human being I have ever seen, moving about among his cages of mangy monkeys and molting parrots like nothing so much as a strange, unclassified specimen from the jungle, but a very likable specimen.

"I understand that you want to go to the bottom of this," he said. He drew up some old chairs in the shade of the monkey cage.

I sat down uneasily. Billy Harrison had a mind like a medieval theologian's. I would have matched him against Thomas Aquinas himself. Or so I thought as I listened—or, rather, half listened, for I was wondering in the other half of my mind whether I should be able to talk with Benjamin and also catch the eleven-o'clock bus. Round our chairs, as Billy Harrison's exposition went on, grouped four or five younger Benjaminites, eagerly drinking in every word of this authority, nodding their heads frequently in admiration of his dialectic. The monkey scratched his ear and looked down thoughtfully at his master.

One thing I did gather from Billy Harrison's talk, in spite of my inattention, and that was the profound conviction of Benjamin's immortality that lay at the base of the Israelites' faith. The six previous Messengers of God

had striven toward the perfect life, had failed through no fault of their own, and so had died. Benjamin alone had succeeded. He would live forever. Those of the colony who attained the perfect life would also live forever, and when one hundred and forty and four thousand all living the perfect life had been gathered together, then . . .

"But suppose Benjamin *should* die," I interrupted.

"He could n't die. He 's immortal."

"But if he *should?*"

"Then our faith and our colony would fall to the ground," said Billy Harrison, gravely. "It all hangs on that."

"I must see Benjamin!" I said, jumping to my feet. Dewhirst followed me uneasily. "Will you telephone and find out whether I can see him now?" I insisted.

"All right," he said unwillingly.

He walked to a telephone booth. In a moment or two he reappeared.

"I 'm sorry," he said. "Benjamin has just left in a machine for the big farm. He won't be back to-day."

So, at last, I got it through my head; I was not to see Benjamin.

A few days later I was out hauling nets with two Beaver Island fishermen, and we came in sight of High Island, the House of David possession in the Beaver group. I asked whether Benjamin ever came up that way. The two fishermen looked at me in surprise.

"Why, don't you know he 's been dead four or five

years?" said one of them. "Sure. Only the head ones down there know it, and they keep it from the others."

Dead! It was a startling idea. But why had n't I thought of it before? Certainly everything that had happened fitted in with it. Yet . . . it seemed impossible. Every reference to Benjamin had given a lively sense of some one who had just vanished around the corner. How could the secret have been kept from the Benjaminites themselves? Was Billy Harrison in on it? Could those grave words of his, "Then our faith and our colony would fall to the ground," have been a pretense? For days I wondered, and I played with the idea of a short story woven around the strange situation of a religious sect whose life and unity hung on the belief in the immortality of a man really long dead. . . .

I was obliged to return East shortly afterward, but I had planned to go back to Benton Harbor and verify or disprove, if I could, the fisherman's story. Before I had the opportunity to do so, the charges of evil-doing at the House of David, of which the whole country has read, broke into the newspapers. In reading these newspaper stories, I learn that Benjamin has vanished from the House of David, that he has not been seen for half a year. One newspaper story asserts exactly what the fishermen told me—that he has been long dead and the fact concealed from his followers.

At present writing, an action is in progress by the State of Michigan against the House of David and Benjamin for alleged fraud and immorality. Certainly, much

of the testimony is so circumstantial that there can be no doubt of Benjamin's guilt of many of the charges against him. But when I think of the simple, kindly faces of his followers, the only fair thing to say of them seems to me to be that they have been dupes.

CHAPTER XIX

PIKING UP WEST MICHIGAN

MY way north along the west shore of Michigan, from Benton Harbor to Mackinac, I pursued mostly by motor-bus over the West Michigan Pike. The road was a good one, but good roads are universal in the Great Lakes country. The excellent quality of the main roads was not so surprising, but that of the side roads was, for in our part of New England, which happens to be the corner of Connecticut nearest New York City, the side roads (and some main roads, too) are atrocious. Another difference we observed in the Great Lakes country: the large number of free camping-sites for motor tourists. That great movement to the out-of-doors which is occurring all over America is far more noticeable in the Middle West than in the East, and increasing thousands of motor tourists, whether they ride in cheap cars or expensive ones, prefer camping to hotels. Great Lakes towns estimate that motor camping-parties leave an average of ten dollars with the merchants of the adjacent towns. An example will show what this may mean. A free camp was opened near Traverse City last season. One thousand automobile parties camped there the first week!

I watched the license tags on the dust-covered cars,

camping outfits strapped to their running-boards, that poured north on the West Michigan Pike. Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma,—especially Kansas and Oklahoma,—the parched prairies seeking the big, cool Northern lakes. And I wondered what this breakdown of state boundaries was going to do to America. Formerly it was only the well-to-do who took vacations far from home. Now almost every one has at least a cheap car, and five hundred or a thousand miles are nothing. Will this increased mingling of state with state only intensify the deadly uniformity of life and thought for which foreigners already condemn us?

One thing the building of good roads everywhere and the almost universal ownership of cars do obviously mean: no nook or corner of the country will remain uninvaded. When the Dune-Faun told me sadly that a concrete motor road, a link in the Dixie Highway, was to be built through the dunes, invading his wilderness, my heart sank as it did when a few years ago I heard that a motor road was to be built along the foot of the Palisades, where, before it came, one could be in wild, romantic solitude an hour from Manhattan. Thank Heaven I saw the dunes, too, before the motor road came through! But what right has any one to complain? The Palisades and the Dunes belong to the People, don't they?

I had imagined that the dunes were confined to the south end of the lake. But there were dunes at Benton Harbor, and, as I traveled north, dunes marched steadily along the shore, in many places,—at Grand Haven, for instance,—

A Lake Michigan shipyard

seeming even higher and more picturesque than those between Gary and Michigan City. In truth, the prevailing west winds, those winds which make west Michigan a summer resort, have piled dunes for almost the whole four hundred miles to Mackinac.

Here, on the west shore, the dune hinterland was not the tangled woods I had observed in Indiana. Black-muck celery fields ran right up to the back of the dunes; farmhouses and barns nestled in their shadow. A farmer living thus, I thought, must feel much as does a Swiss farmer living underneath an impending avalanche, and a fellow passenger told me that not infrequently dunes do take a fancy to move inland, overwhelming farm and orchard. That, apparently, was what had happened at one point between Muskegon and Manistee. I had been studying the line of dunes to our left along the shore, but suddenly, turning my head, I was surprised to see another line of dunes on our right, half a mile inland. Thus far they had advanced, destroying all in their path, then had paused; vegetation had enmeshed them, and, choked, they died. And on the shore the winds had raised a new line of dunes. Here and there, farther on, rose a lone dune invader that had lagged behind its fellows, now surrounded completely by farm land, worn low and shapeless, half concealed by tangled undergrowth, the mere ghost of a dune.

This western shore of Lake Michigan has one striking geographical feature. At almost regular intervals, long,

narrow lakes extend inland from the main lake, linked to it by narrow channels through the wall of dunes. Geologists explain that these lakes were formed by ice fingers spreading out from the great glacier that in the ice age lay in the present bed of Lake Michigan. These lake fingers are usually deep, forming excellent enclosed harbors, and in the lumbering days many of them were essentially great log-ponds. Logs were driven down to them on the rivers that flow from the interior, sawed in the mills around their shores, then loaded for transport by water down the lakes. Muskegon, Pentwater, Ludington, Manistee were some of the sawmill towns that sprang up on these lake fingers of the west shore. Of all these the greatest was Muskegon—not only the greatest sawmill town on the Great Lakes but the greatest in the world. At the height of the lumber industry, there were *fifty-two sawmills* on Muskegon Lake!

It is interesting to study the subsequent history of sawmill towns—how some of them have well-nigh vanished, how some drowse on in picturesque or ugly desuetude, some get new life and boom forward. Of such renascence Muskegon is probably the most striking example on the lakes. The great days here were in the seventies and early eighties. By 1890 the region tributary to Muskegon had been almost completely logged over. One by one the mills closed down or burned down (a sawmill usually burns down when it is no longer profitable), and in 1897 Muskegon reached its nadir of fortune. But a group of Muskegon business men formed a Chamber of Commerce and

vigorously went out after new industries, to save the town from extinction. They got them. Some of the plants their energy brought here are the Alaska Refrigerator Company, with the largest establishment in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of refrigerators; the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, which concerns itself with the odd combination of billiard tables and phonograph records; the Continental Motor Company; the Shaw-Walker Company which makes those "built like a sky-scraper" filing-cabinets; the Amazon Knitting Company; the Shaw Electric Crane Company. Muskegon also makes roller-shades, pianos, piston-rings, and paper. It is the center of the black silver-fox industry; the annual national show is held here. The population has more than doubled since 1900.

But all this is not the most interesting thing about Muskegon. I had heard of the Hackley Art Gallery before I went there; it, indeed, was the chief reason why I made Muskegon my first stop after Benton Harbor. But I had not known that the Hackley Gallery contains one of the most remarkable small collections of paintings in America.

Charles H. Hackley was a wealthy Muskegon lumberman of unusual generosity and discernment. His gifts to the town began in 1888. First he gave a large library, then a public park, then an immense manual-training school, and finally a hospital. At his death he left a large sum for the enlargement and endowment of these institutions, and a special sum for the purchase of paintings for the library. His gifts totaled about $3,500,000, an amount which bears

a ratio of approximately $100 for every man, woman, and child of present-day Muskegon, and of course bore a much higher ratio to the population of the town when Mr. Hackley was living. If a New Yorker wished to make a proportionate gift to his city, he would be obliged to write a check for $560,000,000.

The Hackley Art Gallery was the outgrowth of the gift for pictures for the library. By the terms of Mr. Hackley's gifts, the Board of Education had been made trustees of the library. The trustees realized that there was no room in the library for pictures, and through the agitation of a minority of two, who were genuinely interested in art, the board erected a separate building and engaged a competent director, Raymond Wyer (now known as Henniker-Heaton). Mr. Wyer's attitude toward his profession was high and uncompromising. In his book "An Art Museum, Its Concept and Conduct" (1914), he stated the principle which governed his selection of pictures: "No painting has been accepted to occupy a permanent place in the Hackley Gallery unless it included those characteristics which are associated with the artist's great work. Whether or not a picture is attractive, in the popular sense, has never been considered." The result was extraordinary. Think of a gallery of only seventy-nine paintings which contains a Whistler, a Goya, a Corot, a Rousseau, a Hogarth, two Orchardsons, a Raeburn, a Diaz, a Blakelock, a Gainsborough, a Constable, and excellent examples of the work of Paul Dougherty, Lawrence Mazzanovitch, Willem Maris, Chauncey Ryder, Walter Shirlaw, Josef Israels, Alexander

Wyant, and artists of like rank! And there is also an interesting collection of casts of Greek, Roman, and Renaissance sculpture.

Mr. Wyer organized the Michigan Federation of Arts, and published its official organ, "Æsthetics," a distinguished art quarterly. He made the Hackley Gallery the most talked-of small gallery in the United States.

But his uncompromising attitude brought him, after a time, into inevitable conflict with the majority of the trustees. They were business men, elected by the people as a Board of Education; the trusteeship of the art gallery had been thrust upon them. They knew and cared little about art, and felt that the money spent for pictures was being wasted. One of the minority of two who supported Mr. Wyer resigned, the conflict increased, and in 1916 Mr. Wyer himself resigned. He is now director of the Art Museum of Worcester.

Since his departure the trustees have maintained their indifference to art; the gallery has acquired few if any new pictures. The present director, Miss Lulu Frances Miller, is a lady of intelligence who has stimulated an active relation between the gallery and the public schools of Muskegon, and who obtains frequent loan exhibitions from the larger cities. An association, "The Friends of Art," organized to exploit the gallery locally, has grown from five or six members to over a hundred. But the fact remains that the gallery does not play the part in the life of the city and the state that its remarkable quality deserves, though this is no fault of the present director.

One picture in the Hackley Gallery has a curious, dramatic interest. It is a painting attributed to Gerbrand van den Eeckhout, a pupil of Rembrandt whose work is sometimes mistaken for the master's. The picture is a large one, thirty-two inches wide and six feet high; it shows two figures, almost life-size, gazing upward at the bent figure of Christ who, in profile, is looking down not at them but at something unseen beyond the range of the picture, to the left. In the lower left-hand corner an arm reaches upward from an unseen somewhere beyond the canvas. The picture, which Mr. Wyer bought at a sale in New York, was obviously a fragment of an even larger canvas, which had been stolen, cut up, and sold in pieces.

In 1916 Mr. C. A. Ficke, a prominent lawyer and art-collector of Davenport, Iowa, father of Arthur Davison Ficke, the poet, happened to be looking through the catalogue of the Hackley Gallery and started in surprise at the reproduction of the van den Eeckhout. Eight years before, he had purchased, at the American Art Galleries in New York, a strange picture that an American collector, T. J. Blakeslee, had bought a year earlier in London. It was a picture forty by forty-eight inches in size, attributed either to van den Eeckhout or to Govaert Flinck, another Rembrandt pupil, and showed a group of figures looking upward at some unseen object to the right, one figure reaching an arm out beyond the range of the canvas. Here, in the Hackley picture, was Mr. Ficke's missing arm, here the Christ at which his people were gazing. The two pic-

tures fitted perfectly, or would have fitted had they been joined.

But still other sections remain to be accounted for—the area immediately above Mr. Ficke's picture, and the whole upper part of the canvas showing the top of Christ's head. Where are these sections? Who stole the heroic-size original and cut it up? What adventures befell these two sections before they came into the possession of Mr. Ficke and the Hackley Gallery? These are mysteries that probably never will be solved. Even the authorship of the picture is in doubt. Mr. Ficke believes that it may have been painted by Rembrandt himself.

It no doubt will seem captious to criticize the gifts of a man who has done so much for a town, but it seems to me too bad that Mr. Hackley, in giving a park to Muskegon, did not buy a strip of the waterfront instead of a block in the heart of the town. Muskegon sits on the south shore of pleasant Muskegon Lake; yet it might as well be a mile from it as far as any scenic advantage is concerned. The waterfront is entirely occupied by ugly old docks, industrial plants, and warehouses that almost completely conceal the lake from the town.

After I had completed my exploration of the art gallery and the principal streets, I found that I still had two hours till the bus left for the north. I boarded the street-car that circles the south shore of Muskegon Lake and runs through a gap in the dunes to a bathing-resort on the Lake

Michigan shore. Half-way out, I observed the plant of the Union Paper Company, and on the return trip, noting that I still had an hour to spare, I got off at the mill gate when the car paused. Paper-making is a prominent factor in Great Lakes industry, and here was a chance to report upon a paper-mill.

I presented my credentials at the office.

"We never allow visitors," said the clerk.

I asked to see the manager.

Finally Mr. Jones appeared. "We can't allow visitors," he said.

"If you have any secret processes, I promise not to reveal them."

"I 'm afraid that won't make any difference."

"What kind of paper do you make, Mr. Jones?"

"I prefer not to say."

"Do you get your pulp-wood near here?"

"I can't give out any information."

"Have you any objection to my giving a description of the outside of your mill?"

"Oh, no, that 's all right. Go ahead."

I realize that the exterior of this mill is a rather poor substitute for a description of the process of paper-making which the reader has a right to expect. But after all it is something. So:

The plant of the Union Paper Company is built of yellow brick with a tall yellow-brick chimney. The roofs slope at various and not always pleasing angles. There are approximately one hundred and seventy-two windows

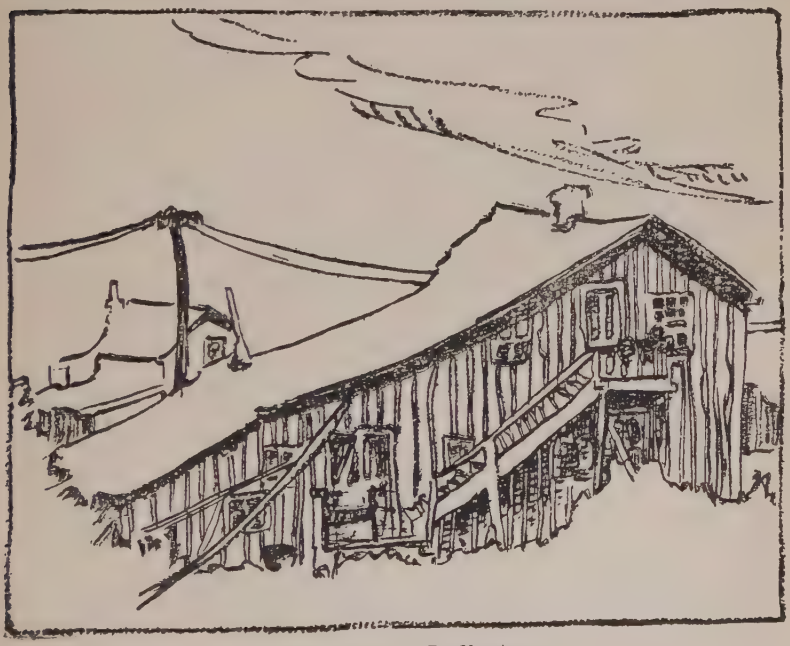
in the façade facing the road. Some of them are open; through them comes the rumble of mysterious, forbidden machinery. On the left are extensive piles of pulp-wood, beyond the mill a boom full of logs, and two small steamers are anchored there, just in from the unknown pulp-wood forests. All this seems to be as it should be, but there is one friendly criticism I wish to offer the Union Paper Company. Directly across the walk that runs from the street to the office door runs an unguarded railroad track. Some day, I fear, there may be an accident at that crossing. Some journalist, seeking information, may be run down and injured. The Union Paper Company really ought to do something about it.

Almost all this western shore of Michigan is a rich fruit country. In the south it is peaches; north of that, apples; still farther north, around Grand Traverse Bay, cherries. But the districts overlap, and other fruits grow in profusion. Between Muskegon and Manistee an alluring sight was a booth in front of almost every farm displaying baskets of luscious peaches, plums, apples, pears at ridiculously low prices. We passengers were continually persuading the bus-driver to stop while we laid in a new supply.

The farm-land between Manistee and Traverse City is the most surprising I have ever seen. Farm lands in my experience were definitely good, bad, or indifferent in long stretches, but here was everything at once. We would pass a fine farm with well-kept, obviously fertile fields,

large painted barns and house, and an expensive car standing in the driveway; and next to it a farm in the last stages of dilapidation—buildings falling to pieces, fields full of weeds, fences half down, a few discouraged animals wandering here and there. Beyond it, again, another fine establishment. At first I thought that these checkerboard effects were due to the varying degrees of initiative of the owners, but a Traverse City man told me that this was not so.

"It 's because of the sharp difference in soil," he said. "The forest here was pine, with frequent hardwood ridges.



Old houses at Ludington

Pine land makes poor farming land; hardwood land is first-rate. It all depends on what kind of land a man happened to get."

Nearing Traverse City, we passed through a considerable stretch of what must have been all-pine country, if this man's explanation was correct. Here the settlers had given up the struggle and departed. Not in the most abandoned sections of New England have I seen more abandoned farms in the same space, and these were far more depressing. A New England abandoned farm is usually picturesque; this desolation was merely ugly. Most of these farms, I was told, had been sold to outside settlers by a shrewd Chicago colonization company.

Traverse City is at the southern boundary of Hayfeverland. That is, it is the first town beyond the limit of those pestiferous weeds which cause the sneeze and the watery eye, or, at least, it is supposed to be beyond them. Last year, however, a delegation of the hayfevered came sneezing to the Traverse City Chamber of Commerce and said: "We like your town, but we can't come here any more unless you get rid of your ragweed." The Chamber answered: "We have n't any ragweed, but we will get rid of it at once." The Women's Club offered prizes to children for ragweeds, and one million plants were gathered in the first week. So now, presumably, Traverse City is all right again.

But the Chamber of Commerce is not satisfied with Traverse City's modest triple crop of sneezers, cherries,

and potatoes. Being a Chamber of Commerce, it wants humming industries. It visualizes another Muskegon.

"I hope they don't get any factories," a Traverse City newspaperman said to me. "This is just a nice place to live in. We don't want it spoiled."

If my home were in Traverse City, I should feel the same way.

Harold Titus, author of "Timber," "The Last Straw," and other novels, lives here, and when he learned that I was on my way north he said: "Be sure to go over to 'The Beavers.' It 's one of the most interesting spots on the lakes."

I had been wondering whether I should be able to visit the site of "King" Strang's kingdom. It was easy, Titus said; the mail-boat crossed from Charlevoix every day.

The thing about "The Beavers" that interested Titus was not so much the memories of the past as the life of the present. Most of the inhabitants, he told me, had come from the west coast of Ireland and had brought many of the old Irish customs and superstitions with them.

"Go at it carefully, and you 'll dig up some wonderful stuff."

Charlevoix, which I reached in a two-hour train trip from Traverse City, is beautifully situated on the high, narrow strait between Pine Lake and Lake Michigan. The channel connecting the two runs through the center

of town. Charlevoix is reputed the most exclusive of Lake Michigan resorts; it calls itself "the Newport of the West." Until recently the life of the place was in its three or four big Semitic and anti-Semitic hotels, but here as elsewhere the automobile has played havoc with the hotel-porch vacation. Another factor is the summer cottage. Thousands of people who formerly went to hotels now rent or build summer cottages or "cottages." Earlier in the season the big Charlevoix hotels had been almost empty, but now, in late August, they were filling up with the aristocracy of the hayfevered.

This account of Charlevoix is brief, and purposely so. There is more to come. I had to make a voyage to the Beaver Islands to learn the whole truth about Charlevoix.

CHAPTER XX

"THE BEAVERS"

WHEN I reached the dock the next morning, a lady who had driven up in a large new car was talking with the captain of the Beaver Island boat.

"That 's what I thought," she said. "I don't mind for myself, but Margery and Herb get seasick at the slightest excuse. We 'll put it off till to-morrow."

I did not see how anybody could possibly be seasick on this gorgeous windless morning. When the steamer headed out through Charlevoix Channel, I saw that the open lake ahead was full of whitecaps. It had rained in the night, a west wind had blown, and these were its aftermath. They were gay-looking whitecaps, and we passengers (there were eight or ten of us) laughed in happy anticipation. The steamer chugged past the end of the pier, dipped and rose with the first wave, dipped, rose again. Glorious! We gathered on the forward deck, clinging to the curved iron rail around the pilot-house. Plunge, leap, plunge! Who would have imagined that a little wind could stir up such a sea? At every minute the waves seemed to leap higher, the plunge become more violent. The spray dashed over the rail into our eyes, we looked at one another, laughed, stuffed our hats into our pockets, hung on tighter, laughed again.

"Pretty rough," a girl said to the passing mate.

"Rough? No, we don't call this rough."

"How far is it across?"

"About thirty miles."

"Is n't it glorious!" the woman on my left cried, flinging the hair out of her eyes.

"Glorious!" we chorused.

Her laugh halted in the middle. I looked at her. She had suddenly turned a queer color. She pressed her lips together tightly, gulped, turned swiftly, and fumbled aft. The rest of us grinned.

"Is n't it great!" shouted the young fellow with the green sweater and mop of black hair.

"Great!" we shouted back.

His yelp of glee ended in the middle, as if he had been shot. He stiffened, tried to smile unconcernedly, turned, and staggered along the rail toward the cabin.

Weaklings! Why do people come out on a boat if they can't stand a little pitching?

Two more followed quickly, then two more.

We three passengers who remained, we three good sailors, smiled at one another in confident superiority.

Leap, plunge! How infernally deep those troughs were! You know that moment when the boat poises above the gulf, seems to hang in mid-air before the downward swoop . . . Suddenly I found it much more comfortable to gaze up at the sky than down at the waves.

"This time," I told myself, "I 'm not going to make the mistake I 've always made before of going inside as soon

as I feel queer. Stay outside. That 's the solution. Stay outside and you 'll be all right. I will be all right. I am all right. It would be too ridiculous to be seasick on a trivial lake trip like this."

And then . . . I was crawling aft, beaten.

The cabin was perhaps ten feet wide and fourteen feet long, with a narrow cushioned seat along each side. Some of my fellows were recumbent on these seats; the others were on the floor. Half a dozen folded steamer chairs had broken loose from their position in the corner and were skating about among these prostrate forms. I chose the floor.

All I care to record of the next two hours is that several times I was so conscious of what an absurd sight we on the floor must be with those steamer chairs skating among us, bumping our heads and feet, that I grinned through my misery. Once I opened my eyes, saw the horizon make a startling somersault across a window-frame, closed them again quickly. . . .

Our boat was steaming into the calm of Beaver Harbor. We rose, shook ourselves, sat in a wan row, tried to smile.

"You were the funniest," a woman said, pointing at me. "Your face was positively *green!* You 're sort of green yet."

"Am I?" I mumbled, too broken to be abashed.

Beaver Island, the largest of the group called "The Beavers," is ten or twelve miles long, and at its northern end a hook of land encloses perfect Beaver Harbor.

Weather-beaten fish houses line the inner curve of the shore

Weather-beaten fish-houses line the inner curve of the shore, and behind them, half hidden in cedars and pines, rambles the single street of St. James village. A few minutes' walk up the street from the dock brought us to the boarding-house. A violent headache, the result of my sea-going adventure, sent me to bed instead of to the dining-room. But after an hour I rose and set forth, seeking relics of "King" Strang.

Perhaps I should pause here to recall the chief facts

in the story of the only "King" ever crowned within the borders of the United States.

In 1843 a young lawyer of thirty, James Jesse Strang, migrated from New York State to Burlington, Wisconsin. He had begun life as a school-teacher, had gone from that to newspaper work, temperance lecturing, and the law. In Burlington he began law practice, but the following year, attracted by the reports of the Mormon doctrine, he traveled down to Nauvoo, Illinois, heard a sermon by Joseph Smith, and announced himself converted to the Mormon faith. On his return to Burlington, he wrote to Smith, asking for authority to establish a branch of the Mormon church in Burlington. After some hesitation, Smith wrote approving. But only a few days after the despatch of that letter, Joseph Smith was murdered by the mob at Carthage, Illinois.

Who was to succeed him as head of the Mormon Church? While the elders were considering this question, they were startled by an announcement from Burlington. Strang, the new convert, asserted that Smith had in that letter appointed him successor! The council of elders scoffed at the claim, denounced the appointment as a forgery. Strang countered by producing some strange copper plates which, he said, a vision had led him to dig up from a hill near Burlington, inscribed with what he called the long-lost Book of the Law of God, supplementing the Book of Mormon that Joseph Smith had dug up from the hill of Cumorah.

But the elders rejected all Strang's evidence and elected

Brigham Young, who led the Mormon Church westward.

Undeterred, Strang founded his own Mormon Church near Burlington, at a place called Voree, and it grew and prospered. He kept up a constant controversy with the Brigham Young branch, ably defending his claim to the headship. At the end of four years, evidently fearing the same sort of persecution that had beset Joseph Smith in Illinois, Strang moved his church from Voree across the lake to these Beaver Islands.

Strang loved authority. Here in the isolation of the islands, his love for it had full sway. More and more he concentrated power in himself, molded the colony to his desires. A tabernacle was built; in it, in 1850, Strang had himself crowned King, with elaborate ceremony. He applied his royal authority not only to the members of his church but also to the "Gentiles" of the island, the fishermen and farmers who had been established there when he arrived. It was charged that he wanted to drive the "Gentiles" from the island. A common procedure, it was said, was to "consecrate" the property of an undesirable "Gentile," "consecration" being a polite word for "confiscation," and any Mormon was compelled to join in a "consecration" if ordered by a "destroying angel"—i. e., a deacon—to do so. Note that I qualify these statements with "it was said," for the records of the time, almost all written by Strang's enemies, are so full of passion and vindictiveness that it seems rather risky to rely upon them entirely. Their tone resembles that of the "revelations"

of evil doings at the House of David, in the Michigan newspapers in the spring of 1923. All the charges against "King" Strang may have been justified, just as all those against "King" Benjamin may be justified; but in both cases their violence invites skepticism.

At the height of Strang's power, President Fillmore happened to visit Detroit and to hear of the "King" who was holding sway on a remote island of Lake Michigan. Fillmore despatched a government cutter to depose him. When the cutter arrived at St. James, Strang went on board and surrendered himself and was taken to Detroit. There he was tried and so brilliantly defended himself, likening himself to a persecuted Christ, that he was acquitted. Shortly after this he was elected to the State Legislature from his county and gave a dignified and effective account of himself at Lansing.

His rigorousness on the island increased. He established prohibition and enforced it with an iron hand. He ordered that all women in his kingdom should wear bloomers. Certain women objected. In particular there were a Mrs. Wentworth and a Mrs. Bedford, both Gentiles. Bedford defied Strang and was whipped by Strang's followers, though more severely than Strang approved of. Finally matters reached a crisis. One day Strang was enticed down to the dock where a steamer from Mackinac lay. Bedford and Wentworth hid behind some cord-wood and shot him, then escaped on the steamer. Though formally arrested when the boat reached Mackinac, the two were acclaimed as the overthrowers of tyranny, and were

never punished. Then came the general revenge on the Mormons. A ruthless "Gentile" mob descended on the islands, confiscated the Mormon property, drove men, women, and children on board boats like cattle and shipped them to Milwaukee and Chicago. Strang, mortally wounded, had been carried by his followers across the lake to Voree. There he died.

A few minutes' walk down the street, I encountered a pleasant-faced young Irishman trundling an empty wheelbarrow.

"Is King Strang's temple standing yet?" I asked.

"No, it burned up."

"Is his house here?"

"That burned up, too. It used to stand down there." He pointed to some trees along the shore. "The only thing left of his buildings is that old log house."

"What was that?"

"I don't know. I tell you, you ought to talk with my uncle, Dannie McCue. He knows more about King Strang than anybody else in the world."

"Where is he?"

"He lives right here in this house. He 's not home now. Come back in half an hour."

I strolled along the shore. I discovered a tiny shipyard where an almost finished tug was on the ways. I also discovered that Beaver Island was full of pretty Irish girls. In half an hour I was back at Dannie McCue's.

Dannie McCue was a middle-aged man, with a shiny

bald head, and a soft voice issuing silkenly between glittering gold teeth.

"I understand that you know a great deal about King Strang."

Dannie McCue sat down and gazed at his knee. "Yes," he said. Then he added, "I suppose I know more than anybody else in the world."

"What kind of man was he?"

McCue considered. "Well, people have various opinions about that."

"What do you think?"

He stroked his knee. "I 've put it all in writing. I 've written—well, it is a book. But there are reasons why it was thought best not to publish it."

What reasons in the world, I wondered, could there be why the facts about King Strang should not be published? But Dannie McCue's tone suggested somber possibilities.

"This was one of their buildings out here, I understand."

"Some people think so."

"Do you consider that King Strang's killing was justifiable?"

McCue considered a long time, with bowed head. "There are various opinions about that," he said at last.

I did not pursue the inquiry farther. I felt rather ashamed of having pressed him thus far.

Returning to the boarding-house, I asked the landlady who else on the island besides Dannie McCue might know anything about King Strang.

"Dannie McCue! What does Dannie McCue know about King Strang?"

"He 's written a book."

"Did he tell you that?"

"Who *is* Dannie McCue?"

"Oh, he used to keep a saloon down here before prohibition. Since then he has n't done much of anything. Dannie McCue! Go and talk with Captain Dan Martin."

Captain Dan, a middle-aged man with a kindly face, I found at his home around the curve of the bay toward the lighthouse. The front part of his house was a net-shed, its overhead beams so heavily hung with nets that the structure seemed fairly to sag, and here he was at work.

"I don't think that Strang was a bad man. He was probably a pretty good man. The first members of his church were good people, but after awhile a lot of low characters joined, just to get plunder. They did things Strang never knew about. There was what they did to my father. He was a fisherman at Mackinac. One time he and some other men were on their way to Gull Island and a storm made them put in here for shelter. A gang of thirteen Mormons came down to the beach, with guns and spades."

"Spades! What for?"

"To bury them after they 'd been shot. The Mormons drove them down the shore a ways, then, because my father argued with them, the Mormons took a vote on it and decided to give them another chance. So they shoved

them off into the storm again, without any oars. They drifted ashore on the Manitous."

Just then Jimmy McCue, Dannie McCue's nephew, came in.

"Captain Dan, I 've got a line on an engine over in Petoskey. If I can get it at a decent price, would you advise me to put it in my boat and start out?"

"Is the engine all right?" asked Captain Dan.

"Yes, it 's all right. It 's only been used a year, and he guarantees it 's all right."

"You ought to raise your boat up, anyway, Jimmy. She's half full of water."

"That 's all right. She 's resting on the sand. I 'll get her up in a day or so."

"All right, Jimmy, get the engine if it 's a good one. It 's high time you made a start at something for yourself."

As I walked down the street with Jimmy, he explained: "All my life I 've been working for somebody else. I 've wheeled on the lakes and I 've worked on fishing-boats here. But I 've never stuck to any one thing long enough to get anywhere. If I 'd stuck to wheeling, I 'd have my mate's papers by now. Now I 've got a wife and two children, and that 's all I 've got. But I 've bought a boat and as soon as I can buy that engine I 'm going to start out for myself. That 's the only way to make money."

"The fishermen make money here, do they?"

"Sure! They all make money, if they have their own boats."

Hesitatingly I turned the conversation to another topic.

"I 've heard that a good many of the old Irish beliefs and customs linger around here," I suggested, with elaborate casualness.

"What beliefs and customs?"

"Oh, I mean . . . dances and things."

"Dances? We had a fine dance at the hall last night."

"No, not that kind. Not people dancing. I mean—" Titus had warned me not to approach the subject too baldly—"I mean leprechauns."

"Leprechauns!"

"Yes, and banshees and things."

Jimmy burst out laughing. "Who told you that?"

"Oh, I just heard it."

His face had become very serious. "I don't know anything about it." A minute later he said, "I don't think you 'd better talk to people about that."

Evidently my indirection had failed somewhat in effectiveness. I did not broach the subject again on the Beaver Islands. However, when I rejoined Pat and related the incident to her, she expressed great admiration for my method of approach. She says that the next time she visits a small town, she is going to make small talk with: "Do you have many dances around here? I mean . . . er . . . leprechauns."

"And then, when everybody else had gone below, we tied three pieces of pine together, slid them overboard and . . . "

It was a wizened, sharp-faced old man with a gray head

of hair that fitted tight like a cap,—Captain Charley Allers, the atheist of Beaver Island,—holding me entranced with one of his long, gorgeous sea tales. There are many men on the Beavers who have had adventures and can tell stories, but Captain Charley beats them all. I can't hope to reproduce the flavor of those tales. In fact, I discover that, retold, many of them seem rather ordinary. It was his wealth of detail, his manner, that gave them their vividness.

Captain Charley was born in Hanover, sailed in German ships with his father and his uncle, then in English ships. Tales! They were endless. There was the story of the race from Cardiff to Calcutta between the English ship *Iron Cross* and the American clipper *Lucy S. Wells,* the dismasting of the *Iron Cross* off the Cape, the strange meeting with the *Wells,* their arrival in Calcutta only a day apart, in spite of the English ship's handicap of a jury rig. . . .

"There she is as she came into Calcutta." He pointed to the photograph, on the wall, of a three-master in an odd stubby rig.

And that story went on with the adventure in the public baths of Calcutta, the death of Allers's shipmate by sunstroke, how he carried the news to the man's family in England and was precipitated into a love-affair and out of it. . . .

There was the tale of the voyage of the *Bosphorus* from Shields to Alexandria with coal, from Alexandria to Quebec in ballast, and how, while the ship was loading

with lumber for England, Allers with three other shipmates deserted, for wages in Quebec were fifty dollars a month and on shipboard only sixteen dollars. The other three got drunk and were caught; Allers read of their plight in the paper and boldly went to the jail to take them some tobacco. The next day he was caught, too, and set to work breaking stone in the jail, which was on the Heights of Abraham. He tricked the foreman in charge of the gang, got over the wall in broad daylight, and rolled down the cliff into the back door of his boarding-house. The frightened landlord hid him in a chest and set a party of sailors to playing cards on top of it, just as the searching-party burst in the door. For three days Allers lay in the chest, coming out at night to stretch his legs and get some food. Then, on the eve of the sailing of the *Bosphorus,* his daredeviltry got the better of him; he walked boldly down-town, and was arrested before he reached Dufferin Terrace. He was taken on board and put into the brig, in irons. But after the ship had passed Montmorency Falls and had dropped her pilot, Allers was released and assigned to a watch. He knew, however, that punishment awaited him when the *Bosphorus* reached England. That night be bribed a shipmate who was on the middle watch (from eleven o'clock to one) to change places with him. When every one else had gone below, Allers crept to the fo'castle and awakened one of the men who had been in jail with him. The pair tied together three pieces of pine from the deck-load of lumber, slipped them overboard, and floated away on them. But when

daylight came at three, they found themselves only two miles from the ship and the tide bearing them back toward her. Luckily, however, they managed to attract the attention of some fishermen drawing gill-nets and got ashore with them . . . And that tale went on, too—a chance meeting with the first mate of the *Bosphorus* in a side street in Bristol, a year later, a wild chase through back alleys . . .

Captain Charley quit the salt sea and came to the Great Lakes in 1873. For fifteen years he worked for other men in various capacities, then, in 1888, he bought his famous schooner.

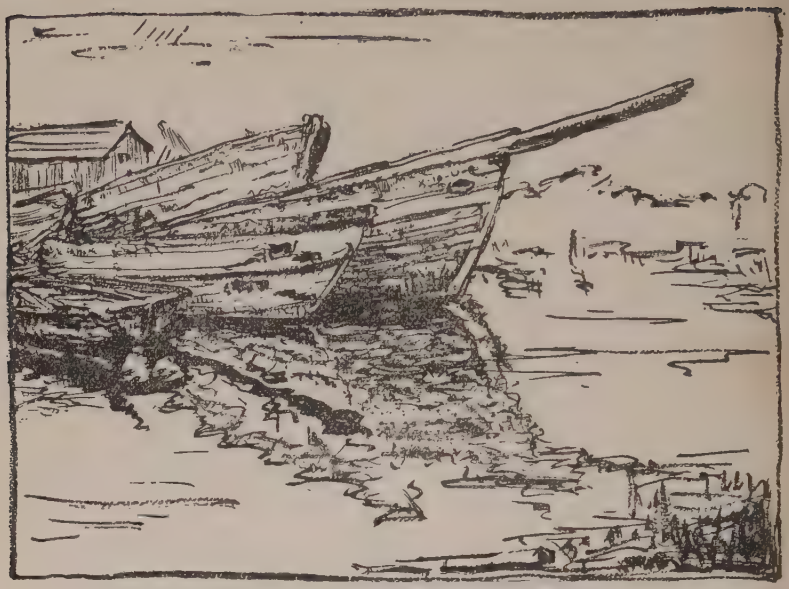
"What 's that?" I exclaimed, when he first mentioned her name.

"Extentuate," he pronounced. "But it is n't written the ordinary way. It 's like this." He wrote on a scrap of paper, *"X-10-U-8."*

"Where in the world did you get that idea?"

"Oh, I saw a saloon with that name in Chicago, down on Thirty-fifth Street. I thought it would make a fine name for my schooner."

The *X-10-U-8* was a schooner of twelve hundred tons and Captain Charley usually sailed her, he said, with only a boy helper. For many years the *X-10-U-8* was a familiar sight in Lake Michigan ports. Captain Charley operated her as many New England owner-captains used to operate their ships between Occident and Orient. He would buy a cargo of potatoes in the Manitou Islands and sell them in Chicago to the highest bidder, then buy a cargo of flour



He jerked his thumb toward the graveyard on the shore

and market it in Muskegon, buy a load of fruit and sell it in Menominee, load there with lumber and sell it in Chicago.

"What became of her?"

He jerked his thumb toward the graveyard on the shore behind the house.

Captain Charley's atheism shocks the good Catholics of the Beavers. He knows it and delights in the fact.

"They 're a queer lot," he said.

He had several stories to illustrate this queerness, some of which were, I think, a tribute to his story-telling gift.

"One Sunday," he said, "the men went out fishing con-

trary to the priest's orders, and the next day he came down and sprinkled holy water on the bay to purify it. And then they had a forest fire here once. Did they try to beat it out? No. The priest went out and sprinkled holy water in the woods, expecting that would stop it!"

They arrived on the Charlevoix boat that noon, two vigorous, businesslike young men, and at supper I heard them at the next table expounding to the lady from Chicago the wonders of Charlevoix. They flung their lines back and forth like Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean.

"Why, Charlevoix is the richest resort on the Great Lakes! Three million dollars valuation for a population of only two thousand!"

"Why, Michigan Avenue, Charlevoix, has any residence street in Chicago all beat! There 's cottages on that street that cost fifty thousand dollars!"

"Why, the printing bill of the Charlevoix Inn last month was four hundred and eighteen dollars! The printing bill!"

"Why, did you ever hear of our golf-course? The most wonderful . . . "

The next morning I saw them buzzing about among the groups of fishermen who were idling on the wharves in the sunshine after ten o'clock mass. Mingling in one of the groups, I learned that the pair were candidates in the coming county election ("The Beavers" are part of Charlevoix County), gathering votes by means of some oratory and several flat, dark-brown bottles.

After noon dinner I happened to hear that the two candidates had hired a fisherman to take them back to Charlevoix, and since the regular passenger-boat made no trip on Sunday and I wished to continue my travels, I applied for passage on the *Annie G.* There was some hesitancy in the answer, though ultimately I was admitted on board, no doubt out of politeness. But I felt myself regarded with suspicion by the owner, a Doyle, and his four friends, and especially by the two candidates, and I was very uncomfortable. Finally, when we were outside the harbor, one of the candidates approached me.

"Are you a booze-inspector?" he demanded. I cheerfully denied the charge. "Well, what is your business out here?" Innocently I disclosed myself as a representative of the press. The candidate fell on my neck. "I 'm a reporter," he declared. "I 'm the best reporter in Charlevoix. Bring out the box, boys!"

Instantly the restraint that had hung over the *Annie G.* vanished. A box full of rattling brown bottles was produced from a cavity forward. The two candidates shoved bottles into my hands. "It 's good stuff, it 's got hair on it." I was obliged to accept one bottle and to pretend to drink, but a moment later, unobserved, I emptied its contents overboard, being fearful of the origin.

"Look here, now," said the leading reporter of Charlevoix, leaning on me confidentially; "here 's something . . . something I want to get from you. Something I always wanted to . . . to ask somebody. The boss down on the paper says you got to write the story first and then . . .

then write the head, but I claim . . . I always claim the only thing to do it right is to write the head first and then— Here, have another drink. Say, you going to give us a good story about Charlevoix?"

"Yes, we got to have a good story about Charlevoix," asserted the other candidate.

"Why, say! do you know the printing bill of the Charlevoix Inn last month . . . last month . . . "

Just then the engine of the *Annie G.* bucked stiffly to a halt, almost throwing the two candidates on their heads.

We gathered anxiously in the middle of the boat, watching Doyle tinker. At the end of fifteen minutes, the motor suddenly spat and leaped forward.

"Wunnerful engine," asserted one of Doyle's friends. "Bes' lil ol' engine made."

"Now, you tell me," resumed the journalistic light of Charlevoix. "You going to give us a good story? D'I tell you the water bill of the Charlevoix Inn last month was . . . was eight hundred dollars? Eight . . . eight hundred dollars!"

"Why"—the other candidates seized my arm—"there 's more Cadillacs and Packards on Michigan Avenue, Charlevoix, than on any other street in the whole United States!"

"D'I tell you about our golf-course? Most wunnerful golf-course in the world! D'I tell you about it? Eighteen holes and all level as a table! You going to give us a good story?"

"Yes," I said enthusiastically, "and I 'm going to make

you the principal figure. The biggest newspaper man in the whole Great Lakes country!"

"Cut out that stuff! I don't want to be in it. I want Charlevoix to be in it. Have another bottle. Don't spill that stuff! Hey, fellas! look what he 's—"

This time the engine bucked more violently. Doyle, who had just begun his third bottle, stumbled and almost fell into the fly-wheel. The *Annie G.* gave a wild lurch sideways. I had already noted with interest that there were no life-preservers aboard. Luckily the lake was fairly calm.

Doyle picked himself up and again began tinkering. This time he was half an hour at it. But when the engine started, it started.

"Wunnerful engine!" said Doyle. "Bes' lil ol' engine made." Then he scrambled forward. "Here, gimme that wheel!" The *Annie G.* was making wide circles in the lake.

But Doyle's steering was hardly better, and, a moment or two later, one of his friends shoved him aside and again we headed approximately for Charlevoix.

"Say, now, tell me honest, what do you write first, the story or the . . . the head?"

Up forward a discussion about Captain Charley Allers had suddenly broken forth between Doyle and his friends.

"I bet he never sailed that *X-10-U-8*. He could n't sail her! I bet he always had somebody to sail her for him!"

"Why, he could n't sail the *Idler!*"

"Why," declared Doyle, triumphantly, "he could n't sail the *Annie G.!*"

Another buck. The candidate had his face close to mine and our heads bumped.

More tinkering. A sudden bronco leap forward.

"Wunnerful engine!" said the candidate. "Bes' lil ol' engine made. Say, you going to give us a good story? You going to knock Charlevoix? Gimme me hanser! If you knock Charlevoix, we 'll follow you up and kill . . . kill your magazine! Kill it dead! Unnerstand?"

He grabbed my throat and shoved me against the rail.

"Wait, Joe, wait!" The other candidate pulled him off. "That 's not the way. Have a drink."

The journalist and candidate for high office gulped half a bottle and then said intimately: "Soon 's we get on shore, we 're going to get . . . get my machine and I 'm going to show you . . . really show you Charlevoix. So you won't have 'nexcuse. Get my machine and show you Charlevoix."

"Who 's going to drive?"

"I 'm going to drive! And I 'm going to show you . . . "

Ahead of us was Charlevoix Light. We headed toward it with remarkable accuracy and, by what seemed to me a miracle, aimed directly between the piers up the center of the channel. But it was too good to last. When we were almost at the bridge, the *Annie G.* made a sudden dart to the right. I was the only one aboard who saw the col-

lision coming; I hung on. We rammed the pier full speed and splintered our bow; fishermen and candidates tumbled on top of one another in the bottom. The Sunday crowd on the pier, who had been watching us curiously, sent up a shout of laughter.

Doyle, shocked half sober, rose, backed his boat away, steered slowly up the channel, and, somehow, brought her alongside a dock.

"Now, wait!" said the slightly bedraggled candidate. "Just a minute . . . We'll get . . . get my car, an' really show you Charlevoix . . . Wait! Now, wait!"

But, impolitely, I broke loose and fled.

CHAPTER XXI

AROUND THE FINGER-TIPS

SCENE: Charlevoix-Petoskey bus.

TIME: Eight o'clock Sunday night.

PERSONS: MR. *and* MRS. SISENWEIN, *of Milwaukee.*
MISS OPPENHEIMER, *of Louisville.*
MRS. SILBERMAN, *of Fort Wayne.*
MR. NASENASSER, *of St. Louis.*
A LITTLE GIRL.
Three shrouded figures, in one corner.
I, in the other.

MRS. SISENWEIN [*to Little Girl*]. Zo—you live on Mitchigan Avenue?

LITTLE GIRL. Sig-sig-nide-do, Soud.

MRS. SISENWEIN [*meaningfully*]. Oh, South?

MR. SISENWEIN. Houb bar soud ob d' Bitchigad Zedral Debo?

L. G. I dode doe.

MRS. SILBERMAN. I thod it was Bitchigad Boulevard you said you libd od?

L. G. Bitchigad Abedoo-Bitchigad Boulebard—all sabe dig.

MISS OPPENHEIMER. There 's a Bitchigad Abedoo id Dedroid. Derrible Streed.

L. G. There's a Bitchigad Abedoo here in—

MR. NASENASSER. Always sabe day, sabe bour by hay-beber begins.

MR. SISENWEIN. Bide, doo,—sabe day, bud nod sabe bour.

MISS OPPENHEIMER. Bide, sabe bour, bud nod sabe day.

MR. NASENASSER. Sigsdeed Baugust, betweed doo B. M. ad [*sneeze*] dree B. M.

MR. SISENWEIN. Tweddy-dird ob July, subtibes id the bornig, subtibes id the abderdude.

MISS OPPENHEIMER. Sebbed id the borning, always sebbed id—

MRS. SISENWEIN. Where 's your father and you boarding now?

L. G. Boster's.

MRS. SISENWEIN. Foster's? What 'd you pay?

L. G. Sebbed dollars a weeg bor bother ad bore dollars a weeg bor be.

MR. SISENWEIN. Board ud rube?

L. G. Board. Be had wud beal yesderday by bother said was word a weeg's board. Chig-ged.

MR. SISENWEIN. Whud do you ged bor bregbus?

L. G. Ebbs ad wabbles.

MR. SISENWEIN [*quick*]. Mid syrub?

[*Every one turns, intent.*]

L. G. Mid syrub. [*With elaborate carelessness.*] Bud we 're goig away. Barquette. Mr. Lebed wrode by bother there is doe cubarisub.

MRS. SISENWEIN. No comparison?

L. G. He wrode there is doe cubarisud.

MRS. SISENWEIN. He meant Marquette is better than Petoskey and Charlevoix?

L. G. He wrode there is doe cubarisud.

MRS. SISENWEIN. What did he mean?

[*The three shrouded figures pause, midway in a sneeze.*]

L. G. He wrode by bother thad the haggercheb is nod seed id Barquette.

ALL [*astounded*]. The haggercheb is nod seed id Barquette!

MR. NASENASSER. Always sabe day, sabe bour. . . .

DRIVER. Petoskey!! Hotel Metropole!!

Mackinac Island . . .

The only public spot in the United States I know where automobiles are forbidden. On the ferry-boat crossing over from Mackinaw City, an Iowan, on his way to the upper peninsula, had been allowed to insinuate his new Cadillac, and it was landed on the Mackinac Island dock to wait for the St. Ignace boat to transport it the rest of the way across the straits. The dock attendants gathered round it in watchful phalanx, precisely as the door-men at a New York club form in front of a woman who has stepped inside the entrance to ask a question—fearing that she will try to dart past them into the hidden sanctities.

All the horses that the automobile has antiquated in the Middle West have assembled here to wheeze out their days transporting visitors to Arch Rock and Lover's Leap. A

squadron of barouches, democrats, buggies, carryalls, and catchalls fills the street at the end of the dock, their drivers shouting. But, though the automobile is not here, its influence seems to have corrupted the innocence of the island. Instead of dozing properly on hotel porches, the guests pace uneasily to and fro or perch on the edge of their chairs fumbling nervously with time-tables and steamer schedules. Too much tranquillity has a reaction. Mackinac Island will be obliged to let the automobile in, or build a factory or a trolley line or something or, I am afraid, it will lose its clientele.

Behind the town steep steps climb the cliff to the fort. Of all our historic forts, this has the most splendid setting, perched here on a high rock at the cross-roads of the lakes. The exterior of the fort has, I suppose, much the same appearance as it had a hundred and fifty years ago. But not its interior. Over the doors of the quaint blockhouses the government posts a courteous request to visitors not to mark the walls inside. The visitors know, however, that the authorities are absurdly old-fashioned, that the white-washed walls demand decoration, and they have covered them completely from floor to ceiling with their autographs, some in modest lettering only two inches high, others in splendid bold script one foot high. Among recent callers I noted the registry of Dick Ryskamp and Frank Doornbos of Grand Rapids, Ray Diggs of Washington, D. C., Miss Lucile Morley of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Mr. and Mrs. James Rickard of Alliance, Ohio. I once thought that the passion for autographing public

places was purely American, but some years ago I was strolling across Culloden Moor and saw that the stone monument erected to commemorate the battle had been so carved with the names of Scotch citizens (who, no doubt, wished thus to express their approval of the defeat of the young Pretender) that not even Ray Diggs or Dick Ryskamp could have found room to insert an initial.

"Where is Anne's House?" I asked, when I descended again to the town.

A picture post-card showed in the foreground a beautiful old rambling cottage with many wings and five or six chimneys, and the caption "The House of Anne." The home, of course, of the heroine of Constance Fenimore Woolson's tale—that lavender book with the gold lettering and the illustrations by C. S. Rinehart, that I had read and pretended to understand at the age of ten.

"It used to stand over there." The man pointed to a row of immense, rather ugly "cottages" that anywhere save at a summer resort would be called mansions. I examined my post-card again. The sub-caption was "Mackinac Island in 1871." In 1871, before the days of the big hotels and "cottages," with schooners coming and going at the docks, and with the beautiful House of Anne, the island must have been rather nicer than it is now.

But, a half a mile or so down the street, I discovered a beautiful building that has been preserved from the past—the old Mission Church. It was built here one hundred years ago by the American Board of Foreign Missions, of Boston. Soon afterward, however, the Indians whom

the missionaries had come to convert moved on farther West; the mission was closed. For many years it stood here locked and silent, but about thirty years ago it was bought by a group of residents and summer visitors and carefully restored. With its quaint stiff box-pews, its high pulpit and choir gallery and tiny-paned windows, it is as perfect a New England meeting-house as you can find anywhere in New England. It is unique among churches. It has no denomination, no church organization, no membership, no pastor. But during the summer season clergymen of various creeds who may happen to be visiting on the island are asked to conduct services here.

I reached Cheboygan from Mackinac Island, by a little steamer, late at night in a pouring rain. At seven the next morning I boarded a train for Alpena. I had a notion that I should arrive about ten o'clock; the distance is roughly seventy miles. The train did arrive at 2 P. M. Not because it was late; because it was a freight. The passenger-car attached to the rear was a mere incident. The stoppings, waitings, backings, switchings at every siding gave me plenty of time to explore the decayed lumber towns along the way, only I discovered nothing worth record. Most of the time the other passenger and I spent picking blackberries in the adjacent woods, or slouched in our seats morosely contemplating the past and the future.

Alpena sits pleasantly on the other Thunder Bay of the Great Lakes, the finest harbor of Lake Huron. It

was settled, says N. C., almost entirely by people from Maine and Massachusetts and he adds that to-day it is still the most New-Englandish town on the lakes. I did not note that fact in the outward aspect and assume that it is an inward truth, unrevealed to the casual explorer.

Next to Bay City, Alpena was the greatest sawmill town of the Lake Huron shore. The last of the white pine vanished before 1900, and the beech and maple had come to an end by 1910.

N. C. has given me many interesting items of local history. La Salle's *Griffin,* he says, was lost off Presque Isle, on the dangerous stretch of shore north of Alpena. That may well be, though, as I said in another chapter, the *Griffin* has many graves. On an island off Thunder Bay lived Minavavana, the famous Indian chief who ruled the Ojibways from Thunder Bay to Mackinac, that Minavavana who led the massacre at Fort Michilimackinac on June 4, 1763, when the Indians used the ball-game trick so thrillingly described by Parkman in "The Conspiracy of Pontiac."

But the most exciting story N. C. tells is that of the *Pewabic,* one of the strangest disasters in Great Lakes history.

On August 9, 1865, the passenger steamer *Pewabic,* south-bound from Lake Superior to Detroit, with a full passenger list and a cargo of copper nuggets, was passing the entrance to Thunder Bay. The lake was absolutely calm. In the clear light of early evening, the captain sighted a sister ship of the same line, north-bound, and

manœuvered toward her, anxious to obtain the latest news of the closing events of the Civil War, for the *Pewabic* had been weeks beyond the reach of telegraph wires. Suddenly, while questions and answers were being shouted back and forth across the water, an unaccountable sheer, probably the catch of an unsuspected current running out of the bay into the open lake, swung the two steamers together. The *Pewabic,* a hole in her side, sank with incredible swiftness. There were only a few survivors. One of these was a baby hurled by its mother from the *Pewabic* to the deck of the sister ship—a baby who, when he grew up, could never learn who his parents had been.

There were repeated efforts to reach the treasure on the *Pewabic.* The ship lay in a hundred and eighty-five feet of water, however, and no diver could endure the pressure. One diver devised a suit with many springs between the outer and inner layers, but he was hauled to the surface bleeding from the ears. Finally, about 1900, a diving party arrived at Alpena with a great diving-bell, which swung over the side of a tug by a huge derrick. The bell had mechanical jointed arms, worked from the inside, to explore and gather wreckage, and port-holes for observation, with glass six inches thick. Day after day the tug went out into the lake, searching for the lost ship on the lake bottom. The bell withstood the pressure, the men in it could see clearly all about them through the port-holes. But no one living knew the exact spot where the *Pewabic* had gone down, and as the search went on without success, the divers became hopeless. Then, one

day, they found it, half buried in the sand. Many mementos of the dead were discovered. Work was started on the recovery of the copper cargo. It went very slowly; the divers' dreams of riches faded. Then, one day, when about to descend, one of the divers noticed a slight flaw in the glass of a port, but the men were in a hurry and a surface imperfection in a piece of glass six inches thick seemed unimportant. But that glass gave way; the divers were crushed to death by water pressure before they had time to drown. The tug towed the water-logged monster to shore.

"Dead, absolutely. Nothing has happened since you went away." So everybody had told me about Bay City, and I had had no trouble in believing it, for Bay City was n't so very much alive when I knew it last, twenty years ago. Then, the sawmills were gone, or almost gone. The shipyards, that had been so thrilling a part of my childhood, were on the decline. One or two sugar-beet factories had come in, but as a whole the town was hardly holding its own. My memory was of rather dreary, commonplace streets, long, snowy, sleety winters, still longer, soggy springs, blazing hot summers working in the beet-sugar fields. Only the river was a bright image in the past.

What did I expect now? I scarcely knew. Some access of dreariness and stagnation. "Why, there are n't even any street-cars any more," some one had complained. And a shrinking of everything; for I knew that everything

does shrink when you go back to your boyhood town. And, worst of all, a shrinking of my river to a pitiful drab little stream between ugly decayed docks.

That night, driving from the Alpena train to the hotel, I saw nothing. But in the morning I was up early. And the first thing I saw was the river. The hotel stands where the old Fraser House stood, at the foot of Center Avenue, but the buildings at the very foot of the street have been torn away, making a little park down to the river bank. I hurried across it. Here it was—and how wide! Not a pitiful stream at all, but a wide river, flowing smooth, empty, and silent. How *big* it was! How could I have thought it would be shrunken? What a trick my common sense had played on me! I turned and hurried down Water Street to the bridge and out to the middle of the swing. Yes, how wide—and how beautiful! I lingered there, fascinated.

Then I strode westward. The sawmill that used to stand at the other end of the bridge surrounded by wooden salt-drying pans, the mill where Micky and I had "sneaked" the lumber for our boats, had vanished utterly. There were only some empty slips grown round by tall waving green grass. I hurried up Midland Street, looking eagerly here and there for familiar store signs. Wilton's Book Store was gone; but here was Guntermann's Meat Market, and Lafe Lampson's dray-office, and Hiller's undertaking parlors where they had always been.

The street did n't look exactly decayed; there were actually some new buildings. I hurried on. Straight

ahead rose the spire of the Westminster Church, and across from it—I stared. What had happened to the old Sage Library, where I had discovered Henty and Fenn, where I had devoured "Harper's Weekly" in the feverish days of the Spanish-American War? Oh, there it was, after all; only, some one had covered its red brick with a coat of white paint! And beyond, peeking through the trees, the old high school.

I turned north on the familiar old street—Wenona Avenue, the signboard on the corner called it now. Curious—one block, two blocks—where was the old parsonage? I had thought I should recognize it in an instant, but the houses all seemed strange. Perhaps it had been torn down. I walked up and down, studying the houses. Could *that* be it? Doubting, I walked on up the street. There was the Rounds house, that was unmistakeable, the house where our family had met so much happiness and sorrow, and, beyond it a block or so, the old dark, low, gloomy house with the wide yard where I had built the ice-boat, that extraordinary ice-boat that never reached the ice.

I was famished. I strode back toward the hotel. Now, a little life was stirring along Midland Street. Storekeepers were opening up their doors. A thin trickle of young men and girls was hurrying eastward. A jitney, crowded full, paused an instant at the curb.

After breakfast I telephoned to N. M. G., and presently she whirled up to the hotel in her little car, her old charming self, and we went spinning about the streets. And I

discovered two things. Those vanished trolley-cars and unused tracks for which so many Bay City people apologize—what comparison can there be between screeching, grinding, thumping, bumping trolley-cars and smooth, swift and (comparatively) silent motor jitneys? In this one respect, Bay City is ahead of the times, not behind them. The other thing I discovered is that this town I half hated twenty years ago, that every one calls dead, that every one who could has quit for more exciting scenes, owns something few Middle Western towns possess—charm. I wonder whether any Bay City people realize that? Probably not, and if they did they would say, no doubt, that they would prefer a little "pep." "Pep" is all right for some towns, but it would ruin Bay City for me.

That afternoon we drove out to the shore. Everything had a dilapidated look. A few forlorn picnickers wandered about the boarded-up casino. With a little flutter of the pulse, I strode on toward the beach. Would the old thrill come again on this spot where I had first seen the open lake, the magical horizon line, the world of water meeting the world of sky? I halted, shocked. Where *was* the beach? Instead of that white, dazzling sweep of sand, there was a scraggly growth of marsh grass everywhere, almost hiding the lake.

"They 've neglected everything shamefully, letting all this grass grow up," said N. "No one comes here any more."

I turned away sadly. We climbed into the car. We must start back. My train for Detroit left in an hour.

On the way through town, I asked N. to draw up a moment on the bridge for a last look at my river. After all, it was the river that had caused the town's surprising effect on me—my continual consciousness of the presence of the river. And its beauty came from so many things. From my memories of the launchings at Wheeler's and Davidson's shipyards long ago, of my adventures with toy boats along the docks, and, then of real boats, those queer flat-bottomed craft that Red and Micky and I built in the shed back of the Rounds house and perilously sailed even out into the open lake. It came from the memory of my sketching-tours along the silent lumber-slips, in those days when I was convinced that I was to be an artist. And suddenly, as I looked at it, I realized, realized for the first time, that this river running still and peaceful under this bridge actually flowed out of all my youth. The little river at Bridgeport past the hotel where my mother sat at the window, with me in her arms, waiting for my father. The river at Saginaw, where I had had my first glimpse of drawbridges and steamboats. The river at Edenville in the north woods that had first taught me the magic of running water, of water flowing into the mysterious beyond, the unattainable world that lived in the entrancing, half-understood books my father read aloud in the lamplight after supper—the St. Lawrence, the Atlantic, towers and minarets beyond the sea. . . . All these rivers flowed under the bridge. . . .

"We must hurry, if you 're to catch your train," said N.

CHAPTER XXII

IKONS, FLIVVERS, AND EDDIE GUEST

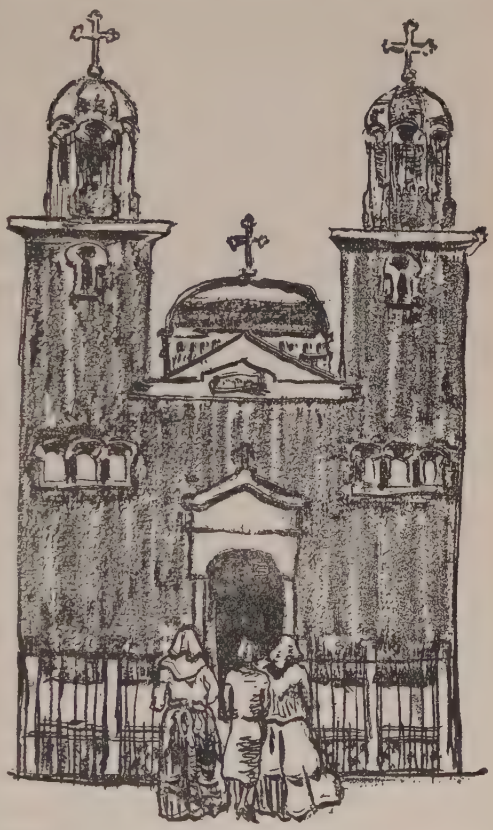
A DEMURE gray figure in a wide, flaring pleated skirt and a flaring pleated waist—like two dinner-bells one on top of the other—and a black silk kerchief on her head, turned in at the odd yellow and red brick church with the squat square towers surmounted by octagonal domes.

"Come on," exclaimed Pat.

We jumped out of Helen's car and the three of us followed the gray figure up the steps. There was a tiny vestibule where, at one side, some queer narrow steps wound through the wall toward an unknown region, and straight ahead the door into the church itself.

Confronting us at the other end of the high interior rose a screen, extending almost to the roof, pierced by three small doors, and completely covered with colored pictures. The topmost picture was a Christ on a cross, flanked with little curtains like guest towels, and, above, an eye in a triangle looked down on the churchful of standing people—standing, for there were no seats, save in the carved wooden stalls that went along both sides of the church and across the back, and the occupants of those stood, also. The women of the congregation were somewhat inferior

creatures. There was a transverse barrier one third of the way from the rear: the men stood in front of it, the women behind. Here and there among the people rose a pedestal with a tilted top, like a bookkeeper's desk, bearing a large colored picture framed in heavy linen embroidered in black, yellow, and red, and set round with many flaming candles. The pictures on the screen were decorated with great bows of blue ribbon.



With square squat towers surmounted by octagonal domes

"Ikons," Pat whispered.

The priest, round-faced and mustached, in a crimson robe bordered with gold, came out through the center door in the ikon-screen, and a man in shirt sleeves handed him a censer, which he swung to and fro, muttering

an incantation. A group of men at the front—also in their shirt sleeves; evidently the choir—intoned a wild chant.

The girl in gray had taken her place in the stall at the left of the door, which bore the name "Eleana Popovici," and stood there motionless, gazing upward at the tall ikon-screen. I stole a look at her. She was the most beautiful of the women, her costume the most charming. The garb of the women varied. Some wore full costume, some only a suggestion of a costume,—a black silk kerchief or a black silk apron over commonplace ugly American clothes,—and as the American clothes emerged it was interesting to note that the faces became, or seemed to become, less simple and dignified. There were some little girls, entirely American, in cheap department-store frocks, chewing gum. One woman, a handsome gipsy creature, celebrated her Americanization by dressing herself and her ten-year-old daughter from top to toe in screaming scarlet.

"What 's that?" Helen whispered.

From a distance came a murmur of voices, the sound of a band. We turned and slipped out.

Down the middle of the street moved a procession—funny little girls with big black eyes, their hair down their backs, wearing white with blue sashes and carrying baskets of flowers; then a band; then a girl in a veil, leaning on the arm of a young fellow with a great blue-and-white sash.

"It 's a wedding!" cried Pat, who is always strangely excited by weddings.

Behind the bride came the bridesmaids, with immense bows of ribbon on the backs of their heads, then a little

boy carrying a blue banner, then the groom,—a tall, solemn, pale young man in black,—and behind him an enormous procession of ushers, boisterous young men with sleek back hair and tremendous boutonnières of pale-blue ribbon, each of them bearing a bottle wrapped in a handkerchief.

And this (I forced myself to remember) was Detroit!

The little girls, the bride and groom, passed into the church, but the ushers and the band stayed outside to consult the bottles. Inside, the wild, wailing chant rose and fell. The priest passed back and forth through the swinging doors of the ikon-screen, performing his inscrutable functions. The bride and groom and their followers pressed forward beyond the barrier. Had the wedding begun?

"No," said a boy near the door, in answer to our question; "it won't begin for a long time yet."

"Let's take a peek at the Serbian church down the street and then come back," Helen suggested.

The Serbian church, a block away, was a dingy-gray little building that might have been a cross-roads schoolhouse save for the Eastern cross on its low cupola. But once through the doorway, we were even farther from the humming Motor Metropolis, farther from the America we knew, than we had been in the Rumanian church a few moments ago. It was the same, yet very different. There was the ikon-screen with the three doors. There was no barrier between men and women save an invisible one lengthwise of the church, the men standing on the left, the

women on the right. Compared with the Rumanian church, this low-ceilinged, tiny interior was utterly dingy and bare. There were few if any costumes among the women. Yet the place was indescribably exotic and strange. Perhaps its atmosphere came mostly from the tall, somber, beautiful priest, who moved through the rites with eyes upraised, a Byzantine Christ come to earth.

After a few moments, when I could break away from the fascination of that priest's face, I caught something that bridged the gulf between Serbia and America. Up in front an urchin of ten, hidden from the priest by the choir-leader's bulk, was making strange faces and wigwags; craning my neck, I saw a little girl on the opposite side of the church discreetly answering. Was their performance some part of this strange ritual? But all at once the choir-leader moved slightly so that the boy was exposed to the priest's gaze and, like lightning, the imp composed his face to utter piety and transformed his signal to the sign of the cross!

Two humble couples came forward with babies to be baptized. One baby was lusty and handsome, the other wizened, shrinking, and pitiful. The mother of the lusty baby stripped it nude, the priest took it in his arms, looked down at it with infinite compassion and understanding. He looked at the father, asked one or two questions; the father answered. Then the priest dipped his fingers in the cruet of oil on the table, touched the baby's forehead, breast, and knees, making the sign of the cross. Then he bent down, lifted a pitcher of water, and, holding the baby

The priest dipped his fingers in the cruet of oil

over a white enamel dish-pan that stood on the floor, doused it sharply. The baby gasped, closed its mouth tightly, then looked up at the priest and smiled. . . . But the wizened baby was not so polite when its turn came.

The mothers dressed their babies, the parents and the congregation moved toward the door. Near it was a table on which stood a basket full of nobbets of sticky candy wrapped in scraps of newspaper—perhaps the good-will offering of the happy parents to the church members, for each person took a packet as he went out. Most of them thrust the candy into their pockets, but one man retired to the dark corner near the door to down his at one gobble.

"Are there many Serbs in Detroit?" I asked the man who seemed to be the priest's assistant.

"Oh, many, many thousand."

"What do they do?"

"Oh, work. Work at Ford's."

We must have been at the Serbian church longer than we thought, for when we reached the Rumanian church again the service and the wedding were over, the procession had vanished, the church was full of a clamoring mob.

"What 's the matter," we asked, startled.

"We 're electing a new priest," explained the boy at the door.

"What 's the shouting about?"

"It 's about who shall vote. Some want all the Rumanians who come, to vote. Some say only the church members should vote."

"Are there many Rumanians in Detroit?"

"Twenty thousand."

"Twenty thousand! What do they do, mostly?"

"Oh, everything. Work at Ford's."

Every moment the clamor rose higher. A wild young man in his shirt sleeves sprang out into the middle of the crowd, swinging his arms, dominating the tumult for a moment, then was drowned out by a big black-bearded man with a heavy voice.

"They 're going to fight!" Helen exclaimed, in alarm.

"Oh, no," the boy deprecated; "it 's only the way we argue."

We watched for a time, and then, deafened, went away. When we read the newspapers the next morning we learned that an hour after our departure the police had been summoned to settle the "argument" between the two factions of the Biserica Romana.

A few blocks down the street a crowd of well-dressed

negroes buzzed in front of a church with an imposing flight of steps and wooden pillars. The blackboard at the entrance announced:

Pastor Wornach's Second Sermon Approaching the Opening of the Seven Seals. Subj: "The Church on the Isles of Patamos."
Pastor Wornach will speak at 8 P.M. on "The Man Walking among the Golden Candlesticks."

I jumped out and ventured up the steps. The droning tone of a prayer came from the stifling packed interior. A giant black usher caught my arm and pointed to one vacant seat far up in front. I hesitated, then shook my head and ran down the steps.

We were in the heart of the black district. Everywhere black, brown, and yellow faces swarmed in and out of the little dingy close-set wooden houses, and from the crude outdoor stoves in front of many of them came the inviting fragrance of roast chicken.

"This has been the negro district for years and years," Helen said. "When the automobile boom came and the darkies swarmed to Detroit to get the high wages, they all piled in here. The district could n't expand very well, so they live three and four families in a house."

A block farther, on the opposite side of the street (Orleans Street, I believe it was), a roaring darky hymn came from a big tent in a vacant lot. A piece of canvas stretched between two sticks along the sidewalk proclaimed: "Church of Macadona." At the corner beyond that we were startled to see two gaudily gowned black girls with yellow-and-red striped silk stockings enter a disreputable

tumble-down shack, that once must have been some sort of store, but now— What could it be but what it looked like? And entering their place of business boldly on a Sunday morning, half a block from a church!

"I 'm going back to make sure," I announced.

Helen drew up at the curb and I walked back. Beside the shack door was tacked a small piece of yellow paper with sprawled penciling: "St. Paul's M. E. Church." I opened the door a crack. It was the smallest church I have ever seen—half a dozen crude benches, a pulpit made of a box. The two gorgeous black girls had seated themselves in front, and were bent over a hymn-book.

"There are dozens of little darky churches around in these streets, I 've heard," said Helen. "The explanation is that whenever there 's a quarrel in a church, a group breaks off and starts a new church. These are mostly Methodists and Baptists, I guess. The real swell darkies are Episcopalians."

"Swell darkies!" Pat repeated. "How could there be any darkies sweller than those we just saw?"

"Well," Helen laughed, "it seems that there are." And as we drove on she told about Miss Jones, who worked for Aunt Fanny a short time ago.

"They 's real mean," said Miss Jones, referring to some friends of hers. "When they introduces me they always says, 'This is Miss Jones; she wuks.' They could jest as well say, 'This is Miss Jones.' But they always says, 'This is Miss Jones, she wuks.' "—"Well," Helen had inquired, "don't they work?"—"No, they never wuks. They 's

manicu'es and hairdressahs and such things. They never wuks. They 's 'Piscopals. You can always tell 'Piscopals, because they never wuks and they 's always got a gold tooth."

We drove on down toward Jefferson Avenue.

"This is a curious church," said Helen, slowing down at the corner of Orleans Street and Congress. "I 've noticed it a good many times. I wonder what sort it is."

A striped entrance arch suggesting Siena

It was indeed curious, a striped entrance arch suggesting Siena, flattened against a square brick tower, itself flattened against a peaked gable end receding upward to an oblong cowl.

Entering, we expected to see an Eastern Orthodox service like those at the Rumanian and Serbian churches, but here were regular rows of benches and images above the altar instead of pictures.

A swarthy priest with features strongly suggesting the Semitic stood by the door.

"This is the Syrian church of the Maronites," he said. "It is the oldest Christian church in the world. It was founded on Mount Lebanon. Our service is in Aramaic, which is almost the same language that Christ himself used."

"Do your people speak Aramaic?"

"No, Arabic—the language that was imposed on us by the Arabs."

"Are n't you racially connected with the Jews?"

"No, no!" he said emphatically. "We 're descendants of the ancient Phœnicians."

"What do the Syrians do in Detroit, mostly?"

"Oh, everything. Work in the automobile plants."

"Your church inside looks almost like a Roman Catholic church," ventured Helen.

"It is!" he said, in surprise. "We 're under the church of Rome. Our ritual is somewhat like the orthodox, but our faith is the same as the Roman. There 's another Syrian church, here in Detroit, the Jacobite, that is n't under the pope. That church was founded by Jacob Al Bardai, who lived in the fifth century."

As we drove westward across the city we puzzled over these remarks, for we all had thought of the Roman Catholic Church and the Eastern Orthodox Church as something radically different.

Our puzzlement was increased when, on a street far on the west side (Clippert Street I have it in my notes), we

spied a church with three bulbous domes such as one sees in pictures of Moscow. This *must* be a species of Eastern Orthodox Church. But the letters on the corner stone said "Ukrainian Catholic Church," and when we entered we discovered a service that seemed to be a queer mélange of Roman and Eastern. When the service was over, we sought the priest, Father Leo Sembratovitch, a tall, blond Slav.

"There are sixteen different rituals in the Catholic Church," he said. "The Latin is simply the most widespread and the best known here in the United States. There 's the Ukrainian, the Maronite, the Coptic, and so on. The rituals of some of them are more like the Orthodox than like the Latin. Another difference between these other branches of the Catholic Church and the Latin is that while the Roman service is in Latin, many of the others are in a language that the people understand. Ours is in Old Slavonic. That has about the same relation to modern Ukrainian as Chaucer has to modern English. Nine tenths of our people understand it."

"I thought the Greek Church was the same as the Russian or Eastern Orthodox," said Pat.

"Oh, yes. But in a way it is different from both the Orthodox and the Roman. For instance, the Orthodox clergy must marry, the Roman cannot, but the Greek may, just as a clergyman of the Episcopal or any Protestant church may."

Father Sembratovitch has lived a life that quite upsets the ordinary concept of the clergyman as a cloistered man

With a dome like a balloon trying to tug it to heaven

of prayer. He was born in Lemburg, became secretary to the archbishop, then vicar, led a pilgrimage of five hundred Ukrainians to Jerusalem, and wrote a book about the adventure. Then he went to Rome to study, learned to speak Italian, French, and English in addition to the Ukrainian, Polish, and German he already knew, continued his studies in Cologne and Paris, supporting himself by working as a reporter on German and French newspapers. He came to America in 1907 as assistant to the Ukrainian bishop at Philadelphia, then organized Ukrainian churches in Canada and brought priests from Europe to take charge of them. The war caught him in Austria. He worked throughout the conflict in the Austrian Red Cross and had some adventures I wish I had the space to tell here. Now he has come back to take charge of one of the largest Ukrainian churches in the United States.

"What do the Ukrainians in Detroit do mostly?" I asked.

He laughed. "What everybody else does. Work at Ford's."

A block or so away we found a little Russian church with a dome like a balloon trying to tug it to heaven, and an excited young Russian told us about the Bolshevik church in another part of town and its effort to undermine this church. We found the quaint, humble little German Pentecostal Church on Military Avenue—surely the least military church that ever was! We visited Italian churches, Swedish Lutheran churches, a Dutch church. And we journeyed out to Highland Park, seeking the Mohammedan mosque that Mohammed Sadig built a year or so ago, and found that it had closed. Not for lack of Arabs in Detroit. But because the Arabs are so busy working in the Ford plant on Fridays that they could not attend service.

We had seen what many people who have lived in Detroit all their lives have never seen. Instead of calling on Mr. Ford and his flivver factory, we had explored the Detroit that Ford has made. . . .

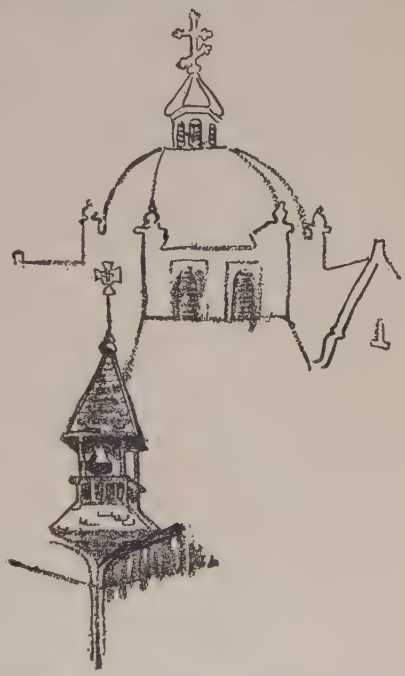
While many Great Lakes cities are struggling to create civic centers and cut radiating avenues through the checker-board of streets so loved by the four-square pioneers who laid out America, Detroit concerns herself with other things. In 1805 Detroit burned to the ground. One of the territorial judges of the time, Augustus B. Woodward, had brought from Washington a great admiration of

the L'Enfant plan of that city, and through his influence the new Detroit was laid out with two focal points,—the Campus Martius and Grand Circus Park, half a mile apart,—and a number of radiating streets and avenues. But Detroit, as a municipality, has taken rather poor advantage of this plan. Had the city secured the dominating points on the Campus Martius or Grand Circus Park for a group of public buildings of good and uniform design, she would now possess a civic center unequaled in the United States. Glance at the Campus Martius and its extension, Cadillac Square, as they are to-day. At one end stands the unimpressive, soot-blackened Renaissance City Hall. At the other rises the Wayne County Court-house, of totally unrelated design, the highly ornate style peculiar to American court-houses. The remaining points on the great open space are occupied by a mongrel collection of buildings, old and young, squat and tall, none of any effectiveness or beauty. Grand Circus Park, which is gradually being walled in by tall office buildings and hotels, is already far more impressive, though, since these are all private enterprises, no uniformity of design can be expected.

The short streets radiating from these two focal points give, in the down-town section, a pleasing irregularity, but the three radiating avenues, Michigan, Grand River, and Gratiot, are too few and too narrow; and as they strike outward they are lost in the vast, monotonous checkerboard. One has the impression, in fact, that the Woodward plan was only half-heartedly applied.

The principal north and south avenue, Woodward, and

the principal east and west avenue, Jefferson, are now in the last stages of transformation from the fashionable residence streets they once were to purely commercial thoroughfares. Forty years ago, says Aunt Fanny, the first mile of Jefferson east of Woodward was "the" residence section of Detroit. Woodward was already contaminated by outsiders. Then "everybody" drove down to Newcome's to shop and exchange greetings and gossip with "everybody" else, just as neighbors do in a village main street. For Detroit was in outward aspect and in character a village long after Cleveland and Buffalo had become cities. Even before 1900 and the automobile, great changes had taken place, and in the tremendous boom since then, that has sent Detroit far ahead of both Cleveland and Buffalo, everything has been utterly changed. Only half a dozen of the old families cling stubbornly to Jefferson, and they are under an increasing pressure to sell out to builders of filling stations and automobile showrooms.



It is not surprising to find more automobiles per square foot in Detroit than in any other American city, but I was surprised to find automobile-driving more reckless here than anywhere else in my experience. It is evidently too much to expect that a city should both produce the motor-car and evolve ideas for its control. Up and down the criss-cross of short blocks automobiles rush at top speed, barely missing, and often not missing, collision with one another at the corner. On the avenues, at the principal crossings, there is police traffic-regulation, but apparently only in the center of the city. I heard of a woman living about a mile east on Jefferson Avenue whose method of reaching a friend's house directly across the street is to board the out-bound motor-bus at her own curb, ride several miles to the end of the line, and back, on the other side, to her friend's door.

Every third car is driven by a negro. Or so it seemed to me. These negroes are not chauffeurs; they are owners, and the cars are bursting with happy, proud black faces. Proud indeed, for the cars are mostly high-priced makes.

"A darky won't ride in a Ford," said a reporter on the "News." "And another thing you 'll notice. Almost every darky has a cut-out on his machine, so that when he strikes a safe stretch he can let the world know he 's going by."

Of course the fact that a negro drives a high-priced car does n't prove he paid a high price for it. Detroit is a dumping-ground for used cars. As you ride along the streets, you see, every few blocks, vacant lots full of second-hand cars for sale, bearing signs such as "Packard

Sport, $25 Down," "Pierce Arrow, A1 Condition, $50 down," "Splendid Studebaker, $15 Down."

"Is it a good battery?" a man asked an acquaintance.

"Brand-new."

"All right. I 'll give you fifty dollars for it."

"When you come out for the battery, you might as well take the car, too. I 'll throw that in, free."

"What kind of car is it?"

"Nineteen-seventeen Cadillac."

"Not on your life!"

"But it 's a good car," the owner protested. "It runs all right."

"What would I do with it? I 've got a car. I 'll buy your battery. But you can't unload that car on me."

One may assume that the number of groceries or haberdasheries varies more or less consistently with the population of a city, but not so with newspapers. Sometimes newspapers are run at no profit, or even at a loss, because they are matters of family pride, or for other reasons. Detroit has three English-language newspapers; Cleveland, a smaller city by two hundred thousand, has four; Buffalo, half as large as Detroit, has six. I do not know that any of the Buffalo newspapers is being run at a loss, but it is a mystery how they all can make money. Detroit has had four papers, but a year or so ago the "News," the largest afternoon paper, purchased and absorbed the "Journal," which had a smaller and lower-class circulation. Shortly before that, Hearst had bought the "Times," another after-

noon paper with a still smaller circulation, and it was said in Detroit that, while the purchase of the "Journal" by the "News" had seemed to be designed as a fortification against Hearst, the move had helped the "Times" far more than it did the "News." Under Hearst ownership, the "Times" has taken an extraordinary leap forward; it is said to be the fastest-growing newspaper in the United States. And thus far its growth has not, I was told, affected the circulation of the "News" or of the "Free Press," the morning paper. One change in Detroit newspapers, since the advent of Hearst, I did notice, though whether or not it originated with the "Times," I do not know: it is the irritating custom of selling Sunday papers on Saturday. The fat Sunday newspaper is an institution that belongs with the leisurely Sunday-morning breakfast. When I am offered a New York Sunday paper in the subway at eleven o'clock Saturday night, I am as annoyed as if a waiter served me nuts before soup. But in Detroit newsboys hawk the Sunday papers at four o'clock Saturday afternoon!

The "News" is reputed to be the richest single newspaper in the United States, and it lives up to its reputation with the finest newspaper plant I have ever seen. Years ago, when I read accounts of the beautiful newspaper building of "La Prensa" in Buenos Aires, it was hard to believe that "La Prensa" was a genuine newspaper. It must, I thought, be the idle plaything of some billionaire. The ink-smeared rush of real newspaper work seemed to be necessarily associated with a gloomy, grimy building on a gloomy narrow street, long, dark stairs, and tempera-

mental elevators, battered desks and rattletrap typewriters. Such was, more or less, the old "News" on which I worked twelve years ago. Now the "News" has an entrance as handsome and spacious as the foyer of an exclusive club. The city room is as dignified as the interior of a church. The library is a peaceful cloister into which the world seems scarcely to penetrate. The editor's office is as luxurious as that of the president of a railroad or a large motor company. The morgue, ennobled to "Scraparium," with its neat rows of handsome steel filing-cabinets, its spaciousness and its flood of light, its two young ladies who put their fingers instantly on anything you want, is a place beautiful in its efficiency. And, among dozens of other things, there is a concert hall where the public may assemble afternoons and listen to a free concert by a high-priced orchestra whose selections are, in the evening, broadcasted over the radio. The "News" was the first newspaper in the world to install a radio broadcasting station.

The "News" building has served as a model for many other newspaper plants. One of the principal Australian dailies sent its architect on a special trip to the United States to study it.

Observation of the newspapers of such a city as Detroit or Cleveland always suggests comparison with the newspapers of New York and makes me wonder again why New York newspapers do not take fuller advantage of their opportunities. Consider a morning paper like the "Detroit Free Press" or the "Cleveland Plain Dealer." To main-

tain its circulation it must appeal to the sort of people who like "The New York Times," to the sort who like "The World," the sort who like the "Tribune," and, in some measure, the sort who read the "American." But in New York there are enough people to support a conservative "Times," a liberal "World," a hip-hip-hurrah-boys "Tribune," a sensational battling-for-the-people "American," a timidly radical "Call," and people who would support a "Sun" of the old kind. Why don't New York newspapers indulge their convictions or prejudices more freely? You may say that some of them go quite far enough, but you have only to glance at the hectic press of Paris to see what restraint New York newspaper-owners put on their emotions. I suppose the trouble is that New York newspapers detect in the public a deep, ineradicable preference for news, news suited to their temperaments but still news. Recognition of the probable truth of this does not assuage my perpetual grievance against New York—that it does not, as it very well could, provide a newspaper of the delightful malicious individuality of the old "Sun," written by artists.

The best-known newspaper man in Detroit, probably the best-known newspaper man in the United States, started in twenty-seven years ago as an office boy on the "Free Press." He is still on the "Free Press," and he still looks a good deal like an office boy, though his black hair is flecked with gray.

When I poked my head in at the door of his office, he

was pounding away on his typewriter, his little son upon his knee.

"Excuse me a minute," he said, "I 'm just finishing up something."

He pounded on for a few moments, then swung round, and his little boy slid to the floor.

"He 's had a hard time," said Eddie Guest, stroking his son's hair. "He 's had his teeth straightened. It 's a painful job."

"Do you write your—er—them easily?" I asked, looking toward the sheet in the typewriter on which stood four finished stanzas.

I was uncertain what to call them—"poems" or "verses" or "rhymes."

"Sometimes they go easy. I 've done three to-day. To-morrow I may have a terrible time to do any." Then he laughed. Eddie Guest has a very charming, genuine, boyish laugh. "Don't hesitate what to call 'em. I never use the word 'poem.' They are n't poems. They 're verses, rhymes. Those critics that write long articles to prove that I 'm not a poet make me laugh. I know I 'm not one. I don't pretend to be one. I saw a good one the other day. It was in 'Life.' Something like this: 'Henry Ford turns out five thousand pieces of junk a day. Eddie Guest is snapping at his heels.' I was reading in my berth, going down to New York, when I struck that, and I laughed right out. I guess I waked up the whole car. That was *good.*" And he laughed again.

"Have you been surprised the way they 've gone?"

"Surprised!" he exclaimed. "Well, I should say so! Why, when my brother and I got out my first book, we only dared print eight hundred copies. We thought we *might* sell that many. Well, we did sell 'em. When the next book was ready, we printed fifteen hundred. And we sold them. For the next book, I dickered with one or two New York publishers, but they turned it down, and I made a deal with Reilly and Lee of Chicago. Do you know what those fellows have done? Sold over a million copies of my books!"

A million!

I knew Eddie Guest's books had sold, for I had seen them on the sitting-room table in Colorado ranch-houses and Michigan farm-houses and New England machinists' houses. But a million copies!

"You said a million?" I repeated, dazed.

"Yes, a million. Why, the last book sold over two hundred and fifty thousand."

A million copies! What other poet, versifier, or rhymster can say as much? Perhaps some dead ones can rise from their graves and claim a million, but what man living? And this sale of Eddie Guest's books has all come in five or six years!

"You know," he said, looking at me seriously, with wide eyes, "if when I was a police reporter, here on the 'Free Press,' they had offered me as a yearly salary the income tax I paid last year, I 'd have thought I was fixed for life!"

There was no boasting in the remark. It was the boy

speaking, the boy amazed, incessantly amazed and half incredulous at his own success.

Our talk turned to other writers. "There 's Robert Frost," he said, "he does fine work. About the most human and dramatic stuff we have. And there was the Spoon River Anthology; I liked that; at least I liked a good deal of it. Only when I found that everybody in the graveyard had lived a rotten life, my mind revolted. That was a little too much." He laughed. And his thought returned, a moment, to the critics. "They don't criticize the fellow who wants to write for the ten per cent. who like high-class poetry. Why should they criticize me for wanting to write for the ninety per cent.?"

"I don't see why," I said.

But I was thinking as I sat there looking at him: "What is the secret? Other fellows are whittling rhymes, writing very hard at the great ninety per cent., yet their stuff never gets beyond the day's newspaper. What is the secret?"

And I tried to remember rhymes of Eddie Guest's I 'd read. Rhymes, good enough; but could n't almost anybody have written them? What had made Eddie Guest's books sell a million copies?

And then, suddenly as I saw his eyes run fondly to his boy, playing on the floor, it came over me. It was his *genuineness.* All those sentiments—home, mother, work, the kids, the back-yard flowers, the flag, evening round the lamp, or round the organ, singing hymns—really were Eddie Guest. No pretense about it. They really were. It was the genuineness shining through his homely rhymes

that gave them their tremendous popularity. Though we may be neither simple nor genuine ourselves, there is nothing we admire so much as simplicity and genuineness. Though our idea of a good time may not be sitting round the family lamp, we know it ought to be. Though we may not love the daily job, we know we ought to love it. And we like to read a man who sincerely glorifies all the things we know we ought to be, do, think, remember, say, and feel. Of course, sometimes we not only ought to but actually do.

But, anyhow, whether you like Eddie Guest's rhymes or not, you will like Eddie Guest. You can't help it. Everybody who knows him does. He is "Eddie" to all Detroit. It is almost true to say that he is "Eddie" to all the United States. Any other name makes him uncomfortable.

Though some may yearn for titles great, and seek the frills of fame,
I do not care to have an extra handle to my name.
I am not hungry for the pomp of life's high dignities,
I do not long to sit among the honored LL.D.'s.
I shall be satisfied if I can be unto the end,
To those I know and live with here, a simple first-name friend.

And I 'm wondering just what the New York publisher who turned Eddie Guest's book down is thinking about, these days.

CHAPTER XXIII

"A CITY WITH A CIVIC HEART"

A SOLIDLY built man with a broad, shrewd, kindly face sits in an arm-chair on a low pedestal and gazes benevolently across the Public Square of Cleveland, where big yellow trolley-cars swerve and grind around the curves, and a plasterer in spotted overalls and a girl in crisp blue gingham pause a moment to watch the little alligators in the pool.

"Tom L. Johnson," I read, lettered in the curved edge of the pedestal, and, cut in the square block at each side:

Beyond His Party
  And Beyond His Class
This Man Forsook the Few
  To Serve The Mass

He Found Us Groping
  Leaderless and Blind
He Left A City
  With A Civic Mind

He Found Us Striving
  Each His Selfish Part
He Left A City
  With A Civic Heart

"A city with a civic heart!"

Outwardly, this Cleveland which Tom Johnson stirred

more profoundly than any one man has stirred any other city in our history, looked like any American town; the same rush and grime, the same evidences of wealth and poverty. Was it actually the same, or did those lines "He Left A City With A Civic Heart" have truth? Had Tom Johnson done something to Cleveland, or were this statue and these verses all that was left of him?

After all, I reflected, as I walked on, that question has a wider application than to this city of Cleveland. In a way, it probes to the heart of our democracy. We are always talking about good government, hoping for it, despairing over it, and now and then a man rises who leads us definitely toward it, but after his day we seem to slip back to our old dead level. Do we always slip back? Must each crusader for good government begin again at the bottom? Or does a vigorous personality sometimes leave us better than we were?

Far down the street I spied the display sign of the Cleveland "Press." I remembered an old friend on that paper who must have known Johnson. He, certainly, would be the man to put me on the trail of a solution of my question, as far as Tom Johnson was concerned.

Tom L. Johnson has been dead only a dozen years, but we move so fast in America, and these dozen years in particular have held so much, that perhaps I ought to recall swiftly the striking facts in the career of our most famous city executive. He was a business genius. At twenty-two he was in control of a street railway in Indianapolis. By his middle thirties he had made a fortune

there and in other Middle Western cities. But one day when Tom Johnson was twenty-nine years old, he was riding on a train near Indianapolis and a newsboy tried to sell him a paper-covered book. The book was called "Social Problems"; Johnson, thinking it dealt with the social evil, said he was n't interested. The conductor happened along just then. "That 's a good book, Mr. Johnson," he said. "You 'd better buy it." Reluctantly Johnson did so, leafed a few pages indifferently, then began to read with intense interest. He had discovered Henry George.

As Johnson went on in his business career, the doctrines of Henry George entered more and more into his mind. It was an extraordinary phenomenon, this big, hard-headed, successful business man, being gradually dominated by ideas that upset many of the foundations on which "business" stood. A few years later Johnson went to Congress. There he fought vigorously for free trade, preached the single tax at every opportunity. At forty-seven, at the apex of his business success, he quit business to devote himself to the ideas of his teacher and master. Almost immediately he was elected Mayor of Cleveland.

Tom Johnson as Mayor of Cleveland means to most people the fight for the three-cent fare. That was only a phase of his battle. Henry George had taught him that an enormous number of the evils of city government—indeed, of our social life—were due to special privilege, and to Johnson the hold that the street-railways companies had over politics and government in Cleveland was simply a striking example of special privilege. He fought the street

railways shrewdly, for he knew the game inside and out, and he beat them. He fought for a juster levy of taxes on railroad and other corporation property in Cleveland, and in that he failed. He fought for a wiser handling of city prisons, of the delinquent and dependent, and there he succeeded. I say he beat the street railroads. He did, yet in his victory met defeat. His hard-won three-cent line did n't work as he expected; the city that had honored him turned against him. His fortune gone, he died a lonely and broken man.

"Tom Johnson's influence in Cleveland to-day is absolutely nil," said my friend of the "Press," when I found him over in the corner of the city room and put my question. "Go out among the men who fought him and they 'll say, 'Oh, yes, Tom Johnson was a big man and did wonderful things for Cleveland,' but if he came back they would hate him as much as ever. You see, Johnson was specially hated because he was considered a traitor to his class. When Peter Witt denounced the street railways and the hold of Big Business on politics in this town, it was thought natural and passed over, because Pete had been a workingman and a soap-box orator. But Tom Johnson was a capitalist, and he turned against capital. Go back in the files of the opposition newspapers and look up the literature issued by the street railways and you 'll find that 'crook' and 'blackmailer' are some of the politer terms applied to Johnson."

"But something came out of the street-railways fight, did n't it?" I asked.

"Yes," my friend admitted, "the Tayler Grant—the system by which the city operates the railroads for the owners on a sliding fare so as to bring just 6 per cent. on the investment. But that 's all there is left of Johnson in this town. Everything else has been twisted out of shape. Look what they 've done to the Cooley Farms. And look how they 've broken into Johnson's City Plan by moving the Union Station from the Mall up to the Public Square. Do you think they could have gotten away with a thing like that when Johnson was mayor? No, Tom Johnson is dead!"

Now, my friend has a penetrating and kindly mind, but he is, perhaps, somewhat of a cynic. It would be well to get another point of view.

Walking back toward the Public Square, I turned in at the "Plain Dealer."

"Tom Johnson is very much alive in Cleveland," said E. C. Hopwood, the editor, emphatically. "The biggest thing that has happened here in city government for a long time, the city-manager plan and proportional representation, that go into effect this fall, I think are traceable directly to Tom Johnson's influence. Professor A. R. Hatton, out here at Western Reserve, put them both over almost single-handed, but he never could have done so if it had n't been for the interest in good government that Tom Johnson planted here. After Johnson, we had a series of more and more commonplace mayors. People were getting disgusted. But this vote for a new system is a movement back to the ideals of Tom Johnson."

So here, five minutes apart, were the two convictions about Tom Johnson in Tom Johnson's city. But the latter, I found, is by far the more wide-spread and has more evidence to support it. To be sure, the man who believes Tom Johnson still alive is n't necessarily a Johnson admirer. One distinguished Clevelander told me vigorously that, while the solution of the street-railways tangle resulting from Johnson's fight was the best thing both for the city and the traction companies, yet for the rest Johnson's influence had been bad. "Everything he did was for narrow political ends," said this man, "and he has given an opportunist spirit to Cleveland." On the other hand, Mayo Fesler, who after several years' civic work in Chicago, St. Louis, and Brooklyn has come back to Cleveland as director of the Citizens' League, organized to help make the new system of city government a success, spoke of the striking superiority of Cleveland in civic interest over other cities he knew, and attributed the difference in great part to Tom Johnson. "In Cleveland you can always get a man to go on a civic committee and work hard, no matter how busy he may be. Cleveland has a civic consciousness."

Another citizen, to illustrate the survival of the Tom Johnson influence, cited the election of Fred Kohler as mayor. I was rather astonished. Kohler had been Johnson's Chief of Police, and a good one, so good that he had been continued in the office by Johnson's successors, but in 1913 Kohler was caught in flagrant personal immorality

while in office, was tried and dismissed in disgrace by the Civil Service Commission.

"You don't get the idea," this citizen said. "Of course it was rough stuff for a Chief of Police to get mixed up in a thing like that. The commission had to dismiss him. Almost any other man would have quit town, I suppose, and tried to start in somewhere else. But not Kohler. He wanted to come back—right here in Cleveland. Finally he got elected county commissioner. Then, in the last election, he surprised everybody by coming up for mayor. Say, did you hear about that campaign? It was some campaign! There were six other candidates, all of them with money and organizations. Kohler had n't either one. He just went around the city on foot, ringing doorbells and saying, 'I 'm Fred Kohler, will you vote for me for mayor?' And Kohler was elected! Now, that could n't have happened in any city except Cleveland. Tom Johnson planted the idea of voting for a man, not a party, and for a man for what he is, not what he was. People felt that Kohler was really trying to live down his disgrace, and that he 'd make a good mayor. Well, he has."

Could this strange thing have happened in any other city than Cleveland? I don't know. But it seems to me very significant that a Clevelander should trace the possibility of the event back to Tom Johnson.

"Look what they 've done to the Cooley Farms," my newspaper friend had said. Well, I wondered, what had

they done? Almost every man I talked with made some reference to the Cooley Farms and to Dr. Cooley, and often the comment was, "Well, there was one mistake Tom made." I knew something, vaguely, of Dr. Cooley and his work, and all this made me eager to know more. Dr. Harris R. Cooley, I learned, had been pastor of Tom Johnson's church. He had some radical ideas about the treatment of the delinquent and the poor, and Johnson, when he became mayor, appointed Dr. Cooley Director of Charities and Corrections and told him to go ahead. Dr. Cooley bought two thousand acres of farm land a short distance east of the city and "went ahead." And the conservatives raged.

Dr. Cooley now lives at Chagrin Falls. The trolley thither runs out through the east end of the city, mounts over a ridge where there is a backward view of the city and the lake, then strikes on into a country that surprised me. The only Ohio I knew was flat, fertile, deadly uninteresting farm land, spotted with ugly industrial towns, but here was a series of deep wooded ravines that strikingly resembled our part of Connecticut. At the designated station I got off and, exploring up a woods road, finally discovered Dr. Cooley's cottage.

Dr. Cooley is, I think, the gentlest, kindliest personality I have ever met. The very thought of such a man at the head of a city's correctional institutions is revolutionary. He told me of the inception of his project—his conviction that most minor offenses and almost all first offenses against the law were the result of environment

The High-Level Bridge

and upbringing, and that normal outdoor life has a strong tendency to restore normal mental and moral as well as physical condition. "Of course these ideas were not original with me," he said, "but nowhere in the United States had any one had such a chance to apply them as Mr. Johnson gave me." Amusingly he told of the consternation at the freedom he allowed the prisoners on the farm and at his wholesale paroling. "But it worked," he added with a smile.

Then he described his treatment of the poor. "In a city when men and women are old and worn out, crippled or weak, there is nothing for them to do. But out on a farm there is always some light useful work they can be at, to forget themselves. Then about poorhouses. They have always been ugly places. We did n't see why that should be so. Why should people who have met disaster be compelled to end their days in ugly surroundings? So we tried to give the building some beauty. And we built a special cottage for the married couples. Always before when a man and wife were forced to go to the poorhouse they had to be separated in the men's and women's buildings. We did n't see why that should be so. Over the door of the married people's cottage we inscribed "It is Better to Lose Money than to Lose Love," and inside, above the fireplace, the lines from Rabbi Ben Ezra:

> "Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be . . .

"I remember," he went on, "that a woman who had charge of a private home for old people came one day to

look us over. As she was going away she said, 'Of course we are so different. All our people are gentle born.' 'So are our people all gentle born,' I said quickly. In one of the campaigns against Mr. Johnson, the opposition said they were going to make an issue of that married people's cottage, because it cost more than a poorhouse should. We told them that we 'd be glad to have them make it an issue. They did n't do it."

Then he told about the boys' farm—the first of its kind, I believe, in the United States,—where wayward boys, many of whom had never had any home, were given a real home life under a master and matron whom they could call "Dad" and "Ma." The farm cost $200,000. "That raised a storm too," he said, "but one day when I was walking through the new five-million-dollar court-house and admiring its marble corridors, it occurred to me that perhaps if Cleveland had spent five million dollars on children's playgrounds and parks, a two-hundred-thousand-dollar court-house would have been large enough."

What had happened to the Cooley Farm in the years since Dr. Cooley was in charge? On the way back to town, I dropped off at Warrensville and walked to the farm gate. (It is now called the Warrensville Farm.) I asked the way to the poorhouse. Some one pointed out a tall gray tower with a red tile roof, on a distant hillside. As I neared it, I grew incredulous. This a poorhouse, this group of buildings that resembled an old Spanish Mission? When I reached the hilltop and passed through an arched gateway into a courtyard walled round by a low, cool

Moorish arcade, a courtyard gay with roses and geraniums, where a fountain splashed under blue-gray olive trees, I was still more incredulous. But this *was* it. The men and women hobbling round the courtyard or sitting in the shady cloisters fitted perfectly into the Old World picture. Beyond was the married people's cottage, with its inscription above the door and its verses over the fireplace, just as Dr. Cooley had described them.

"How do you like it here?" I asked an old man, seated at the door.

"It 's the best home I 've ever had," he said.

After all, the farm is not being run so differently from Dr. Cooley's plan. There is less paroling at the workhouse, but the beautiful surroundings, the outdoor life are here, as under Dr. Cooley. As I thought of the thousands of people from every state and every country who have come here to study these institutions and have carried to every part of the world Dr. Cooley's ideas for the treatment of the aged, the sick, the wayward and delinquent, I said, "Here is an indelible mark of Tom Johnson." For it was Tom Johnson who made this possible, Johnson who supported Cooley, fought for his appropriations, defended him from attack. "A lot of sentimentality," the hard-shells of Cleveland say, when you mention the farm. "The land ought to be sold to pay the city debt." Those two thousand acres, for which Dr. Cooley paid $300,000, are now worth over $3,000,000, for the city has grown almost to the farm gate, and I suppose the agitation to sell it will grow

stronger. "But it won't be sold," a Johnson man said. "It is Tom Johnson's gift to Cleveland." And to America.

"And look how they 've broken into Johnson's city plan by moving the Union Station from the Mall to the Public Square."

Yes, they have moved the station, and though the moving may represent a defeat of Johnson's ideas, yet in the ensuing struggle there has come forth what is, to me, a dramatic instance of the survival of Johnson in Cleveland.

When Tom Johnson's City Plan Commission, composed of Daniel H. Burnham, John M. Carrère and Arnold W. Brunner, drew up, in 1903, the scheme for a great Mall extending from the lake front up to the Public Square in the heart of the city, to be flanked with public buildings of harmonious design, it projected at the lake end of the Mall a magnificent union railroad station. This seemed an ideal solution of Cleveland's railway problem. All the railroads entering Cleveland could find ready access to such a station; indeed, the two principal roads, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, were already on the lake front. The freight traffic that disfigured the lake front could be banished to the Cuyahoga Valley, behind the center of the city. And the first view of Cleveland, to the visitor descending from his train, would be the gorgeous sweep of the Mall, a vista with scarcely a rival in America.

The city approved the plan, and went ahead buying land for the Mall and building sites along it, and erecting public

buildings. The union station hung fire, but in 1915 the city voted approval of a contract with the railroads by which the latter were to pay the city $1,400,000 for a station site on the lake front, the money to be used in developing the Mall. The railroads did not consummate this contract, however, and early in 1919 a proposal came before the people to transfer the union station from the Mall to the Public Square. The moving forces behind this proposal were the New York Central, Nickel Plate, and Big Four railroads; the arguments were that the Public Square, where the trolley lines center, was a much more convenient site for a union station, and that the change would leave the lake front open for through-freight traffic. Furthermore, said the advocates of the change, construction could begin at once and would thus furnish much-needed employment for the returning soldiers.

Architects interested in the success of the group plan protested emphatically against the change. So did traffic experts, holding that a union station on the square would increase congestion where it was already great. But many of the big financial interests of Cleveland were back of the proposal, the newspapers were cleverly enlisted, and the proposal carried, though the total vote on the question was considerably less than the affirmative vote alone for the Mall site four years previous. Shortly afterward, the Pennsylvania backed out of the scheme, the promoters of which were thus forced to go to the people again for authorization to proceed without the Pennsylvania. Then, since the Esch-Cummins Act requires that railroads ac-

count to the Interstate Commerce Commission for capital expenditures, the New York Central applied to that body for permission to guarantee $60,000,000 worth of bonds of its subsidiary, the Cleveland Union Terminals Company, to build a station. On April, 1921, the commission rejected the request, holding that it was contrary to public interest. Later in 1921, however, the commission reversed itself, Commissioner Joseph B. Eastman strongly dissenting. The Van Sweringen brothers, "the young railroad geniuses of the Middle West," who in 1916 had bought the Nickel Plate Railroad from the New York Central, already owned a considerable part of the land where the station was to stand—which they had acquired earlier for a prospective electric terminal to serve their real-estate development on Shaker Heights. The Cleveland Union Terminals Company took this land over from the Van Sweringens, and has gone ahead buying more land for the station and the gigantic office building to be erected in connection with it. But construction is still, apparently, some distance in the future.

The dramatic thing to me, in all this, is the fact that the two outstanding Clevelanders in the controversy are the two chief lieutenants of Tom Johnson, who fought side by side with him, but now appear as opponents. Mr. Newton D. Baker, as city solicitor through the administration of Tom Johnson and that of his immediate successor, was a skilful fighter against special privilege, more than a match for the high-priced corporation lawyers opposed to him. In the recent applications of the New York Central and

associated railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission, Mr. Baker has appeared as counsel for the railroads in their successful attempt to alter the Johnson city plan. Peter Witt was city clerk under Tom Johnson, a sharp-tongued assailant of the street railways, afterward an efficient street-railway commissioner under Mayor Newton D. Baker. And now appears Peter Witt on his own hook, representing no one, a nuisance, a troublesome fellow, a disturber of the peace of these Interstate Commerce Commission hearings, fighting the railroads tooth and nail.

There could scarcely be a more interesting human contrast than that between these two men. Baker, small, slight of build, gentle, rather sad, low-voiced, eloquent, charming, with not one rough angle in his personality; Witt, tall, angular, harsh, buoyant, satiric, abusive, with a memory like an encyclopedia and a mind like a steel trap. You cannot imagine a profane word on Baker's lips; Witt will scarcely utter a sentence which he feels strongly without charging it with Biblical damnology.

"One of my reasons for fighting this thing is that I want the city plan to go through as Tom Johnson approved it," says Peter Witt. "My other reason is that the thing is being done in a way that Tom Johnson would n't stand for a moment."

"What do you mean?"

His explanation, though sharp and clear, was somewhat complicated, and I need not go into it here. It involves the point that most of the land ostensibly acquired for a

union station is, apparently, to be used for the office building in front of the station; involves, also, the "air rights" (building rights) on this land; the relation of the largely unbuilt Van Sweringen traction lines and their hypothetical revenue to the new station; and in general all the supposed relations of the enterprising Van Sweringens to the transaction.

I should interpolate here that Peter Witt is not alone in his conviction that some one is to profit enormously by the real-estate values created in the change of station sites. "But," said another Clevelander, "some one was bound to profit big. It could n't be otherwise."

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked Peter Witt. "The thing is settled now, is n't it?"

"No, it is n't, by a long shot," he contradicted. "They have n't got all their land yet. They 've got to condemn several streets and several pieces of city property. I 'm going to the city council, this fall, under the new system of government, and fight them like ——. I hold that the change of station sites does such harm to the group plan, where we 've already invested over twenty millions, that it would be better even now to go back to the lake-front site."

Whatever may be thought of Peter Witt's chances of success in his fight, no one can question the sincerity and disinterestedness of this most picturesque character of Cleveland. Even his bitterest enemies grant those qualities in him. Nor can one question the sincerity of Mr. Baker in his belief that Tom Johnson would, were he alive, approve the alteration of his city plan, and his con-

viction that there is nothing unethical in the transaction. Indeed, Mr. Baker says, with quiet emphasis: "No thoughtful men have ever done anything in Cleveland since Tom L. Johnson's death without first asking, 'Would Tom Johnson approve of this?' "

Peter Witt's prediction about the continuation of his fight brings us back to the topic that points to the future in Cleveland—the new system of city government whose adoption Editor Hopwood and many others trace to the influence of Tom Johnson. Cleveland is the first American city of real metropolitan size to adopt the city-manager plan and proportional representation, commonly referred to in Cleveland as "P.R." There are sharp differences of opinion as to its probable success. "Breaks the direct connection between the head of the city government and the people," complains a critic. "Destroys the sense of leadership that exists in a mayor elected directly by the people." "But we have n't had any leadership since Tom Johnson's day," retort the advocates of the city manager plan. Professor Hatton wrote, a day or so after the city-manager plan carried: "The spirit behind this action is that of Cleveland at its best. It is the same spirit which responded so splendidly to the leadership of Tom L. Johnson, but which has been either unled or misled since his death."

The ideal of the city-manager plan is, of course, to run a city as an industrial head runs his concern. "It can't be done," objects Mr. Baker. "The things are not analogous.

An industrial concern is run for profit. A city is run for the benefit of the people." But even the heads of industrial companies succeed sometimes in running their businesses both for profit and for the welfare and happiness of every one in the concern. It depends on the manager, and the quality of the manager depends on the council who will choose him. Proportional representation means that the new non-partisan council of twenty-five will represent every group of citizens in the city, not merely the majority of one opinion, as under our usual system of voting. But one problem still remains. Though in Cleveland it is easy to get business and professional men to serve on civic committees, it is still difficult to persuade them to run for city office. The atmosphere of the City Hall, even the City Hall of Cleveland, is still unattractive to the average intelligent citizen. That must be changed, and the change will inevitably be gradual.

Yet the advocates of the new order of things in Cleveland look forward with high hope. Cleveland, in the next few years, will be, as it has been more than once in the past, the most interesting municipal experiment ground in the United States. Perhaps out of the new system will come the more nearly perfect city government of which Tom Johnson dreamed.

CHAPTER XXIV

BUFFALO AND FAREWELL

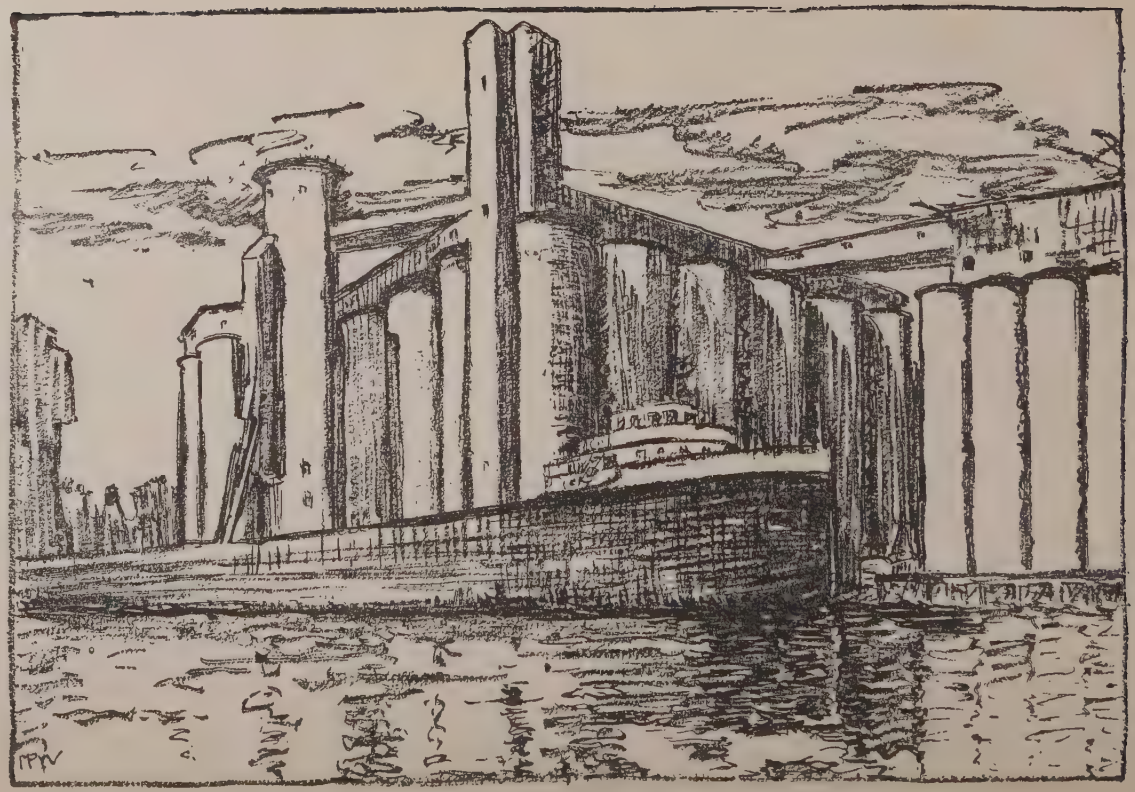
IN Detroit we perversely haunted back streets and dubious avenues, with scant time for Grosse Pointe and Grosse Isle. One large exclusive afternoon on the porch of the Boat Club, watching the Gar Wood races, was our sole contact with the Detroit We Should Have Known. In Cleveland we harried the ghost of Tom Johnson from City Hall to Cuyahoga Flats, from business offices to the poorhouse, with only a side glance at the delightful avenues around Wade Park. But in Buffalo, we lived in the residence section, the exclusive residence section, and it was well. For in Buffalo it is very important where you live. My memory of Buffalo is divided between long shaded avenues, stone houses, and rose gardens, in the company of our endlessly kind and resourceful hosts, and the waterfront loved by Pat for its fascinating, disreputable characters and its stunning group of medieval towers and bastions locally known as grain-elevators. If there are mean streets in Buffalo, we did not see them. If there are unexclusive citizens, we did not meet them, with one or two distinguished exceptions. But we heard that there were other people—over there. We looked across Main Street, wondering about them.

"Main Street divides Buffalo like a Chinese wall," a Buffalo newspaper man told us. "On the west side of Main Street live the people, on the east side the barbarians. The people are Anglo-Saxons and Protestants, the barbarians foreigners and Catholics." And he went on to say that nowhere in the United States was the animosity between Protestant and Catholic so extreme as in Buffalo, that it reached into every activity, public and private, and seemed to him to be on the increase.

A dozen other people rushed to deny the truth of this, or to deny it in its extreme form. It had been true, they said, but was becoming less and less so. They cited the coöperation of Catholics and Protestants on the Buffalo City Plan. They called attention to the fact that, whereas a few years ago there were no Catholic teachers at the Buffalo State Normal School, of late several Catholics had been appointed. Chauncey Hamlin, President of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, spoke of the decision to locate the society's new building in Humboldt Park on the east side as an evidence of the breaking down of the Main Street barrier.

"Artistically," he said, "it would have been much better to group the new building with the Albright Gallery and the Historical Society Building in Delaware Park, but that would be too much concentration of the city's public institutions on the exclusive west side."

We went to call on Father Ahearn, head of Canisius College and the chief Catholic figure of Buffalo, and found him a most broad-minded man, apparently eager to co-



Medieval Towers and Bastions locally known as Grain Elevators

operate with Protestants for the welfare of Buffalo. Just at that time an immense outdoor pageant was being held at Canisius College in which prominent Protestants and Catholics were taking part. We met several "people" with a keen interest in the life east of Main Street, particularly the Polish life. John D. Wells, managing editor of the "Evening Times" and conductor of the well-known "From Grave to Gay" column on that paper, has made a special study of the Poles, and he said emphatically that the Main Street wall was breaking down, that Buffalo was getting over its habit of thinking of the Poles as something inferior.

"We can't ignore them any longer. There are one hundred and thirty thousand of them over there, born in Poland or of Polish-born parents. They have their own newspapers, their own theater, their own university club. The first Buffalo boy killed in France was a Pole."

In collaboration with Marian de Forest, another Buffalo writer, author of "Erstwhile Susan," Mr. Wells has written a play about a Polish-American family whose only son was killed in France, whose daughter grows up scarcely knowing a word of Polish, while the mother knows almost no English, and the father only enough "to quarrel with the street-car conductor."

But the very emphasis with which these things are said shows how deep the division in Buffalo still is. It is interesting, because here in sharp geographic visual form is the conflict that exists in most of our industrial cities, and that throws so humorous a light on our democracy. For is

it not humorous when those who frame a democracy, suddenly to their surprise find themselves become a minority, find the "barbarian" majority in control by the automatic processes of that democracy, yet cling to the superior feeling of those born to rule? The Mayor of Buffalo at the present time is a gentleman named Schwab, who has been, I believe, a brewer. On him the "people" of Delaware Park look with the utmost humorless contempt. Their characterizations of Mr. Schwab I cannot repeat, mindful of the decorum necessary in a book of this sort.

Yet Mr. Schwab has his qualities. He is democratic. He permits the boys to play baseball in the parks. He more or less took the side of the men in a street-railway imbroglio last year. He is not always respectful of the dignified Chamber of Commerce. And there he is in the City Hall, by the votes of those "barbarians" east of Main Street, who work in Buffalo's factories and give it its size and industrial stamina. When I met Mr. Schwab, I thought, "He really is a surprising figure to be at the head of a large, proud city, yet why should I be surprised? He is the logical result of the doctrines that we preach on platforms and in editorials on every occasion, and that give us the feeling of being so superior to old, dying Europe." But in spite of all this philosophy I was still surprised, and came away surprised. You would have been so, too. Indeed, human nature is a curious thing.

There are many other things in Buffalo that I should mention. I could write pages about the Buffalo City Plan,

but I am not going to do so, for though that plan is interesting and magnificent, there has been, in this book, enough about city plans; I could write pages about the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences and its lectures and field excursions and summer camps and its fascinating little publication, "Hobbies." And pages about the Grosvenor Library, one of the most important public reference libraries in the United States, and the "Grosvenor Library Bulletin," edited by George Hibbard, short-story writer and charming assistant librarian of this institution. I do not know of any other library publication like this one. "Bulletin" is a misnomer. It is a magazine which concerns itself delightfully with books in general and the literary and historical associations of Buffalo in particular. Two recent issues are devoted to some of the private libraries for which Buffalo is famous—among them the Johnsonian and Boswellian library of Mr. R. B. Adam, the finest of its kind in the world, and the collection of rare books owned by Mr. Thomas B. Lockwood. I might write about the Albright Art Gallery. I might describe how, when we went poking a bit into Buffalo history and read of the intense excitement over the coming of the Erie Canal and how much it had contributed to the wealth and growth of the young city, we realized the foundation of Buffalo's instinctive (though mistaken) fear of the St. Lawrence Waterway.

And certainly I cannot leave Buffalo without mention of Fingy Conners, perhaps her most picturesque citizen. In what port of the Great Lakes or in what pilot-house or at

what Buffalo dinner table is Fingy's not a name with which to start something? Of this ship and of that, of freighter and of floating palace, our captain said, "That 's one of Fingy Conners's boats." The fastest yacht on fresh water was built by Fingy and presented by him to the United States Government at the time of the Spanish-American War. Among the things that Fingy owns in Buffalo, besides steamships and car-shops, are two newspapers, a huge stone house on Delaware Avenue, with a famous swimming-pool, and a daughter who married "old" Buffalo. But the Buffalo waterfront is Fingy's first and most rightful kingdom, that waterfront which gave him his first steamboat job when he was thirteen, as he is proud to tell you—that waterfront which is said to be as tough as any on the salted seas.

And so we are back at the Buffalo waterfront where this Odyssey began. The circle is complete. And the railroad station is at hand, with our sleeper for New York just pulling in. But I refuse to end my story with even so watery a figure as Fingy. The lakes themselves should end their own tale, at that point where they crowd their flood together and leap through the air to a really dramatic finish.

But I hear protests at that word "finish." There are those who say that beyond Niagara lies a fifth Great Lake —Ontario. "Have you no obligation to explore Ontario?" Now, as a matter of truth, Pat and I had begun our explorations two months before, not with Buffalo, as the

first chapter of this book asserts, but with Ontario. We began even beyond Ontario, among the Thousand Islands, from which we emerged in a small Canadian steamer that paused a moment at Kingston on the Canadian shore (we have always regretted Kingston; it has an old round tower in the harbor that looks like the Chateau d'If) and bore us on to Toronto, where we spent three days searching for an unconventional craft up the lakes. In those three days we discovered Toronto to be the most American of cities, not even excepting Newark. We pursued hints on the jealousy between French and English factions. We began an inquiry into the sentiment of Canada toward reciprocity along that "undefended border"—in Claire Dana-Mumford's historic phrase—that invisible mid-lake line between one blue drop and another which later we were to cross and recross, unconscious. We almost unearthed the secrets of a mysterious Torontese-Chinese society, wondering whether it might not be a smugglers' gang. We even attended the Toronto Horse Show. Then we discovered that there was no chance at all in Toronto of a freighter up the lakes, and we passed on.

At the Welland Canal Pat pulled out her sketch-book with the first genuine enthusiasm. But my fingers did not thaw sufficiently to begin this log till that hot, happy moment when we stood on the torrid red iron deck of the *Clement.*

On our way to the falls we were held up, in the outskirts of the city of Niagara Falls, by a procession of cars

disgorging a file of important-looking men, the important business men of Buffalo, it turned out. Our host recognized one of the party and introduced us. And suddenly our picnic was diverted, like a bubble in a sluice, from the falls themselves to something far more exciting.

When I first read, years ago, of power-development at Niagara Falls I assumed that water-wheels were placed somehow under the fall itself and spun by the descending torrent. Then, as the idea of the turbine penetrated my mind vaguely, I had a picture of turbines placed under the fall, to be whirled by the impact of water. Of course I was ludicrously wrong. The principle of power-making at Niagara is that of the dam and mill-race. The rocky ridges forming the neck of land between Lakes Erie and Ontario are, in effect, a dam. Niagara Falls is the point where the water flows over the dam. Water-power is created by constructing a mill-race—a canal—from the mill-pond above, that is, the upper Niagara River, carrying water in it to a point on the summit of the cliff below the falls, and there loosing it downward to the turbines. Now, if enough water is drawn off from a mill-pond, through the race, none will flow over the dam. As the art progressed of translating falling water into flying volts, and more and more water was drawn off from the upper Niagara River through canals on both the American and Canadian sides, the water in the falls naturally decreased and a cry rose that Niagara Falls was being destroyed. Do you remember your indignation at that insolent attack

of commercialism on natural beauty? I too was indignant, but I no longer am.

For one thing, I have seen Niagara Falls. Dozens of times I had passed over the bridge that spans the gorge below, but I had always been asleep in my berth. Now I have seen Niagara at close hand, and it ranks at the bottom of my list of Great Wonders of the World. I doubt if it would have ranked higher before the power companies diminished its flow. If I could have stumbled out of virgin forest upon that cliff of water, it would have knocked me over, of course. Instead, I came to it through a lifetime's stale growth of tintypes, stereotypes, word pictures, and sentimentalities, not to mention the ruck of photograph galleries in the city of Niagara Falls—galleries that have immortalized earlier discoverers in the coy act of holding a dipper under the stupendous cataract of a painted back-drop. These catch-penny shops and concessions on both sides of the river are a greater menace to Niagara than any water-power company. The feeble funicular that dropped us to the level of the lower cataract and swallowed up my new silk umbrella, . . . the unspeakable souvenirs, . . . the aërial car! . . . At the Grand Cañon you can leave the hotel and in five minutes imagine yourself the first human being to come upon that spectacle. But at Niagara! . . .

The other reason for the disappearance of my indignation is my discovery that power companies were destroying the falls much less than the falls were destroying

themselves. The rock under the Horseshoe Fall has been wearing away so fast, in the middle, that soon the whole fall would have been concentrated at a narrow point on the Canadian side, leaving bare most of the cliffs over which water now flows. Furthermore, as the rock continued to wear away, that concentrated fall would have disintegrated into a series of rapids. In a drawing by an early French explorer, we saw a striking proof of the rapidity with which the falls have been receding; it shows the present Horseshoe Fall extending almost straight from shore to shore. Therefore, a certain diminution of the flow, by arresting the erosion of the cliffs, is actually an advantage.

But the outcry against the destruction of the falls resulted in the treaty of 1906 between the United States and Canada, much restricting the amount that could be drawn off from the upper Niagara River. For ten or twelve years power-development at Niagara was at a standstill. When the war came, with its great demands for power, the United States and Canada removed many of their restrictions and the power companies on both sides of the border have been pushing forward immense new developments. Of course these are within the limits determined by government engineers as most advantageous in preserving the falls. The Niagara Falls Power Company completed in 1921 an additional development of 100,000 horse-power, by deepening its canal. Widening was impossible, for the city of Niagara Falls has built up solidly on both sides of it. And now, to obtain still more power, the company has been digging a tunnel under the city, parallel to the canal, which will

bring down water to operate a new 200,000 horse-power plant! An interesting point about this tunnel is that it will not divert additional water, but will use water formerly being developed under a lower head.

We went down into that tunnel—or, rather, I went down. Pat was about to step into the contractor's rough elevator that bore cement, steel, and workmen to hidden depths, when a foreman halted her.

"No women allowed below."

"But I 'm not afraid," she said cheerfully.

"We are," he retorted. "Those darky muckers down there say there 'll be a hoodoo on the tunnel if a woman goes down. They 'll all quit on us. We could n't get another gang."

Poor Patsy stepped back, chagrined, yet rather amused at the thought that if she had not been detected at that instant the world might have been permanently deprived of 200,000 hydro-electric horse-power.

The elevator bore me down, down, and I emerged in an immense, cool, resounding stone chamber that stretched in two directions into infinity. This horseshoe-shaped tunnel, thirty-two feet high and thirty-two wide, was being hewn for nearly a mile through solid rock! The blasting of the section in which I stood was complete and blawform men were at work lining it smoothly with cement, but from invisible distances came blasts that shook the earth. When I came up to the surface, we were taken on to the great pit hewn in the rock near the edge of the cliff, where the underground river will boil to the surface in an immense

pool, called a forebay, from which it will be loosed down the slope tunnels to the turbines, set near the level of the lower river.

Then we explored one of the plants that is now in operation. From the level of its forebay we descended to a crypt at the river level containing rows of huge steel snail-shells lying on their sides—the outer casings of the turbines. Water, plunging down the slope tunnels into these snail-shell casings, swirls against the water-wheel imprisoned within each and spins it with terrific speed. From the center of each turbine a whirling shaft rose, reached to the ceiling, and vanished. In the hall above we discovered what these whirling shafts accomplished. Around each was built a generator, roaring in its perforated turret.

Pat's enthusiasm extended even to her new vocabulary. "I 've heard such words to-day," she chanted. "I 'm going to make a poem out of them. 'Forebay,' 'tailrace,' 'penstock,' 'cofferdam'! Don't you love 'labyrinth seals'? 'Wicket gates' and 'portals'—are n't they medieval! What other word than 'portal' could you use for a gate that lets loose a whole underground river!"

Yet when I thought of the blue mill-pond, Lake Erie, above us, this intricate system of gates, slope tunnels, valves, rows of spinning turbines, and generators somehow seemed piffling. If man was so ingenious, why could n't he have been a little more ingenious? Why not shunt the entire canal down upon one giant turbine revolving one

giant generator, a great steel-and-copper beast whose roar would drown out the falls themselves? Or, better still, why not a colossal water-wheel set in the rushing foam-flecked tide of the Niagara River, a wheel two or three hundred feet in diameter slung in a framework the size of the Hell Gate Bridge, creating enough power to run all New York State and New England? No doubt there are practical difficulties to work out, but the idea is the thing. It is big fearless conceptions that shove the world forward. I offer this one to the engineers of the Niagara Falls Power Company on a basis of ten per cent. royalty for all benefits accruing.

But there was more to see. We surveyed the switchboard room where the current made below is sent forth to do its work, and then our guide said:

"I want to show you now exactly what some of this current does."

Driving to a plant half a mile or so away, we descended and passed through the outer offices to a workroom where machines were mixing together clean white sand and a black substance which we learned was ground coke. Then other machines pressed this soft damp mixture into wheel shapes—wheels of every size and thickness. These shapes were loaded upon trucks and pushed to a great room full of rows of curious ovens.

"Here is where they eat up the current," said our guide.

"Here?" I demanded. "Where?" We saw no machinery turning anywhere.

"In those furnaces. Electric heat."

Then we noticed the great cables looping to terminals beside each furnace.

"See that battery." He pointed to the nearest row of ovens. "Uses two thousand horse-power per hour for thirty-six hours, for a bake. Now here 's what they look like when they come out."

A truck loaded with wheels just removed from a cooled furnace passed near us.

"What are they?"

"Grinding-wheels. Carborundum. The heat fuses the sand and the coke into something almost as hard as a diamond. Finest abrasive in the world. Besides, every wheel is absolutely uniform and they can get any degree of coarseness or fineness they want by varying the mixture."

We went on to another plant where artificial graphite was being made by baking ground coal at an enormous electric heat. This graphite, we were told, had as much superiority over natural graphite as carborundum has over natural abrasives.

"There 's been a funny attitude in Buffalo toward the development of power at Niagara Falls," said our friend as we motored out through the edge of town, toward a third plant. "Some Buffalo people felt that the falls belonged to Buffalo, that the power ought to be used in Buffalo industries, and the town of Niagara Falls should stick to its job of selling post-cards and sundaes to honeymooners. Other Buffalo people, who were glad enough to

see Niagara Falls grow, objected to the use of so much current in heat."

"What difference could it make how it was used?"

"The difference is in the population."

"The population!" we exclaimed.

"Yes. Buffalo, with about five hundred thousand people, uses about one hundred thousand horse-power a year—one horse-power for every five persons. Niagara Falls uses four or five horse-power for every person. Of course that 's because of the terrific rate at which these industries eat up current in heat. Remember that battery of furnaces at the carborundum plant that uses two thousand horse-power an hour for thirty-six hours to bake a batch of grinding-wheels? That 's enough power to run some kinds of factories employing a hundred men or more; yet after the furnaces are charged, one man cares for the whole battery!

"But there 's a more sensible attitude coming to prevail in Buffalo. People see that this use of current is inevitable, for these industries can exist only where current is cheap, as it is here, and absolutely dependable. If these plants are n't building up population as fast as some other industries might, they 're creating great wealth, and all that helps Buffalo."

At the third plant, a mile or so beyond the edge of the city, the water-made volts leaped forth to dazzle us. It was a plant for the making of some special alloy of steel. Under an immense steel shed was a row of furnaces. Into each furnace at intervals plunged a glowing electric finger,

and we, halted two hundred feet from the nearest furnace, felt our faces singe. Yet there were men—half naked—working about each furnace, thrusting, wrestling, shoveling, for some mysterious purpose. How could any human being endure such heat? We stared, fascinated, horrified, by these blackened figures broiling in that inferno of heat and light.

"What nationality are those men?" Pat asked.

"Oh, Hungarians, Poles. They 're pretty tough. But, still, they last at that sort of work only a few years."

We started back.

Our road toward Buffalo led past the power-plant again. Water, source of all that fire, glittered in the forebay. We thought of its cold, useful humming in the turbines below the cliff. But we must hurry on. The train for home was waiting. The summer was over. And the thought of home was good. Yet it was with a certain regret that we left behind us that last stronghold of our lakes. Through its hidden channels were throbbing at that very moment perhaps—who knows?—the very same blue waves on which Bjvorik and Kvalvik had launched their little boat, waving good-by to Pusen, and from which they had drawn up their nets of shiny fish.

THE END

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